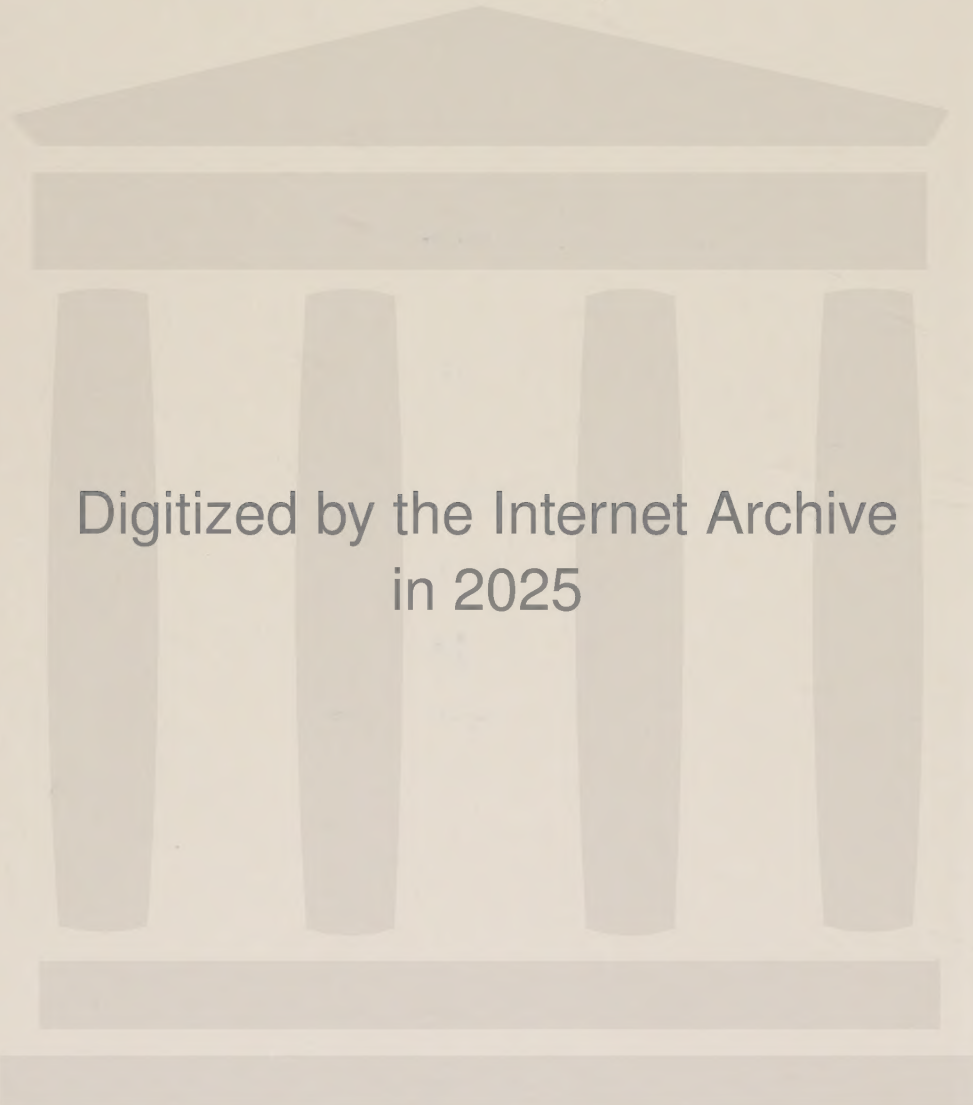




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THE LITERARY YEAR IN RETROSPECT.

Literature has suffered some severe losses during the year just ended, although the record is less disastrous than that for 1892. The most serious loss came early in the year with the death of Taine. Occurring, as it did, only a few months after the death of Renan, the sympathies of the world were naturally directed towards the country that had, within so brief a space, been bereft of its two greatest men. The death, in midsummer, of Maupassant, again made France the poorer, although that brilliant writer was held in more of admiration than of affection, and although the circumstances under which a continuance of existence seemed possible for him were of such a nature as to make the tidings of his decease a relief rather than a sorrow. Turning from France to England, we are met by the names of Symonds, Jowett, and Tyndall, each a master in his chosen field of scholarship, and each sincerely mourned by the host of those whom he had inspired and helped. To the letters of our own country the death of Parkman has been the loss that overshadows all others, although the names of Brooks and Booth and Lucy Larcom must not go unmentioned. We should also signalize the loss suffered by the art of music in the deaths of Gounod and Tschaikowsky, indisputably the greatest, respectively, among French and Russian composers of the present day.

We now turn to the very difficult task of selecting, from the thousands of volumes published during 1893, the few that seem of the most importance and enduring value. From this enumeration we shall doubtless omit many works that some of our readers would think deserving of mention; but we can at least give the assurance that our list includes only publications of substantial importance in their respective departments.

Beginning with poetry, we find little that deserves mention. Our chronicle for 1892 included the names of Tennyson, Whittier, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. William Morris; our list for 1893 includes no names more important

than those of Mr. R. W. Gilder, Mr. Charles Leonard Moore, Mr. William Watson, Mr. Norman Gale, Mr. Bliss Carman, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, Miss Thomas, Miss Guiney, and Madame Darmesteter. Each of these writers has published a creditable volume; but all are minor poets, and the contrast between 1893 and 1892 is marked. The novelists have been as busy as ever during the past year, but nothing very startling is to be found among their productions. Among our own writers of fiction, Mr. Howells has published "The World of Chance" and "The Coast of Bohemia" — a poor novel and a good one. Mr. Crawford has also given us two stories, one of which, "Pietro Ghisleri," is among the better of his books. Mr. Henry Fuller's "The Cliff Dwellers," Mr. Frederic's "The Copperhead," Mrs. Catherwood's "The White Islander," and Mr. Harte's volume of stories, "Sally Dows," are among the more notable books of fiction. Among English novels, "The Heavenly Twins" and "Dodo" perhaps head the list in point of popularity; while Mr. Stevenson's "David Balfour," Mr. Doyle's "The Refugees," Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France," and Mr. Kipling's "Many Inventions" are close followers, and of more real importance. The translator of fiction has given us M. Bourget's "Cosmopolis," and two works by Sienkiewicz — "Without Dogma" and "Pan Michael" — so different in manner that we find it difficult to attribute them to the same pen, but both highly noteworthy.

The department of biography and letters (in the literal sense) is the richest in the chronicles of the year. What may, indeed, be called the two books of the year come within this category. The appearance of the letters of Scott and of Lowell are events of capital importance. The letters of Asay Gray are of more limited interest, but their publication is also an event. Among biographies we find the important lives of Mr. Ruskin, Wagner, Pusey, Lincoln, and Alcott, the completion of the Sumner upon which Mr. Pierce has been for so many years engaged, and Mr. Bridge's recollections of Hawthorne. In autobiography, we have Mr. Leland's extremely entertaining memoirs; "The Story of My Life," by Dr. Ebers; "Further Recollections of a Happy Life," by Miss North; and the first volume of the Pasquier memoirs. In literary history and criticism the foremost books relate to Greek literature, being Mr. Pater's "Plato and Platonism," Mr. Lang's "Homer and the Epic," and Professor

Jebb's "The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry." The new edition of Symonds's "Greek Poets" must also be mentioned here. In English literary history, the most important of the books published is the sketch of "Early English Literature," by the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

History, political science and economics display great activity at the present time in all the more civilized countries, and have received many important contributions during the year. Among these we may mention Captain Mahan's "Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire," a work that has met with extraordinary favor in this country and abroad; "Fifty Years of Australian History," by Sir Henry Parkes; "The Campaign of Waterloo," by Mr. John C. Ropes; "The Dawn of Italian Independence," by Mr. W. R. Thayer; "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," by M. Leroy-Beaulieu; "The United States," by Professor Goldwin Smith; "Comparative Administrative Law," by Professor Goodnow; "The Church in the Roman Empire," by Mr. W. M. Ramsay; the new volume of "English Economic History and Theory," by Professor Ashley; the new edition of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; and many other works that we have not space to mention.

A few other publications of exceptional importance, not comprised within the above categories, are the following: "Drawing and Engraving," by Mr. P. G. Hamerton; "The Art of Music," by Dr. Parry; "Pablo de Segovia," with the Vierge illustrations; "The Mummy," by Dr. E. A. W. Budge; the completion of Mr. Spencer's "Principles of Ethics"; a volume of philosophical essays, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Mr. H. F. Brown's "Venice"; "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland," by Mr. Theodore Bent; a treatise on evolutionary ethics, by Miss C. M. Williams; Professor Weissman's work on "The Germ-Plasm"; Dr. Nansen's "Eskimo Life"; M. E. Michel's "Rembrandt"; "Socialism and the American Spirit," by Mr. N. P. Gilman; and a posthumous volume of essays by Ralph Waldo Emerson. A few important new editions are the Lewis and Clark of Dr. Coues, the Coleridge of Mr. J. D. Campbell, and the Fielding of Mr. George Saintsbury.

The publications of the year, taken as a whole, seem to have an importance beyond the average of most years, in spite of the weakness of a few departments. It is also noticeable

that the commercial depression of the past six months has had no appreciable effect upon the business of publishing, if we may judge from the quality and the variety of the autumn output.

THE TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

We have received a number of communications from persons interested in the removal of the obnoxious duty upon English books which has so long disgraced our tariff legislation, and, for some mysterious reason, has been embodied in the Wilson Bill, greatly to its disfigurement. We believe that the friends of education have it in their power to bring to bear upon the members of our National Legislature a degree of pressure sufficient to result in the removal of a duty which protects nobody, which brings little revenue to the government, and which is chiefly fruitful in petty annoyances to the scholar. But whatever is done must be done without delay. The Wilson Bill will come up for discussion at once, and is likely to be rushed through the House in three or four weeks. As a help to concerted action we suggest the form of petition given below, to be sent, with as many signatures as possible, through as many Members of Congress as possible, at as early a date as possible.

A PETITION FOR THE REMOVAL OF THE DUTY ON BOOKS
PRINTED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled:

We, the undersigned, believing that an import duty on books printed in the English language, as provided both by the existing and the proposed Tariff Laws, is wrong in principle, being a tax upon knowledge and a hindrance to the growth of intelligence among the people, while it is at the same time insignificant as a source of revenue; and believing that the continuance of such a duty is unworthy of a free and enlightened people,

Do respectfully petition your honorable body to place all books and other publications printed in the English language upon the list of those articles which may be imported into the United States without the payment of duty.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

We have prepared this petition in a form ready for receiving signatures, and will mail copies of it free of charge to all persons who may apply for them.

A STUDY IN LITERARY AMENITY.

The December issue of "The Nineteenth Century" contains a reminiscent article by Mr. Swinburne upon the late Master of Balliol. The author knew Jowett intimately, and his personal recollections are of the highest interest. But the article is disfigured by a number of those "flings" which Mr. Swinburne so frequently interjects into his prose

papers, and which are usually characterized by both irrelevancy and bad taste. Some readers will remember his characterization of Emerson, a few years ago, as "a foul-mouthed Yankee philosopher," as well as some other things equally deplorable. In this particular case, Lowell, Mark Pattison, and J. A. Symonds are the objects of his vituperative assault. Hence, and in spite of our admiration for the genius of Mr. Swinburne when he is his better self, we have witnessed with no little satisfaction the castigation dealt him by "The Saturday Review" upon the present occasion. It is no less deserved than severe, and we have much pleasure in reproducing the article, which bears "Nineteenth Century Manners" for a title.

"It is high time that the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century' should be made to understand that there is a limit to the offences against good manners in which the writers in his magazine can be permitted to indulge. During the past twelvemonth certain things have been included in the 'Nineteenth Century' which are distasteful, and even painful, to many readers. In the November number we thought that the climax had come. We did not suppose that anything could exceed the nauseating tittle-tattle about Miss Clairmont indulged in by an American interviewer. We were mistaken; an article in the December number, in which Mr. Swinburne disports himself among his deceased contemporaries, under the pretence of writing 'recollections of Professor Jowett,' goes further still. We say, and with all gravity, that in the very least responsible journalism of this generation we have never met with anything quite so ill-bred as one or two paragraphs in Mr. Swinburne's article. They do small credit to the Editor of the review. 'But that's not much.' Mr. Swinburne is a very different person, and we propose to ourselves, at last, to speak the truth very plainly to that illustrious poet. When he writes so casually of Mr. Lowell's 'hideous and Bæotian jests,' when he describes the amiability of a respected and valued man of letters as 'instinctive time-serving and obsequious submissiveness,' when he talks of Euripides as 'the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist,' he discredits himself by his foolish violence indeed; but when he goes on to call the late Rector of Lincoln 'a typical and unmistakable ape of the Dead Sea,' and when he insults the memory of the late Mr. Symonds with a string of vile epithets, he simply writes as no gentleman should write.

It is time that Mr. Swinburne should grow up. He has played for nearly half a century the rôle of the dear little naughty darling who must not be punished because he is so clever and so young. Years and years ago, when Mr. Swinburne first began to write, this plea was brought forward and accepted. 'Isn't he clever?' people said; 'and so young.' There was something in the excuse. He was daring and brilliant, and much was to be forgiven him. He said very rude things about Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Furnivall, and looked at some minute contemporaries under the microscope. Nobody cared: they were fair game; and so the habit of being rude grew on Mr. Swinburne. It was an evil day when he was allowed — a naughty little boy of thirty odd summers — to call Mr. Emerson 'a hoary and now toothless ape.' (To differ from Mr. Swinburne turns any one by that mere act into an ape.) He should have been well snubbed on that occasion, but then he was so

young, and so clever. And he has gone on from bad to worse, increasing the shrill falsetto of his abuse, pouring it upon more and more distinguished reputations, until now we are waking up to perceive that Mr. Swinburne has not yet got over faults in manner which only extreme youth can excuse.

"What makes it peculiarly painful to us to have to say this is that we admire the genius of Mr. Swinburne, and that we are not often out of sympathy with the aversions that he expresses. But who can admire the violence of his diction, the absence of anything like moderation in his utterances? We hold no brief here for Mr. Mark Pattison, who, perhaps, had shortcomings; but if anything would make us his fervent apologists, it would be Mr. Swinburne yelling and snarling at him as an 'ape of the Dead Sea.' We were no admirers of the too morbid tendency of certain of the writings of Mr. Symonds, but we said so while he was alive, and we did not wait, as Mr. Swinburne has done, until he is dead, and it is quite safe to insult him. But Mr. Swinburne is such a *preux chevalier*.

"One last word to Mr. Swinburne. No man of letters of our generation has been treated so tenderly, indulged so much, or forgiven so often as he has been. His genius is unquestionable, and on the score of it he has been pardoned faults for which any other writer would be ostracised. But the public patience may become exhausted. And literature has a long memory."

The "long memory" here ascribed to literature may possibly be sharpened, for the writer in "The Saturday Review," by recollection of a little passage at arms between that journal and Mr. Swinburne just ten years ago. When the Poet Laureate of England was made a peer, some Saturday reviewer, to a certain extent justifiably exasperated by the senseless cackle of those who made haste to express the opinion that the acceptance of the honor was unworthy of Tennyson, penned the following memorable words: "As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo, could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords." Mr. Swinburne promptly took up the gauntlet thus thrown, and, characterizing the remark as "clumsy and shallow snobbery," dashed off "The Conservative Journalist's Anthem," a sonnet neither complimentary to the House of Lords nor to its over-zealous journalistic champion. The "long memory" of "The Saturday Review" is clearly illustrated by the article we have reprinted. As for the sonnet, our readers may be interested in having their attention recalled to it.

"O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,
In the evening, and before the morning flames,
We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.
The slave is he that serves not; his the crime
And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time
That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims
Such glory that the reflex of it shames
All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.
The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he
Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee
When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods
The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.
Stoop, Chaucer, stoop: Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down:
These have no parts with you, O Lords our Gods."

COMMUNICATIONS.

TYNDALL AND SPONTANEOUS GENERATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your article on John Tyndall, in the current number of THE DIAL, you leave the impression upon the mind of the reader that this great and wise teacher held and taught the doctrine of the spontaneous generation of life. I would be glad to have you indicate from Professor Tyndall's works the basis on which such a representation of his position upon this important matter rests. When and where did he announce any change of opinion from that given in "The Nineteenth Century," page 507, 1878, where he says that, while he wishes the evidence were the other way, he is constrained to "affirm that no shred of trustworthy experimental testimony exists to prove that life in our day has ever appeared independent of antecedent life"?

My mind is entirely hospitable to all the new science, truly so-called; and this is largely because I find no necessary conflict between it and a rationally scriptural theistic conception of the world. If Harvey's maxim, "*Omne vivum ex ovo*," as amended by Charles Robin, "*Omne vivum ex vivo*," is a discredited doctrine, such a position is of difficult if not impossible entertainment. But my reading has led me to believe that, as Professor Huxley declares in his "Critiques and Addresses," this doctrine remains "victorious along the whole line at the present day." After building up any system of religious and scientific truth into comfortable harmony, based upon the conclusions I have judged to be reached by such teachers as Tyndall, Huxley, Wallace, Le Conte, Sir William Thomson, Laycock, Tait, and a host of others, it comes to me as something of a shock to have THE DIAL suggest so radical a change of opinion on the part of a leading authority as that above referred to. No doubt there are many others who would like the information for which I ask.

DWIGHT P. BREED.

Wyandotte, Mich., Dec. 23, 1893.

[That spontaneous generation has occurred, somehow, somewhere, in the history of the world, is a conclusion irresistibly forced upon the thorough-going evolutionist. If Tyndall's frequently quoted words about "the promise and the potency" mean anything at all, they mean that. But spontaneous generation as a necessary link in the evolutionary chain is one thing, and spontaneous generation as an experimental demonstration is quite another. Professor Tyndall's polemic on the subject was directed mainly against the alleged results of one man's experiments, and proved merely that spontaneous generation could not have occurred in Dr. Bastian's laboratory under the conditions specified. If our correspondent will turn to page 269 in the volume of "The Nineteenth Century" already referred to, he will find a fair statement of the way in which spontaneous generation, as a logical postulate, is regarded by the leading biologists of the century. One can only escape their conclusion by recourse to some such hypothesis as that of Lord Kelvin, who suggested that a meteoric body might have brought the first protoplasm to this planet. But this is an obvious evasion of the difficulty, and few,

if any, will take seriously so improbable and inadequate an explanation. We must say in conclusion, that a religious faith whose "comfortable harmony" is capable of being upset by any possible result of biological investigation seems to us in a bad way.—EDR. DIAL.]

A QUOTATION CORRECTED.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the number of THE DIAL for December 16, a communication from "Jonathan," commenting on British asininity as exemplified by the "Saturday Review," quoted from Byron the following:

"The world is a big load of hay;
Mankind are the asses that pull;
Each tugs in a different way—
But the greatest of all is John Bull."

The epigram as Byron wrote it reads thus:

"The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull."

The differences are few and small, perhaps, but when exact quotation is professed it ought to be performed. I notice misquotation of Byron so often that I am led to believe that he is now very little read. M. R.

Indianapolis, Dec. 20, 1893.

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Attracted by your timely comment on the tariff on books in the proposed revision of the tariff law, I have begun circulating the following petition here:

"To [name of Representative in Congress]. We, the undersigned, believing that a tax on knowledge is consistent with neither the idea of a protective tariff nor with that of true liberty, earnestly urge you to exert your influence toward abolishing the duty on imported books and other publications not covered by copyright."

I have also written letters to a dozen friends in other colleges, urging them to begin a similar movement in their Congressional districts. By prompt and concerted action among the friends of free knowledge, the continuance of this deplorable tax may be averted.

WILLIAM J. SEELYE.

University of Wooster, Wooster, O., Dec. 16, 1893.

A TRIBUTE TO TWO DEAD AUTHORS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Literary workers who are not of the highest grade may well despair of posthumous fame, if they have observed the neglect of the chief literary periodicals of our country to chronicle the passing away, a few months ago, of two authors who, though not in the front rank of writers, yet left behind them contributions to our literature of permanent value. The intelligence of their death reached me in November, through a magazine devoted to autograph collecting, both of these gentlemen having been successful collectors of historical documents.

Thomas Stephens Collier was born in New York City in 1842. He followed the sea from early boyhood, served in the navy during the Civil War, was placed on the retired list of navy officers in 1883, and took up his residence in New London, Conn., where he died suddenly, in October, I think. He was a prominent

member of the New London Historical Society. He contributed poems to the popular magazines, and wrote historical sketches on naval subjects. To a volume of collected poems (1890) he gave the title "Song Spray." A poem of his appears in the tenth volume of the "Library of American Literature."

Charles Colcock Jones, Jr., was a Georgian, born in 1831. He was admitted to the bar of his native state, but enlisted in the Confederate Army at the breaking out of the war, and rose to the rank of colonel. After the war he returned to his profession, which he practiced in New York. He wrote much on historical subjects, and was the recognized authority in the history of Georgia.

A. H. N.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 18, 1893.

A CLASSICAL "SOLECISM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In *parting*, as employed in "the parting guest," there is a survival of a sense that formerly was one of the commonest meanings of *part* when used intransitively, viz., *depart, set out, go away*. This archaic sense of *part* is seen in the lines below:

"Before man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood."
(Matthew Arnold, Poems, "Revolutions.")

The employment of *part* in this way was extremely frequent in the seventeenth and the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"... she told him the truth, with all circumstances; how being parted alone [*how having set out alone*], meaning to die in some solitary place. . . ." (Sir Philip Sidney, "Arcadia," Collected Writings, ed. 1598, p. 28).

Part from, or merely *part*, was used with *hence* and similar adverbs.

"My lord, 't is time for us to part from hence."

(Thomas Dekker, "The Shoemaker's Holiday," Act V. sc. i.)

"No, I am fixt not to part hence without him."

(Milton, "Sampson Agonistes," l. 1481.)

I have said that *depart* is an archaic meaning of *part*. Yet there is considerable evidence that this sense, in certain connections, at least, is in common use. For instance, in Webster's International Dictionary, the second definition of *part v. i.* is "to go away, to depart, to take leave," etc.; and one of the illustrative quotations cited is this: "He owned he had parted from the duke only a few hours before." (Macaulay.) Similar definitions, without characterization or comment, are found in other dictionaries. But, if this sense of *part* is not really archaic, how does it happen that the historic difference between *part from* and *part with* is so often overlooked by scholarly people when they are moved to caution the unlearned against a supposed misuse of *part with*? Here is an example:

"So, though we still say 'I parted *with* a house,' or 'with a servant' (considered as a chattel, [!], we could not say 'When you parted *with* the King.'" Rich. II., 2, 2. (E. A. Abbott, "A Shakespearian Grammar," London, 1886, Sect. 194, pp. 128-9.)

The index, referring to this passage, says "'parted with' for 'parted from,' 194." Now, as the play shows us, it was not "you," the queen, that *parted from* the king, but the king that *parted from* the queen—for Ireland. In saying "when you parted *with* the King," Shakespeare observed a distinction that was usually observed at that time between *part from* and *part with*, but which at the present day is generally disregarded. If the older meaning of *part from* had not sunk into the ob-

security of an archaism, there would be fewer instances of those misconceived corrections of *part with* that turn up now so often.

To *part with* once had three meanings:

(1) To depart with.

" . . . and taking onely with him certaine principall Jewels of his owne, hee [Daiphantus] would have parted [departed] alone with Argalus . . . but that the whole multitude wold needes gard him [Daiphantus] into Arcadia." (Sir Philip Sidney, "Arcadia," Collected Writings, ed. 1598, p. 26.)

(2) To relinquish.

"Soldiers forget their honours, usurers
Make sacrifice of gold, poets of wit,
And men religious part with fame and goodness."
(Massinger, "The Fatal Dowry," Act I, sc. i.)

(3) To be separated from,—especially after the expression of farewell wishes, etc.; to dismiss or let go with courteous expressions of regard.

"Come, Ile convey thee through the City-gate,
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Love-affairs."
(*"The Two Gentlemen of Verona,"* Act III., sc. i.)

We have to do here with the third meaning of *part with*, and to observe that it differed from the common meaning of *part from*. The widest divergence in the employment of the two phrases would be seen where somebody parted *with* a friend making or about to make a journey, and where an offended or unfriendly person parted *from* another unceremoniously.

"Nay, with your favour let him stay a little;
I would part with him too, because he is
Your companion; and I'll begin with him."
(Thomas Dekker, "The Witch of Edmonton," Act III., sc. ii.)

"He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes."
(*"Henry VIII.,"* Act III., sc. ii.)

In the former of these two quotations evidently the prominent idea belonging to *part with* is the observance of the friendly courtesies that usually are exchanged when friends or acquaintances separate. But it is likely that when there was no occasion for accentuating the differences in sense between *part with* and *part from* that the two phrases were sometimes used interchangeably. It is not clear, for instance, that either would be distinctly more appropriate than the other in the next quotation.

"Before I part with this Mayden City, I will make a parallel betwixt her and old Rome . . ." (James Howell, "A Survey of the Signorie of Venice," ed. 1651, p. 44.) Here the courteous dismissal or surrender of the "Mayden City" may be the idea uppermost in the mind of the writer.

Whether the distinction between *part from* and *part with*, pointed out above, has lasted to the present day, I am uncertain; for, notwithstanding that the distinction is disregarded by the many, it may, perhaps, be observed by the few. But, anyhow, a misconception of the real difference between the two phrases has grown up, so that people who are ambitious to speak and write the best schoolmaster's English substitute *part from* for *part with* in cases where, if the two phrases do not mean the same thing, *part with* is, in fact, more appropriate. It is to be regretted that this pedagogic affectation is countenanced by Dr. Fitzedward Hall's high authority.

In "Recent Exemplifications of False Philology" (pp. 103-6), Dr. Hall, citing examples of "solecisms" found in the writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, italicises *with* in the following passage quoted (p. 106) from "The Autocrat of the

Breakfast-table": "I remember a young wife who had to part *with* her husband for a time." In the index, we are told that, at page 106, *part with* is for *part from*.

But *part with*, as there employed by Dr. Holmes, has been classical English for three centuries. To the examples previously given I will add the following:

" . . . To avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever." (Lady M. W. Montagu, Letter, Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.)

But observe the use of *part from* in the next quotation:

"Poor Lady G—is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle." (*Id.*, Letter to the Countess of Mar, Twickenham, 1723.)

"An affectionate wife, when in fear of parting with her beloved husband, heartily desired of God his life or society, upon any conditions that were not sinful." (Taylor—Cited in Johnson's Dictionary, first ed., 1755, *To part with*.)

"She could not divest herself of the belief that she had parted with Valancourt to meet no more." (Ann Radcliffe, "The Mysteries of Udolpho," 2d ed., 1794, vol. i., ch. xiv., p. 402.)

"She came solitarily down the gravel walk—a Miss Martin just appearing at the door, and parting with her seemingly with ceremonious civility." (Jane Austen, "Emma," first ed., vol. ii., ch. v., p. 72.)

"I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the savior of my life. . . . She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow." (Thomas De Quincey, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Boston, 1856, p. 48.)

"I went to various coasts of the Mediterranean; parted with my friends at Rome. . . ." (Cardinal Newman, "Apologia pro Vita Sua," London, 1883, ch. i., p. 32.)

"For here I came, twenty years back,—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund."

(Tennyson, "The Brook.")

" . . . unknown to any one lest the troops should lose courage at parting with him, he [Cæsar] flew across through an enemy's country with a handful of attendants to Vienne, on the Rhone. . . ." (James Anthony Froude, "Cæsar," New York, 1879, p. 345.)

" . . . when the pangs of parting with the old lady were no longer felt in all their intensity." (Philip Gilbert Hamerton, "Harry Blount," ch. ii.)

"Our Boston informant writes so crisply and smartly that one is unwilling to part with him." (Matthew Arnold, "A Word about America," Boston, 1888, p. 78.)

The distinction between *part from* and *part with* that has been defined and illustrated above seems to have been observed more or less—I am not prepared to say always—by Macaulay, De Quincey, and Matthew Arnold. By De Quincey and Macaulay, however, the suggestion of good-will and regret associated with *part with* was disregarded.

" . . . if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him . . . as a surly and almost brutal fellow." (De Quincey, "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," Boston, 1856, p. 50.)

"Influenced by such considerations as these, James, from the time at which he parted in anger with his Parliament, began to meditate a general league of all Nonconformists. . . ." (Macaulay, "History of England," ch. vii.)

James had in person prorogued Parliament.

"The authority of very excellent writers," says Dr. Hall in his *Doctor Indoctus* (p. 45) "justifies 'than whom'; and there is an end." Is not the authority for Dr. Holmes's "solecism" as good? Sometimes Dr. Hall's judgments seem arbitrary. R. O. WILLIAMS.

New Haven, Conn., Dec 23 1893. |

The New Books.

HANS BREITMANN'S GROSSTHATEN.*

In turning over the leaves of Mr. Leland's vivacious, if rather chaotic, *Memoirs*, one is impelled to exclaim with Mr. Wackford Squeers, "Here's richness!" Mr. Leland really seems to have been a little of everything, seen a little of everything, done a little of everything, and read a little of everything; yet in spite of his multifarious experiences he sees fit to make the following modest disclaimer in his preface:

"As some of my readers will find these volumes wanting in personal adventure and lively variety of experiences, and perhaps dull as regards 'incidents,' I would remind them that it is, after all, only the life of a mere literary man and quiet, humble scholar, and that such existences are seldom very dramatic."

Were the writer any other than Mr. Leland—whom all men know as the pink of modesty and candor,—one might reply, quoting Socrates, "I see your vanity, Antisthenes, peeping through the holes in your cloak." What may be Mr. Leland's notion of a really active and stirring life, we know not; but his readers will scarcely accept as a literary recluse and "quiet, humble scholar" one who has been by turns a roistering *Bursch* at Heidelberg and Munich, a chimes-at-midnight reveller of the Latin Quarter, a barricade hero in a Paris revolution, a *bon ami* of Lola Montez and a pupil of A. Bronson Alcott, a managing editor under P. T. Barnum and John W. Forney,—a man, in short, whose career seems to have been (at least so far as it is treated in the present volume) about as serene and scholastic as the finale of a certain famous "barty." Mr. Leland's life has had, of course, its sporadic intervals of comparative quiet; but we note the above phases lest the prospective reader of the *Memoirs* be turned from his purpose by the author's hint of the very last quality to be predicated of it—dryness.

Mr. Leland says that his book was written, not directly for publication, but with the idea that "a certain friend" might use it at the proper time as a source whence to form a life. "Therefore," he adds, "I wrote, as fully and honestly as I could, *everything* which I could remember which had made me what I am." The volume treats in detail of the author's infancy in Philadelphia (where he was born in 1824), with some note of the quaint old Qua-

ker City as it then was, and of many of its inhabitants who still remembered Colonial times and Washington's Republican Court; of his boyhood, school-days, and early reading; of his college life at Princeton, Heidelberg, Munich, and Paris; of the stirring events of the French Revolution of '48, *quorum pars magna fuit*; of his subsequent life in America as lawyer, author, journalist, soldier, etc.; of his three years' connection with Colonel Forney, "during which," he says, "Grant's election was certainly carried by him, and in which, as Forney declared, I 'had been his right-hand man'"; of his writing of sundry books, such as the "Breitmann Ballads"; and of his subsequent life in Europe down to the year 1870. It will be seen even from this meagre synopsis that the author's idea of the career of a "quiet, humble scholar" differs somewhat from the conventional one. Without attempting to follow Mr. Leland's sprightly recital in detail or in the order of narration, we shall select therefrom a few random extracts that may serve in a general way to indicate its quality. After a laborious course of jurisprudence, tobacco, metaphysics, Rheinwein, *Natur-philosophie*, lager, "und leider auch Theologie," at Heidelberg and Munich, our quiet scholar reached Paris (1847), and here his exploits, as a student of the Latin Quarter, seem to have been largely of the sort boasted of by Robert Shallow, Esquire. To cite a very mild instance:

"It happened one night at Bobinot's that I sat in the front row of the stage-box, and by me a very pretty, modest, and respectable young girl, with her elder relations or friends. How it happened I do not know, but they all went out, leaving the young lady by me, and I did not speak to her. Which 'point' was at once seized by the house. The pit, as if moved by one diabolical inspiration, began to roar, '*Il l'embrassera!*' (He will kiss her), to which the gallery replied, '*Il ne l'embrassera pas!*' (He won't). So they kept it up and down alternately like see-sawing, to an intonation. . . . I saw that something must be done; so, rising, I waved my glove, and there was dead silence. Then I began at the top of my voice, in impassioned style, in German, an address about matters and things in general, intermingled with insane quotations from Latin, Slavonian, anything. A change came o'er the spirit of the dream of my auditors, till at last they 'took,' and gave me three cheers. I had *sold* the house."

Soon after reaching Paris Mr. Leland took lodgings in a house in the Rue de la Harpe called the Hôtel de Luxembourg,—a nest, as it proved, of rather doubtful and desperate characters. In the same establishment dwelt a small actress or two, and divers students, or men who were extremely busy all winter in plotting the revolution which presently broke out:

* MEMOIRS. By Charles Godfrey Leland (Hans Breitmann). With portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

"At last the ball opened. . . . The great storm-bell of Nôtre Dame rang all night long. The next morning I rose, and telling Leonard Field, who lived in the same hotel with me, that I was going to work in earnest, loaded a pair of duelling-pistols, tied a sash round my waist, *en révolutionnaire*, and with him went forth to business. First I went to the Café Rotonde, hard by, and got my breakfast. Then I sallied forth, and found in the Rue de la Harpe a gang of fifty insurgents, who had arms and a crowbar, but who wanted a leader. Seeing that I was one of them, one said to me, 'Sir, where shall we make a barricade?' I replied that there was one already to the right and another farther down, but that a third close at hand was open. Without a word they handed me the crowbar, and I prized up the stones out of the pavement while they undertook the harder work of piling them up. In a few minutes we had a solid wall eight feet high. Then remembering that there was a defenceless spot somewhere else, I marched my troop thither, and built another barricade—all in grim earnest without talking. . . . There was a garçon named Edouard, who always waited on me in the Café Rotonde. While I was working for life at my second barricade, he came out holding a napkin, and examining my labor critically, waved it, exclaimed approvingly, '*Très bien, Citoyen Charles—très bien!*' It was his little joke for some days after to call me Citoyen Charles."

"Citoyen Charles's" republican enthusiasm was not, it seems, shared by all his compatriots in Paris. One day, he relates, there came sprawling over the barricades—

"A tall ungainly red-haired Yankee, a student of medicine, whom I had met before, and who began to question me as to what I was doing. To which I replied, 'What the devil do you want here anyhow?' not being in a mood to be trifled with. To which he replied, 'Nawthin', only a kinder lookin' round. But what on airth—' 'But are you for us or against?' I cried. 'Wall, I ain't on no side.' 'See here,' I cried in a rage, 'those who are not for us are against us. Any one of those fellows you see round here would shoot you at once if I told him to, and if you don't clear out in double quick time, by God I will!'"

Evidently, the once humble scholar was fast ripening into a Marat or a St. Just, and might have inaugurated a new Reign of Terror had not the revolution speedily ended. He gives the following graphic picture of the *dénouement*:

"All at once we heard a terrible outcry down the street. There was a tremendous massing of soldiers there, and to defend that barricade meant death to all defenders. I confess that I hesitated *one instant*, and then rushed headlong to join the fight. Merciful God! the troops had fraternized with us, and they were handing their muskets over to the mob, who were firing them in the air. The scene was terribly moving. My men, who a minute before had expected to be shot, rushed up, embraced and kissed the soldiers, wept like children—in short, everybody kissed and embraced everybody else, and all my warriors got guns, and therewith I dismissed them, for I knew that the war was now at an end."

We have spoken of Mr. Leland's acquaintance with Lola Montez—in 1847 a tremendous

celebrity in Munich, and the King's last favorite. Ludwig, bye-the-bye, had had all his mistresses painted, one by one, and in the spirit of a true king and liberal art-patron had *thrown the gallery open to the public*. Lola's portrait was the last, but the royal foresight had left space for a few more. "I thought," says the author, "that about twenty-five would complete the collection." Mr. Leland describes Lola as very small, pale, and thin, or *frêle*, with fine blue eyes and curly black hair—a typical beauty, with a face full of character, and a person of great and varied reading. Men generally were madly fascinated with her, then as suddenly disenchanted, "and then detracted from her in every way." It was in later years, in America, that Mr. Leland knew Lola Montez—when he was in no danger of the royal bow-string, and the "space for a few more" in the Paphian gallery had perceptibly dwindled. Once, he says,—

"She proposed to me to make a bolt with her to Europe, which I declined. . . . An intimate of both of us who was present when this friendly proposal was made remarked with some astonishment, 'But, Madame, by what means can you two live?' 'Oh,' replied Lola innocently and confidently, 'people like us' (or 'who know as much as we') 'can get a living anywhere.' And she rolled us each a cigarette, with one for herself. I could tell a number of amusing tales of this Queen of Bohemia, but Space, the Kantean god, forbids me more."

From Mr. Leland's lively account of his "soldiering" during the Civil War we shall allow ourselves two extracts. It was shortly before Gettysburg, when the North had risen *en masse* at the news of Lee's advance. Mr. Leland was put on guard, when, he says,—

"There came shambling to me an odd figure. There had been some slight attempt by him to look like a soldier—he had a *feather* in his hat—but he carried his rifle as if after deer or raccoons, and as if he were used to it. 'Say, Cap!' he exclaimed, 'Kin you tell me where a chap could git some ammyntion?' 'Go to your quartermaster,' I replied. 'Ain't got no quartermaster.' 'Well, then to your commanding officer—to your regiment.' 'Ain't got no commanding officer nowher' this side o' God, ner no regiment.' 'Then who the devil are you, and where do you belong?' 'Don't belong nowher'. I'll jest tell you, Cap, how it is. I live in the south line of New York State, and when I heard that the rebs had got inter Pennsylvany, forty of us held a meetin' and 'pinted me Cap'n. So we came down here 'cross country, and 'rived this 'afternoon, and findin' fightin' goin' on, went straight fer the bush. And gittin' cover, we shot the darndest lot of rebels you ever *did* see. And now all our ammyntion is out, I've come to town for more, for there's some of 'em left—who want killin' badly.' 'See here, my friend,' I replied, 'you don't know it, but you're nothing but a bushwhacker, and anybody has a right to shoot you out of hand. Do you see that great square

tent?" Here I pointed to the general's marquee. "Go in there and get yourself enrolled." And the last I saw of him he was stumbling over the sticks in the right direction."

For our second extract, we select this:

"For bringing out the art of taking care of yourself, a camp in time of war is superior even to 'sleeping about in the markets,' as recommended by Mr. Weller. Other talents may be limited, but the amount of 'devil' which can be developed out of a 'smart' boy as a soldier is absolutely infinite. College is a Sunday-school to it. One of these youths had 'obtained' a horse somewhere which he contrived to carry along. Many of our infantry regiments gradually converted themselves into cavalry by this process of 'obtaining' steeds; and as the officers found that their men could walk better on horses' legs they permitted it. This promising youngster was one day seated on a caisson or ammunition wagon full of shells, etc., when it blew up. By a miracle he rose in the air, fell on the ground unhurt, and marching immediately up to the lieutenant and touching his hat, exclaimed, 'Please sir, caisson No. Two is blown to hell; please appoint me to another!' That oath was not recorded. Poor boy! he died in the war."

In 1869 Mr. Leland revisited Europe, sailing from New York on the famed *Pereire*. "We had not left port," he says, "before a droll incident occurred."

"On the table in the smoking-room lay a copy of the 'Ballads of Hans Breitmann.' A fellow-passenger asked me, 'Is that your book?' I innocently replied 'Yes.' 'Excuse me, sir,' cried another, 'it is *mine*.' 'I beg your pardon,' I replied, 'but it is really *mine*.' 'Sir, I *bought* it.' 'I don't care if you did,' I replied, 'it is *mine*—for I wrote it.' There was a roar of laughter, and we all became acquainted at once."

Relating his experiences at Venice, Mr. Leland gives some amusing instances of the proverbial linguistic ingenuity of the Italians.

"I have spoken of having met Mr. Wright at Heidelberg. He was from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The next day after my arrival I found among the names of the departed, 'Signore Wright-Kilkes, from Barre, Pennsylvania, America.' This reminded me of the Anglo-American who was astonished at Rome at receiving invitations and circulars addressed to him as 'Illustrissimo Varanti Solezer.' It turned out that an assistant, reading aloud to the clerk the names from the trunks, had mistaken a very large 'Warranted Sole Leather' for the name of the owner."

The author's closing chapter, headed "England," contains some piquant gossip touching literary and other notabilities,—Tennyson, Lewes, George Eliot, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Doré, George Borrow, etc.,—from which we may select the following account of an encounter with Carlyle as a fitting finale. Mr. Leland met the inflammable sage at the Chelsea house, and he seems to have fairly given him a Roland for his Oliver. He says:

"I can only remember that for the first twenty or thirty minutes Mr. Carlyle talked such a lot of skimble-

skamble stuff and rubbish, which sounded like the very *débris* and lees of his 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' that I began to suspect he was quizzing me, or that this was the manner in which he ladled out Carlyleism to visitors who came to be Carlyled and acted unto."

It was pretty evident that the philosopher was out of humor and that a row was imminent. It quickly came about. After preliminary sparring (in ring parlance), Mr. Carlyle let fall something to the effect that "we had done nothing in America since Cromwell's Revolution of any importance." Then, says Mr. Leland,—

"A great rage came over me, and I remember *very* distinctly that there flashed through my mind in a second the reflection, 'Now if I have to call you a d—d old fool for saying that, I *will*; but I'll be even with you.' When as quickly the following inspiration came, which I uttered, and I suspect somewhat energetically: 'Mr. Carlyle, I think that my brother, Henry Leland, who got the wound from which he died standing by my side in the war of the rebellion, fighting against slavery, was worth ten of my old Puritan ancestors; at least he died in a ten times better cause. And allow me to say, Mr. Carlyle, that I think that in all matters of historical criticism you are principally influenced by the merely melodramatic and theatrical.' Here Mr. Carlyle, looking utterly amazed and startled, though not at all angry, said, for the first time, in broad Scotch — 'Whot's *thot* ye say?' 'I say, Mr. Carlyle,' I exclaimed with rising wrath, 'that I consider that in all historical judgments you are influenced only by the melodramatic and theatrical.' A grim smile as of admiration came over the stern old face. Whether he really felt the justice of the hit I know not, but he was evidently pleased at the manner in which it was delivered, and it was with a deeply reflective and not displeased air that he replied — 'Na, na, I'm nae *thot*.' It was the terrier that had ferociously attacked the lion, and the lion was charmed. From that instant he was courteous, companionable, and affable, and talked as if we had been long acquainted, and as if he liked me."

But we have already poached enough on Mr. Leland's preserves to tempt the reader thitherward. The volume is outwardly attractive, and it contains a fair portrait of the author.

E. G. J.

THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT.*

Professor Goodnow's two volumes on "Comparative Administrative Law" are a part of the comprehensive study of comparative politics planned by members of the faculty of Columbia College. Professor Burgess's "Comparative Constitutional Law" has already appeared, and other works are in preparation.

* COMPARATIVE ADMINISTRATIVE LAW. An Analysis of the Administrative Systems, national and local, of the United States, England, France, and Germany. By Frank J. Goodnow, A.M., LL.B., Professor of Administrative Law in the University Faculty of Political Science, Columbia College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The plan is in the line of present thinking on the subject of political science in the United States. We have long been dominated by English ideas. We shall doubtless always find in those ideas the norm of our political institutions. And yet many things that have come to us as a heritage of English history, hard won, sometimes, by English struggles for popular liberties, are now in point of fact quite obsolete. Take for instance the right of petition. It is one of the sacred privileges of an American citizen, embedded in our Constitution among those other rights so precious to Anglo-Saxon freemen. And yet this choice guarantee of freedom is in fact as dead as Julius Cæsar. It is utterly useless. Other ways of securing action and protecting rights have been devised, more in harmony with our modern methods. It is forgotten that petition to the crown was originally the only means by which the commonalty could initiate English legislation calculated to redress grievances. But that custom has, centuries since, passed into oblivion, and now there is no popular demand which cannot readily be brought before Congress in the shape of a bill. Indeed, the few laws that come from our various legislative bodies are but a scanty survival of the swarm of measures that have died in one house or the other. The problem now is, not how to secure consideration for a scheme of legislation, but how to prevent the enactment of the most of them. And to that end our bi-cameral system is certainly a blessing. It produces an extensive mortality among bills. And so our legislators do quite right in receiving petitions perfunctorily and then quietly depositing them in the legislative waste-basket.

The world is nearer together than it was a century since. The social problems to be solved are not so different, after all, whether wrought out by Frenchman or Englishman or American. And we need all the fruit of all the experience that civilized brains have worried through. Comparative politics recognizes this essential unity at least of European races. Perhaps the legal systems of people in the moon might be little more to us than a curiosity. But German and French institutions are merely Aryan ways of meeting difficulties — and we are Aryans.

With this broadening of human sympathies, then, our American isolation is lessening. We can learn from what others have done. And we may be sure that our learning is very incomplete if we limit it to Anglo-Saxon doings. The field of Administrative Law is not a small

one. We have not been in the habit of considering it by itself in America, though in Europe it has long been a recognized branch of legal science. Our conception of the relation of the courts to administrative officials is different. A dispute between officials, or a grievance of a citizen against an official, is brought before the same courts that take cognizance of ordinary civil cases. We do not think of any sacredness hedging about the administrative hierarchy that would keep its members from submitting to the usual jurisdictions. In France, however, administrative cases come before special courts, created *ad hoc*. The same considerations that keep one supreme court from considering political acts of the national legislature, in the French view apply to all administrative acts. In other words, the executive and judicial branches in that country are more really separate than with us. And this has perhaps with them helped widen the distinction between the two bodies of law. We have not heretofore made much of that distinction.

However, our administrative system is very extensive and complex, and is growing more so with the development of the republic. We make much of our local self-government. And yet our various commonwealths — States, we are pleased to call them — are really highly centralized. Local communities have their affairs managed through agencies devised and modified and entirely revolutionized quite at the will of the central authorities. And local officials are usually the agents of the commonwealths for many purposes. At the same time, the central control is very weak in actual administration. The municipal treasurer is an officer of the state as well as of the city, and yet the state has only a weak hold on him. Further, our desire that the people shall be in close touch with the administrative system has led to a multiplication of offices with little or no salary attached. We secure popular government, but at the sacrifice too often of efficiency. Thus we have really a curious jumble in our system of managing the public business — administrative centralization and local independence all tangled together.

It is clear enough that our whole machinery needs overhauling and improving. And to do that with success we need to know definitely just what legal relations have grown up among us, and how the other great nations manage the same things. To this end Professor Goodnow's study in comparative politics is a valuable contribution.

The first of the two volumes details the organization of the administrative systems in France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States,—the same four nations selected by Professor Burgess for his “Comparative Constitutional Law.” This seems rather a large proportion of the work to devote to a preliminary analysis. And yet perhaps less could hardly have been done in the present state of political science. The basis of this part of the work is Professor Burgess’s book, with that of Howard on the “Local Constitutional History of the United States.” These are supplemented in a scholarly way by researches of others, and by ample investigation of judicial decisions. The analysis is a very clear one, and has a value quite independent of its relation to what follows. One who desires a good idea of the working system of administering government among the great nations can do no better than to read Professor Goodnow’s first volume. In general, the statements of facts are very accurate. Perhaps exception might be taken to a remark on page 76. In speaking of the appointing power in the State of New York, and of the old Council of Appointment, the author says:

“Here the Governor had the power to appoint most officers in the commonwealth, but was subject in the exercise of the power to the necessity of obtaining the consent of the Council of Appointment formed of members of the Senate elected by the Assembly. In 1801, however, the power was given to each member of the Council to nominate for appointment.”

This is true, and perhaps all that is essential for the purposes intended. Still, it is calculated to mislead one as to the facts. The New York constitution of 1777 provided (Art. XXIII.) for the choice of a Council of Appointment, as follows:

“The Assembly shall, once in every year, openly nominate and appoint one of the Senators from each great district,* which Senators shall form a council for the appointment of the said officers, of which the Governor . . . shall be president and have a casting voice, but no other vote; and with the advice and consent of the said council, shall appoint all the said officers; and that a majority of the said council be a quorum.”

The construction given this clause in the early years of the constitution vested in the governor the exclusive right to nominate, and restricted the councillors to voting, thus giving “advice and consent” on such nominations. But in 1794 the Federalists chose three of the four councillors, and this majority insisted that under the constitution they had a right of nominating concurrently with the governor. As

the governor, George Clinton, was a Republican, it was obvious that this new construction would enable the Federalists to control all the appointments. They insisted on their point, against the protest of Governor Clinton, and thus secured the appointment of a Federalist as Supreme Court judge. The following year (1795) a Federalist governor, John Jay, was elected, and for several years there was no occasion for a difference of opinion in the council. But in 1800 the Republicans again secured the state legislature, and of course a majority in the Council of Appointment; and so the tables were turned. It was now the Republicans who insisted that the constitution meant to give the members of the council a concurrent right of nomination with the governor, and the Federalists who bitterly opposed. This collision resulted in an act of the legislature recommending a constitutional convention, which should have as one purpose *to determine the true construction of the twenty-third article of the constitution*. This convention was held accordingly, and adopted as its fifth article the following:

“And this convention do further . . . ordain, determine, and declare, that by the true construction of the twenty-third article of the constitution of this state the right to nominate all officers . . . is vested concurrently in the person administering the government of this state for the time being and in each of the members of the council of appointment.”

Thus the action of this convention was not the addition of a new power to those held by the council, but merely the judicial construction of its powers under the constitution as it stood. It must be admitted, however, that the construction thus given was rather a violent one, and probably not at all what was intended by the framers of the constitution of 1777.

Professor Goodnow (page 98) takes the usual ground that the English crown has lost the veto power. He is certainly safer in this view than his colleague, Professor Burgess, who has an ingenious but rather nebulous theory that the power might still be exercised. Perhaps it might. But as it is fairly certain that it never will be, the hypothesis can hardly be called a working one in practical politics.

Attention is called by a passing remark (page 204) to the fact that “the courts of several of the commonwealths [of the United States] have held that the preservation of the peace is not a municipal function.” The time will come when this truth will have wider recognition. A local police, managed by local politicians too often directly dependent on the

* There were four great districts in the State.

criminal classes, can hardly be expected to be independent of local influences. The maintenance of order should have its source in a jurisdiction wider than any city or any county. We shall come to this in time.

Volume II. treats of "Legal Relations." In other words, this is the treatise on Administrative Law for which the first volume merely clears the way. The three divisions are, "The Law of Officers," "The Administration in Action," and "The Control over the Administration." The last division is treated the most copiously, as is natural. The American student of politics will find no greater interest than in the chapter on "The Administrative Jurisdiction in France." The principles of Montesquieu relating to the separation of powers have nowhere else been carried to their logical end as they have in France. The French administrative courts that have resulted are well worth our study.

The machinery of government in the United States is far from perfect. It needs overhauling at many points, as has been said. And to do that intelligently there must be general knowledge of other methods, as well as of our own. As a contribution to this knowledge, Professor Goodnow's book will be cordially welcomed.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

A PONDEROUS BIOGRAPHY.*

It is a good deal to devote two volumes, of about five hundred closely-printed pages each, to the first half of anybody's life. Dr. Pusey's career was interesting and important, but he was hardly one of those salient historic personalities whose every word and deed should be permanently recorded. With all his abundant gifts, Canon Liddon has lacked a sense of proportion. Dr. Pusey loomed before him a little larger than he really was. Not every scrap from his pen was precious. Canon Liddon died before the final revision of this work, yet there is no reason to think that its scale had been diminished had he lived himself to issue it. The result is somewhat excessive. Accumulated details do not always add to the impression. We cannot help thinking that this is one of the instances which Hesiod anticipated when he said that the half had been more than the whole.

*THE LIFE OF EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY. By Henry Parry Liddon. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Hitherto the Tractarian movement has been singularly happy in those who have portrayed it. Mozley's *Reminiscences* are as lively gossip as Pepys's *Diary*. Dean Burgon's *Twelve Good Men* were not evaporated and desiccated saints, but a round dozen of characters, brim-full of human nature. Ward's life by his son is a striking portraiture of an extraordinary person—a "freak" or "sport" in the ecclesiastical garden. Newman's "Apologia" is almost an English classic. Dean Church's review of the Oxford Movement is rich in delightful matter. But Liddon's life of Pusey, while it may stand on the same shelf with Church and Ward and Burgon and Mozley and Newman, will not share their longevity. We seem to hear Burgon whisper to Mozley, behind Newman's back, "Not altogether a work of inspiration, and perhaps slightly protracted—eh?" and if departed shades are still capable of critical estimates, Dean Church may be seen to smile in genial acquiescence. Yet this is the life of one placed in the central current of a great religious movement, a movement which has influenced for good or ill—perhaps for good and ill—the Anglican Communion for a half century. It is strange that of the three chiefs of Tractarianism no one should have had a striking biography, neither Keble nor Newman, nor, as now, Dr. Pusey.

There are all sorts of memoirs. There are those that seize the very man and transfer him bodily to the printed page. So Johnson lives in Boswell, and Scott in Lockhart, and Macaulay in Trevelyan. Others distil the finer essence of the man, yet the work lacks body. So certain delicate artists manage to miss the outward features of their sitter while yet eliciting his soul. Thus Maurice's life by his son may be called a memoir of a disembodied spirit. The prophet, as his disciples loved to call him, is there; but the man who paid taxes, and went to market, and had his little tempers and absurdities, hardly comes to the surface. And there are memoirs like Masson's life of Milton, where you lose the figure in the landscape, the person in the period, and are rather surprised when from time to time he emerges.

As writers differ, so subjects differ. There are men who lend themselves naturally to vivid presentation, who suggest lines of caricature to their enemies, and photographic sharpness of light and shadow to their friends; whose humors are representative, who are very like themselves and very much of their own opinion; men whom you love or detest, but cannot

easily ignore or forget; men of caprice and quaintness like Lamb, of robust sense and non-sense like Montaigne, men of mingled contradictions like Swift or Carlyle, men of blood and iron like Cromwell or Bismarck, men of genius interwrought with goodness and humor like Scott or Lowell. And there are other men, who, in whatever glare of publicity they may be standing, whatever cause they are forwarding, however they may seem to be leading, yet somehow evade scrutiny, lack distinction, puzzle observation; men who may be even great in a sort, yet are always a little tiring in their greatness; who, clad in every virtue, are after all but half visible. Those who are not of their inner circle are tempted to describe them as "good men in the worst acceptation of the word." You may esteem and reverence them, but can go no farther. For your life, you cannot approach them with any familiar liking. Alone on a desert island you might be grateful for their company, but with inward hesitations and reservations.

Somewhat of this latter sort must have been the late Dr. Pusey. One of his disciples speaks of him as "so awful a person." This is not at all the view which Dr. Liddon meant to give of him, but it is the impression left on reading these volumes of his biography. They portray not so much a man as an ecclesiastic, a schoolman, a body of divinity. He has hardly personal traits; rather, he is marked by theological tendencies. He has a subtle if not always a lucid intellect, a fervid rather than a luminous power of expression, an energetic and imperative conscience, a positive and tenacious will, a warm affection for a few persons, and an ardent passion for several abstract ideas; but there seems not very much flesh and blood to him. He has a defined outline, but you doubt his possession of the usual three dimensions. You might sketch him in pen-and-ink, or bite him in with acid on copper; but you could hardly model him all round in clay, or paint him with a full palette in body color. You wonder if you tickle him would he laugh—if you prick him would he bleed? The very supposition seems incongruous.

Nor was any such lack of vitality in the subject likely to be made good by a superabundance of vitality in the painter. The art of Liddon is not that of Rubens or of Tintoret. It is academic always, like that of the Caracci. While he was undoubtedly an able man, a learned and devout man, a man of eloquence and enthusiasm, a fervid rhetorician, he was

not at all a fresh or suggestive man. His mind, however richly stored, was of a dry and scholastic cast, dwelling in the atmosphere of school divinity and ecclesiasticism, rather than of philosophic thought or spiritual intuition. The soil is highly cultivated, but not originally fertile. There is not a touch of saving humor or penetrative imagination in either biographer or subject of the biography. In all these thousand pages one hardly comes upon a striking illustration, a revealing anecdote, or a quotable passage. The reader's mind is kept on an unbroken level. The tone is that of intense seriousness, unrelieved by any momentary play of thought. No one, it is said, was ever so wise as Lord Thurlow looked. Was anyone, it may be asked, ever so undeviatingly solemn as Dr. Pusey is made to appear throughout these ponderous volumes? When his children enter the drawing-room after dinner, it is Newman who frolics with them and tells them quaint stories; it is not Pusey. One is compelled to wonder if he never encountered his fellow Tractarian Ward, or caught a twinkle in the eye of Mozley? Was he always in such deadly earnest? Could not even the irony of events extort from him a smile? Was "The Great Man" always so impressed with the consciousness of his part on the stage of church history, his immediate responsibility for the safe conduct of his period, as never to unbend? That title which in Greek Newman bestowed upon Pusey, Henry Wilberforce had already more fittingly bestowed upon Newman. Perhaps when he went over to the Roman Communion he desired to bequeath it to his successor in the Tractarian leadership. Certainly Pusey had one element of greatness—the steady head which could let him stand on the very edge of a precipice and look fondly over, without the final leap or plunge. On the whole, there are those who could say of Dr. Pusey that he was not great so much as weighty—a word conveying at once two ideas: influential and ponderous, neither quite inapplicable to the subject of this memoir.

Why was he so widely influential? It is not an easy matter from this biography to discover. It was probably due to several combining conditions. He was a man of high social position, with family connection with the nobility; a man of large means and large munificence, of saintly devotion, of ascetic habit, of rare intensity of purpose, of special aptitude for business, and of a certain very English moderation in judgment. He could hold extreme views, yet be content without pushing

them to extreme consequences. The logic of his intellect did not override the caution of his procedure. When more brilliant and more logical minds flashed out of Anglicanism, whose foundations no longer seemed to them trustworthy, into the Roman Communion towards which their growing convictions pointed them, Dr. Pusey could admit their premises without accepting their conclusion, could skim over thin ice without recognizing its insufficiency to support him, could rest on foundations which he himself had helped to undermine, as if they were of bedded adamant. When Ward and Newman and Oakley and Manning discovered that what they held most precious lay upon the farther side of the line that marked the boundary between Rome and Canterbury, Dr. Pusey could remain in the English Church and prepare Roman manuals for Anglican use with placid imperturbability. He suffered, but kept his composure. So, after the loss of Werter, Charlotte went on cutting bread and butter. Where logic called for suicide, Saxon sense preferred serviceableness. Nothing is so congenial to the British mind as a logical contradiction practically justified and disregarded. In our mother church — and island — to hold that two and two makes four, and to decline to take any further steps in that arithmetical progression, is always regarded as wisdom and discretion. It stamps upon its holder the imprint of sound and safe and sober. Such men become influential by force of their very limitations. Such a delicate and able equilibrium of eager courage and patient caution, of profound convictions and suspended application of them, is always interesting, and nowhere more successful in the conduct of life than among English churchmen.

Perhaps another secret of Dr. Pusey's leadership was his entire absorption in ecclesiastical and theological interests. Unless Dr. Liddon has done him strange injustice, he was always "clasped like a missal" against all the outside light or dust that might penetrate his cloister. Here is a life whose course was synchronous with the dawn of modern science and the revival of modern literature; yet in the copious correspondence with close friends throughout these volumes, from early childhood to middle life, but for a reference to Byron as an injurious element in his youth, and an occasional reference to Keble — and that more to the theological than to the poetic value of "The Christian Year," — there is hardly a suggestion that Pusey ever read other than theological

treatises or controversial pamphlets. Scholar as he was, there is no hint of his delight in the classics, whether Greek or Latin. He was careless of graces of style. He was indifferent to the charms of literature. He was unobservant of the march of science. He was unconcerned with the development of art or music. He built churches, but displays no taste for architecture. The one thing that interested him was patristic theology in its impress upon the institution of which he was a part, the Church of England. That sort of concentration is always power. It gives force and intensity in a narrow track. Dr. Pusey, though more of a man, had been less of a leader, if his mind had coursed over a wider field. He would have seen ideas in truer proportions, but he had been less the centre and head of Tractarian influence than he was for a generation from the day that John Henry Newman, after long hesitancy, finally passed over to Rome.

Dr. Liddon well describes Dr. Pusey's long life, which began on August 22, 1800, and lasted until September 16, 1882, as "singularly uneventful, a continuous stream of lectures, sermons, letters, interviews." The interviews have left no trace save in the characters and lives of those whom they influenced. The letters are not sprightly, graphic, nor luminous. For the outpouring of an energetic mind, in free communication with familiar friends, they are remarkably formal and uninteresting. You feel with what justice their author could say of himself, referring to his personal temperament and Walloon ancestry, "You know I am phlegmatic, and, indeed, Dutch." The sermons and lectures are before the world. Newman's are classics — though Lowell could not relish them, though their highly-wrought rhetoric may possibly be less valued when the present generation passes from the stage and the glamour of their author's personality has been dissipated. But Pusey's sermons and lectures are already obsolescent. There is a certain beauty of holiness, a tender sweetness, about his first volume of parochial discourses. The substance of the lectures, as contained in the volumes on Daniel and the Minor Prophets, later exegetes respectfully recognize. Yet it is in the Tractarian school that Dr. Pusey continues to be an authority, rather than among Christian scholars at large. His vogue is past. No new editions of his works are called for. His scholarly prestige is traditional and not a living force.

He and the men of his time were heated pamphleteers and intolerant polemics. The

day for such intensity of controversy in the church arena is happily ended. Men as opposed as Newman and Arnold, as Hampden and Pusey, have learned to set less store on the things wherein they differ. On public platforms and in church newspapers, they may fling about the old vituperations; but they do it from force of bad habit, and mean very little by them. Their sting has been blunted and their virus neutralized. For the most part, people respect one another's liberty and tolerate their mutual diversities. Yet in one respect, perhaps, we have degenerated. It was once a battle of scholars and thinkers in the region of convictions and ideas. It is now a commotion on a lower level. The Tractarian is departed, and the Ritualist is with us. Now a tract is not an imposing weapon, but it is of more weight than a ceremonial. What to believe is a serious concern. How to behave in the chancel is a histrionic controversy. Perhaps the day is at hand when good men will remember with shame that once such trifles were magnified, that what has been admirably called the mere "etiquette of religion" once divided those who should be brethren.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL-TEACHER IN JAPAN.*

The ability to see things in a foreign land as they really are, and not as they are distorted by the blinding pride of race or religion, is a rare gift. It implies intelligent and sympathetic appreciation of the qualities which, in spite of outward differences, make "the whole world kin." The possession of this ability in a marked degree by the author of "A Japanese Interior" lends distinction to the series of letters in which she relates her experiences during a year's residence in Tokyo. Their freedom from bias is indeed remarkable. As one of the teachers in a school for girls of noble birth, under the management of the Imperial Household Department and the personal patronage of the Empress, Miss Bacon had unusual opportunities. Of these she made excellent use. Her life in Tokyo was spent almost entirely among the Japanese and apart from the foreign colony. The letters, which do not appear to have been written with a view to publication, testify to a desire to accommodate her-

self in every way to the manners and customs of the people about her, so far as this could be done without the sacrifice of her own individuality. Etiquette among the upper classes in Japan demands familiarity with many conventional observances and calls for much deferential bowing. How Miss Bacon regarded this is shown by a characteristic incident, her account of which is worth repeating. Having received an invitation to see the feast of dolls at the house of one of the Tokugawa daimios—one of the few places in Tokyo where the old-time etiquette is still kept up—she felt it incumbent to prepare herself beforehand.

"Miné gave me a little instruction in the art of getting down on my knees and putting my forehead to the floor, but the present style of American dress makes it very hard to do the thing gracefully, and my joints are a good deal too stiff to allow me to be comfortable during the process. However, I did it after a fashion, and felt very much like a fool in doing it, but it seemed necessary for me to show my appreciation of the kindness that had been shown me by being polite in some manner that my entertainers could recognize. Our good manners are so undemonstrative that only a few foreignized Japanese can discover that we have any at all, and the usual result of an effort here in Japan to copy foreign manners is a complete disregard of all rules of politeness, whether Japanese or foreign."

Miss Bacon's sojourn in Japan was not extended enough to enable her to become thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of Japanese etiquette, but her observations in regard to it are nevertheless interesting. Toward the end of her stay she writes:

"It is rather a curious experience for me out here, that in my associations with those about me I am 'neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.' I am too Japanese for the foreigners, and too foreign for the Japanese; too worldly for the missionaries, and not worldly enough for the rest of the foreign colony; and so, with the exception of my intimate Japanese friends, there is no one in Tokyo who does not seem to regard me as rather out of their line."

Although the author states in the preface that her book is "not intended as an authority on Japan in general, or on any particular phase of life there," no better or more reliable account of the things that came within her observation has yet been written. It does not pretend to be more than a daily chronicle of events, sights, and impressions,—a record of passing thoughts rather than the result of mature deliberation. As such, however, it is a delightful book, written in a simple style and free from affectation. While a longer residence in the country would doubtless have caused some of the comments to be modified, they are for the most part well-considered. Occasionally she makes an over-

* A JAPANESE INTERIOR. By Alice Mabel Bacon, author of "Japanese Girls and Women." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

statement, as when she says of the Japanese laborer that he has his æsthetic nature "fully" developed. Neither in Japan nor Europe nor America is this literally true of any but the very few. As compared with the similar class elsewhere, however, the Japanese laborer is in this respect immeasurably in advance. Miss Bacon's remarks upon this point are so singularly just that we cannot forbear quoting them:

"With him, 'life is more than meat,' it is beauty as well; and this love of beauty has upon him such a civilizing effect that some people are led to think that the lower classes in Japan do not need Christianity. But when one comes to study them, they are not more moral than our lower classes; they are not as moral; they are only more gentle, more contented, more civilized I should say, except that the word 'civilization' is so difficult to define and to understand that I do not know what it means now as well as I did when I left home."

F. W. GOOKIN.

RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.*

Why so tasteless a title as "The Handsome Humes" should have been permitted to handicap a really charming novel is known only to Mr. William Black. At any rate, it does not offer the first instance of the sort in the career of this accomplished writer, for he was even capable, upon one

* THE HANDSOME HUMES. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MONTEZUMA'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

RICHARD ESCOTT. By Edward H. Cooper. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE: Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marsac. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

DIANA TEMPEST. By Mary Cholmondeley. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WHAT NECESSITY KNOWS. By L. Dougall. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

AN AMERICAN PEERESS. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

A COIGN OF VANTAGE. By John Seymour Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

IN THE DWELLINGS OF SILENCE: A Romance of Russia. By Walker Kennedy. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

TOM SYLVESTER. By T. R. Sullivan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE DAYS OF LAMB AND COLERIDGE: A Historical Romance. By Alice E. Lord. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

PENSHURST CASTLE IN THE TIME OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. By Emma Marshall. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE BAILIFF OF TEWKESBURY. By C. E. D. Phelps and Leigh North. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

GARRICK'S PUPIL. By Augustin Filon. Translated by J. V. Prichard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

ON THE CROSS: A Romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German, by Mary J. Safford. New York: George Gottsberger Peck.

PAN MICHAEL: An Historical Novel of Poland, the Ukraine, and Turkey. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

occasion, of christening a book "That Beautiful Wretch," for which offence it would take more than one "Daughter of Heth" or "Princess of Thule" to atone. Most of Mr. Black's novels belong to the class that are produced by merely shuffling the well-worn cards of the game, and the one now at hand offers no exceptions to this rule. Its master-cards are the Jean Valjean story of self-effacement in the interests of a beloved daughter, and the Marguerite-Duval story of the austere parent's plea to spare a cherished son the degradation of stepping down a rung or two upon the social ladder. Let us add that the descent contemplated is not deep enough to be tragic, and that the hero has manliness enough to make it. Here we are for an instant minded of "A Princess of Thule," but marriage does not, in this case, change a gentleman into a cad. The story is rather more pleasing than most of Mr. Black's recent ventures; it is well provided with incident, dramatic upon occasion, sparkling in the flow of its narrative. It is pathetic without being emotional, and its tone is cultivated without being priggish.

Some time ago the newspapers were busily informing the public that Mr. Rider Haggard had gone to Mexico to collect the materials for a new story. The story is now published, is called "Montezuma's Daughter," and justifies the pains taken by the author in making his observations on the spot. We have no doubt that he could have made nearly as good a story out of Prescott and the other books, but there are numerous chapters in which his personal experience stands him in good stead, and the story is both graphic and exciting, although it has no style worth speaking of, and although its conception of plot is about on the level of that displayed by Captain Mayne Reid in his numerous romances. More than once, in fact, Mr. Haggard reminds us of a Mayne Reid *redivivus*, although he seems to have had Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" in sight during the composition of the book. The story is mostly Mexican, and tells of the invasion of Cortes; but there are antecedent passages in England and Spain, for the hero is an English adventurer who finds his way through Spain to Mexico on a vengeful quest. The vengeance is certainly satisfactory when it comes, but is not reached until the hero has had as surprising a series of perils and escapes as even the fertile imagination of the author ever devised. The spelling of Aztec names has been considerably shortened for the infant mind, and "Popocatpetl" is reduced to "Popo." But does not Mr. Haggard know that the infant mind, bent upon geographical lore, simply delights in the name of Popocatpetl, and would not for a wildness of monkeys have it abbreviated?

"Richard Escott" is both the title of a story and the name of the preposterous villain about whom it centres. He is the son of a noble lord and cabinet minister, but is likewise a blackleg, a cardsharp, and an unspeakable cad. His operations are mostly

carried on in Paris, where he plays with his friends a queer game called "poker," in which you can draw to a hand at least twice, "rise" your opponents at pleasure, and use the deuce of spades as a "joker." The record of Escott's villainies is dreary and unrelieved, and the story is put together with but slight constructive art. The death of the hero is a relief, both because it satisfies the moral sense and because the book has to end with it.

"A Gentleman of France" is a historical romance of the times of Henry of Navarre. Its action is placed in the period when the last of the Valois kings has taken refuge at Blois, and ends with his assassination. The two Henrys figure conspicuously in the narrative, which is as full of stirring adventures as a Christmas pudding of plums, and quite as good as Dumas. The hero is a reduced but very valiant gentleman, and the heroine is a young gentlewoman who at first spurns him as Enid spurned Geraint, but whose pride melts into love when the proper time comes, and who is altogether fascinating. Like Dr. Doyle's "The White Company" and "The Refugees," which it much resembles, Mr. Weyman's story makes extremely vivid the chapter of French history with which it deals. Such books show clearly that Scott is still a power in English fiction, and that the analysts and realists are not to have things entirely their own way.

Diana Tempest is the daughter of Colonel Tempest, a spendthrift guardsman who would have succeeded his brother in the Overleigh estate had it not been for John Tempest, that brother's reputed son, upon whom the estate devolved. In point of fact, John is an illegitimate son, and the fact is known to all concerned excepting the child himself. Whereupon the uncle brings an action against the estate, but is, of course, defeated. He then listens to the promptings of an evil genius named Swayne, and lays ten wagers, each of a thousand pounds to a sovereign, that he will never succeed to Overleigh. Presently, Colonel Tempest is sorry for what he has done, and feels something like remorse. But at this juncture Swayne most inopportunistically dies, and his partner in crime then discovers that the ten bets have been transferred to as many persons, and is unable to trace them and take them up. At this point the reader has the fascinating prospect of ten mysterious attempts to murder John, and at least nine hairbreadth escapes. But these reasonable anticipations are not fulfilled, for, after four of the unknown takers of the wager have failed to "remove" their victim and win the Colonel's money, the Colonel concludes to take his own life and thus deprive the other six (whoever they may be) of their occupation. The readers of the story will all agree with the balked assassins that to do this was to take a mean advantage of them. In the meanwhile, John has grown up, unsuspecting of the dangers surrounding him (although mildly surprised at the frequency of the accidents he encounters), and has fallen in love with Diana. Presently, he dis-

covers his illegitimacy, and, acting upon an absurdly quixotic impulse, determines to surrender the property which is both legally and morally his. This foolish proceeding is averted by the death of the Colonel and his scapegrace son, thus leaving the question to be settled by Diana and John, which is not a difficult matter. It will be seen from this outline that the story is both ingenious and exciting; we should add that the author has an incisive style and handles her materials with ease.

A story that keeps the reader puzzled concerning its principal characters, and leaves him in the end uncertain as to what he shall think of them, is clearly lacking in one of the essentials of artistic work. Such a story is "What Necessity Knows," by Miss Dougall, whose "Beggars All" we reviewed about a year ago. Yet the book is made interesting by its divergence from the beaten path, and by a certain force and delicacy which, although crudely embodied, are evident and unmistakable. An episode in the Millerite craze of 1843 is the central situation, and this unpromising material is worked up with considerable insight. The scene is laid in Canada, and the characters are, for the most part, English settlers in that country. There are a great number of prosy pages that might profitably have been condensed or left out altogether.

Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's second novel is a distinct advance upon his first. In construction, in character delineation, and in grasp of its materials, it offers a marked improvement upon its predecessor, and may fairly claim to be taken seriously, a claim that was hardly to be made in behalf of "With Edge Tools." There are faults, of course, and marks of the prentice hand. The writer's style is very defective, and calls for a closer attention than he has given it as yet. Obscure, ill-balanced, and slipshod sentences are of frequent occurrence. Several of the characters exhibit inconsistencies that produce a patch-work effect, and the hero, on at least one occasion, carries frankness to the point of *naïveté* and even beyond, producing an impression clearly different from anything that could have been in the author's intention. But the merits of the book are considerable. It holds the interest from first to last, and many of the episodes are exceedingly well managed. The conversations consist largely of small talk and repartee, but they are seldom unnatural and nearly always clever. Sometimes they are very clever indeed. "The English life depicted in the story is a somewhat superficial sketch," the writer remarks in his preface. This is undoubtedly true, but it is also true that superficial sketches of life have their value, and that this one, which makes no unwarranted pretensions, needs no apologetic introduction. It was not a bad idea for the writer, having safely landed his hero and heroine upon English soil, to take them the rounds of social life, to crushes and house-parties and "meets," to Henley and Goodwood, as a device for providing his story with a pleasing variety of

scenes. In spite of the attractiveness of this shifting background, the human relations woven into the story are of paramount interest, and the characters have considerable reality, although they appear, for the most part, in an artificial environment. We should add that the sentiment of the story is distinctly wholesome.

The "Coign of Vantage" from which Mr. Wood's harum-scarum story is told is an old Roman tower in the Valais, inhabited, for a few days, by a small party of tourists, bent upon a lark. It goes without saying that they are Americans, and that great is the surprise—not to say consternation—of inn-keeper and village folk when our tourists propose to divert the tower from its time-honored uses as a sight to be seen to an abode to be lived in. Installed in their romantic quarters, our tourists find their existence enlivened by a series of unexpected incidents, and soon become actors in a comedy of errors the scenes whereof are developed with slight regard to the probabilities or the conventionalities. The story has the usual matrimonial outcome, and is told not without cleverness and point.

"In the Dwellings of Silence" is a romance of Russia and Siberian exile. As the treatment is no less hackneyed than the material, and as the book is rather carelessly written, comment is hardly called for. The horrors with which "Stepniak" and Mr. Kennan have made us acquainted are retailed in slightly intensified form, and we follow our political prisoners from Petropavlovsk to Kara, feeling all the time that we know just what will happen to them next. The story of their escape is ingeniously managed, and is much the most interesting part of the book. But the whole subject ought either to be shelved, or at least left to writers who have more than a hearsay knowledge of what Siberian exile means.

"Tom Sylvester," Mr. T. R. Sullivan's first venture in full-grown fiction, shows an intimate acquaintance with two things—the home life of the New England town, and the social life of the American resident in Paris. The boyhood of the hero is so naturally and so sympathetically described that he reminds us not a little of another "Tom"—the typical New England youngster of Mr. Aldrich's thinly disguised autobiography. Mr. Sullivan's hero, when he grows up, goes forth to see the world as it wags in the French capital, and acquires a fund of valuable experience. Presently he returns to his native village, marries an old-time playmate, and the rest is silence. The moral of the tale—possibly a trifle forced—is that America is the proper place for Americans, and that self-expatriation is mainly useful in helping one to appreciate what has been left behind. The book is as wholesome as it is interesting, and is an excellent repast to set before young—not too young—readers.

Our collection of novels includes a group of four that are based, to a certain extent, upon the literary history of England, and derive no little of their interest from the well-known characters that figure in their pages. The first of these novels to which

we will call attention is called "The Days of Lamb and Coleridge." The truth in this story much outweighs the fiction, for nearly all the incidents were actual occurrences in the lives of this famous literary pair. The letters are printed *verbatim*, and even the conversations are to a certain extent pieced out from reported utterances. The Shelleys, Carlyle, and other writers are brought into the story, somewhat irrelevantly. It is a pleasant performance, albeit an amateurish one.

Sir Philip Sidney is the hero of "Penshurst Castle," a story by Mrs. Marshall, who is not unknown to readers of historical fiction. There is good stuff for romance in the life of Sidney, but the writer has idealized him almost out of all semblance of reality. The hero of Zutphen figures, in consequence, as a rather priggish sort of person, doubtless the last effect intended by his enthusiastic delineator. There is some history, dilute but accurate, in the narrative; the Countess of Pembroke appears conspicuously, and we catch sight now and then of other well-known characters, including the Virgin Queen, the Earl of Leicester, and Sir Fulke Greville. The author's style walks upon stilts, but does not thereby escape from commonplace.

"The Bailiff of Tewkesbury" is a romance of Elizabethan times, and no less a person than William Shakespeare figures among the characters. In the opening chapters we read of the midnight raid upon the Lucy preserves, and the haling of the young poacher before outraged magistracy. At this point, we wonder if the authors would be audacious enough to emulate Landor, and attempt once more what he did once for all. But the episode is passed lightly over, and the poet sets out for London, to appear henceforth but at momentary intervals upon the scene. The ostensible hero is one William Helves, and the heroine is a niece of Sir Thomas Lucy. This Helves is represented as the mysterious "W. H." of the sonnets, and to him, as their "only begetter," are a number of them sent, and thus deftly woven into the pretty tale.

The last book of our literary-historical group is "Garriek's Pupil," a translation from the French. The central episode of the work is furnished by the Gordon Riots, and the adventures of a young actress, persecuted by a dissolute nobleman, provide the story with its main theme. Among the famous men to whom we are introduced may be mentioned Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Johnson, and Boswell. The story is an admirable picture of the times—singularly so when considered as the work of a foreigner—but is not oppressively historical. The translation is fair, but not always idiomatic. We read, for example, that a certain pickpocket "failed to relieve" Prince Orloff of a valuable snuff-box. This is easily recognized as a mistranslation of *failli*. On the same page we find *bête noir*, a common but inexcusable blunder.

Frau von Hillern's "On the Cross" seeks to construct a romance with the Oberammergau Passion Play as its leading motive. A woman of the Ba-

varian aristocracy, who is at heart a worldling, but who persuades herself for a time into being a most *schwärmerisch* idealist, witnesses the play, is fascinated by the actor who represents the Christ, secretly marries him, and takes him to her country estate, where he nominally lives as her steward. She soon tires of the relation, and resumes her society life, playing fast and loose with a nobleman who has long been her lover. The husband, in the meanwhile, after ten years of almost solitary life, ended by a scene of passionate upbraiding, returns to Ammergau, resumes his old part, but is soon brought to the point of death by the exhaustion that comes from a decade of spiritual suffering. At the very end, his wife comes to tardy recognition of her duty towards him, abandons society, and does her best to atone to him for her sin. This is the outline of a story which makes a distinctly unpleasant impression. It is emotional, and even hysterical; it abounds in unnatural contrasts between different phases of the same character; its morality comes dangerously near being sophistical; and its blending of the religious with the sensual is, at its worst, fairly nauseating. As a depiction of the spirit in which the peasants of old Ammergau entered into their sacred work, it will be scoffed at by the cynic; yet, in this regard, the work is probably more faithful to fact than in any other.

With the publication of "Pan Michael," Mr. Curtin has completed his English translation of the great historical trilogy which we owe to the genius of Henryk Sienkiewicz. The other divisions of this work, "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge," were reviewed by us at the time of their appearance, and we are now called upon to say a few words of their sequel. The Pan Michael of the title is, of course, the valiant little knight, Volodyovski, who figures conspicuously in the whole series. His further deeds of bravery are recounted in the present volume, which culminates in his heroic defence of Kamenyets and his death upon the ruins of that stronghold when treachery has finally given it into the hands of the pagan invader. Our old friend Zagloba, now past ninety, but as great a master as ever of wit and wordy valor, remains in view to the end. We have also occasional glimpses of other heroes of the preceding volumes; but many new figures crowd the canvas, and hold the attention in their turn. The greatest of these, historically, is that of John Sobieski, whose infrequent appearances upon the scene are managed with much impressiveness, although the most glorious episode in his career, his repulse of the Turks at Vienna, still lies ten years in the future at the time when this narrative closes. The struggle of the Polish Commonwealth with the Cossacks was the theme of "With Fire and Sword"; the struggle with the Swedish invader was the theme of "The Deluge." "Pan Michael" has for its theme the terrible Turkish war which made a king of Sobieski and of his name one of the greatest of historical memories. The interest of the trilogy, both historical and romantic, is splendidly sustained in

"Pan Michael," although the work contains fewer than its predecessors of those episodes — like that of Zagloba in the loft or that of Skshetuski in the marshes at Zbaraj—which no one that has once read can ever forget. Nor is its culminating episode of the siege of Kamenyets quite equal in impressiveness to the magnificent account of the siege of Cheshova given us in "The Deluge."

"Here ends this series of books, written in the course of a number of years and with no little toil, for the strengthening of hearts," says the author at the close of his epilogue. "This series of books" fills, in its English form, nearly twenty-six hundred large pages, and means an amount of writing about equal to half a dozen full-sized "Waverley" novels, or to the eleven volumes in which Dumas chronicled the adventures of his *mousquetaires*. It often happens that the amount of writing in a book is inversely proportional to its literary value, and this is particularly apt to be true of historical romance, as many German, and some English and American, examples testify. It is even true, to a certain extent, of the master achievement of Dumas; but it is not true of Scott, and it is not true of the present author. From every point of view, this Polish trilogy deserves to be ranked among the greatest of all works of historical fiction. It covers a period of only twenty-five years — the third quarter of the seventeenth century; but it gives us of that period—for the Polish Commonwealth—a picture of unsurpassed vigor, fidelity, and interest. From the artistic standpoint, to have created the character of Zagloba was a feat comparable with Shakespeare's creation of Falstaff and Goethe's creation of Mephistopheles. The other heroes of the trilogy include several of the clearest-cut types, faithful to the traits of their respective races—Pole, Tartar, and Cossack—to be found anywhere in literature; while in the delineation of his heroines the author has shown equal skill, discernment, and sympathy. We must look to the great masters for a gallery of equally noble and lovable women. It seems, indeed, incongruous to discuss a work of this sort in connection with a review of current fiction, so unmistakably does it detach itself from the multitude of ephemeral productions. The best of ordinary heroes seem but carpet-knights in comparison with these valiant warriors of Old Poland, as the best of ordinary heroines seem but boudoir or hot-house creations in comparison with the adorable women who make radiant these pages. The real secret of the Polish novelist's power is that he penetrates beneath the conventional surface of life whereupon most novelists find their element, and shows us men and women swayed by the primal impulses of the human soul. Love, patriotism, and religion: these always have been and always will be the controlling motives, of sane and healthy humanity; and these motives, heightened by the writer's artistic instinct, are given unchecked play in the work now happily completed. It is indeed, a work "for the strengthening of hearts."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Prof. Huxley's
"Methods and
Results."*

Professor Huxley has set himself to re-arrange his miscellaneous papers of the last quarter-century into an edition of "Collected Essays" (Appleton), to be completed in nine volumes, one of which will be the "Hume" in the "English Men of Letters" series. The first of these volumes, entitled "Method and Results," has just appeared. It includes his essay of 1870 on Descartes and his "Discours de la Méthode," the famous essay of 1868 on "The Physical Basis of Life," a group of recent political discussions, and a few others. What gives peculiar interest to the volume is the fact that these essays are prefaced by a brief autobiography, published a few years ago, but not, we think, generally known to the public. "Why I was christened Thomas Henry I do not know," says Mr. Huxley, "but it is a curious chance that my parents should have fixed for my usual denomination upon the name of that particular Apostle with whom I have always felt most sympathy." The manner of this sentence is characteristic of the entire sketch, which is genial and much too brief. It is difficult to realize that the writer has been a hypochondriacal dyspeptic nearly all his life, but such, he assures us, is the fact. Mr. Huxley, as all his readers know, is fond of posing as a plain blunt man, and this amusing affectation appears in the sketch before us. He is no orator, as Brutus is, and he often assures us that he is not. But we fancy that both he and Antony winked when they said it. The following is one of the closing passages: "The last thing that it would be proper for me to do would be to speak of the work of my life, or to say at the end of the day whether I think I have earned my wages or not. Men are said to be partial judges of themselves. Young men may be, I doubt if old men are. Life seems terribly foreshortened as they look back, and the mountain they set themselves to climb in youth turns out to be a mere spur of immeasurably higher ranges, when, with failing breath, they reach the top. But if I may speak of the objects I have had more or less definitely in view since I began the ascent of my hillock, they are briefly these: To promote the increase of natural knowledge and to forward the application of scientific methods of investigation to all the problems of life to the best of my ability, in the conviction, which has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, that there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and of action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is when the garment of make-believe by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features is stripped off."

*Eighteenth century
men and manners
in Rhode Island.* "College Tom" (Houghton), a study of eighteenth century life in Narragansett, affords us an interesting and unusually direct peep into colonial every-day life. "College Tom" was one Thomas Hazard (1720-1798), a rich Narragansett gentleman-farmer, the

anti-slavery pioneer in his state; and the present memoir is written and compiled by his grandson's granddaughter, Miss Caroline Hazard. Thomas Hazard owed his sobriquet to the fact that he spent several terms at New Haven College. The first two-thirds of the present volume consist of a rapid narrative of his after-life and transactions, in which the writer sticks as closely as possible to original records, many of which are given in fac-simile. Chief of them is "College Tom's" account-book—a folio volume of two hundred pages, with entries (1750-1790) covering the most active period of the diarist's life. The jottings are fairly regular and minute, and they are supplemented here and there by notes pinned to the written pages, the whole affording a very good idea of the home life and economy of a Narragansett planter. Inferentially, we are shown some of the beauties and advantages of "fiat" money—which seems, however, in Rhode Island, to have proved anything but a panacea for the ills it was meant to alleviate. Rhode Island issued paper money first in 1710, and six other issues followed between that date and 1740, when the outstanding bills of those dates began to be called "old tenor." Naturally, in the existing state of things, the credit-money depreciated with amazing rapidity and to a ludicrous degree, and the alarming prices in "College Tom's" account-book must be discounted accordingly. In a memorandum of a horse-trade, for instance, we learn that one of the parties (combatants is the better word, perhaps) was to pay the other fifty-five pounds "to boot." This seems pretty extravagant even in a horse-trade, until one learns that in 1740 one silver shilling meant twelve and a half paper shillings; a fact that reduces the fifty-five pounds "old tenor" to the modest sum of four pounds eight shillings. Miss Hazard has given us an altogether capital book, full of solid information, and very readable withal. There are some instructive cuts of old documents, bank-bills, etc., and an appendix of one hundred pages, containing literal selections from "College Tom's" papers. The superb typography calls for special mention.

*A volume from
the Arts and Crafts
Exhibition Society.* Those decorative artist-and-author socialists, Messrs. William Morris and Walter Crane, have organized their Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society to some purpose. If we mistake not, the first exhibition was opened in 1888, at which time Mr. Crane read his essay on "The revival of Design and Handicraft," wherein is set forth the aims of the society. Since the organization of the society the members have held several exhibitions, at which, among others, the following papers have been read: "Textiles," by William Morris; "Of Decorative Painting and Design," by Walter Crane; "Stone and Wood Carving," by Somers Clarke; "Furniture," by Stephen Webb; "Of Wall Papers," by Walter Crane; "Printing," by William Morris and Emery Walker; "Stained Glass," by Somers Clarke; "Bookbinding," by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; "Of

Embroidery," by May Morris; "Of Book Illustration and Book Decoration," by Reginald Blomfield; and "On Designing for the Art of Embroidery," by Selwyn Image. Believing that the time had come when the designer and craftsman should make known their identity, which had usually been concealed behind the firm of So-and-So and Co., these exhibitions were opened that the real workers might be brought into touch with each other and with the public. It was thought that in this way the artist and the craftsman could more freely compare notes for their mutual improvement, and gain that recognition from their employers and the public which was their due. By the aid of new mechanical devices, and by that obnoxious commercial system called "competition," the artisan had been reduced to a very unimportant personage; art and art manufacture had been cheapened, while the consumer had come to look upon the whole matter in the light of a purely business proposition, and made price rather than quality his object. To quote a paragraph from Mr. Crane's essay, this movement "is a protest against that so-called industrial progress which produces shoddy wares, the cheapness of which is paid for by the lives of their producers and the degradation of their users." Each of the thirty-five essays that now make up the volume entitled "Arts and Crafts Essays" is, as may be noted from those named, prepared by a specialist. Mr. William Morris provides an introduction; and from the appearance of the book, which is imported for the American market by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, we must infer that to him also is due a large share of the credit for its excellent paper and typography, and its outside dress of Irish linen.

*Aspects of
Modern Oxford.*

A very graphic and entertaining, and withal informing, book is "Aspects of Modern Oxford" (Macmillan). The author does not give his name, but he rather affectedly styles himself "A mere Don" — a piece of mock humility that reads very much as if he had written himself "a mere Kaiser" or "a mere Archbishop." When an Oxford Fellow speaks thus lightly of his dignity it may be put down as morally certain that he would be the last man of his corps to allow others to do it. The little book contains 135 pages; and in this modest space is contained a capital account of the lighter phases of current life at the centre of "port and prejudice," as Gibbon styled his quondam Alma Mater, written in a style savoring more of the brisk journalistic than the staid academic. The following extract from a chapter on "Undergraduates" may serve as a sample: "Of the hundreds of boys who are shot on the G. W. R. platform every October to be caressed or kicked by Alma Mater, and returned in due time full or empty, it is only an insignificant minority who come up with the ostensible purpose of learning. Their reasons are as many as the colors of their portmanteaus. Brown has come up because he is in the sixth form at school, and was sent in for a scholarship by a

head-master desiring an advertisement; Jones, because it is thought by his friends that he might get into the 'Varsity eleven; Robinson, because his father considers a university career to be a stepping-stone to the professions—which it fortunately is not as yet. Mr. Sangazur is going to St. Boniface because his father was there; and Mr. J. Sangazur Smith — well, probably because *his* father wasn't. Altogether, they are a motley crew, and it is not the least achievement of the University that she does somehow or other manage to impress a certain stamp on so many different kinds of metal" — a certain indefinable stamp, it may be added, of culture, or polish, or good-breeding, or whatever you choose to call it, that the grudging *Philister* resents, scolds at, sneers at, and even makes a feint of laughing at; but which he, in fact, secretly chafes at and envies. The book is liberally and capably illustrated, and its tasteful typography merits special mention.

*Studies of Travel
by E. A. Freeman.*

Two little volumes of "Studies of Travel" (Putnam), by the late Professor Freeman are devoted, respectively, to "Greece" and "Italy." Their contents consist of short papers, written from ten to fifteen years ago, and contributed mainly to "The Saturday Review." Miss Florence Freeman has edited the collections, which are illustrated by a portrait of the author, and a pretty photogravure of the Parthenon. The volume on Greece takes us to Athens, Marathon, Tiryns, Argos, Mycenæ, Corinth, Olympia, and a few other places. The volume on Italy has to do mostly with spots rarely visited by the tourist, but of great historical or archæological interest, such as Veii, Ostia, Norba, and Segni. An "Iter ad Brundisium" closes the volume. One's first impression, especially in reading the Italian sketches, is that they are mostly about walls. Freeman's architectural training gave him a peculiar interest in such things, and for finding sermons in stones he had probably no equal among his contemporaries. These sketches impress us with the immense extent of his knowledge of ancient history, written, as they were, impromptu and without books of reference. His fondness for Macaulay's "Lays" also appears at many points. For one contemplating a journey in his footsteps, these compact little tomes will be found a guide of the utmost value, while the student of classical history may receive from them many a helpful suggestion, as well as many a lesson in the art of compressing a whole chapter of knowledge within the limits of a paragraph.

*Autobiography of
a man of science
and of action.*

A capital autobiography is the "Personal Recollections of Werner von Siemens" (Appleton). The author was the eldest and most widely known of the eight vigorous Siemens brothers whose names are associated the world over with important engineering enterprises (chiefly in the line of telegraphy) and with the invention and manufacture of appliances for carrying on the same. To the practical engineer

or to the man of science a Life of Werner von Siemens needs nothing in the way of justification or introduction. To the lay reader it may be said that the book is not the ordinarily tedious life-record of a recluse of the laboratory or the lecture-room. In Dr. von Siemens, the student and the inventor were supplemented by the man of action; and his laurels, therefore, were largely won in grappling with practical difficulties. His narrative reads like a book of adventure. In his Introduction, Dr. von Siemens expresses the hope that his book may prove instructive and stimulating to the coming generation, in that it shows how "a young man, without inherited resources and influential supporters, nay, even without proper preliminary culture, may, solely through his own industry, rise, and do something useful in the world." The book is, all in all, one of the most notable productions of the past year; and it goes without saying that no one interested in the progress of electrical science and of its practical application can afford to leave it unread. There is a fine frontispiece portrait of the author, whose face betokens in every line the true German *Thätigkeit*, and is certainly not wanting in indications of true German *Schroffheit*—a quality which Dr. Siemens confessedly admired in others. Mr. W. C. Coughland's translation is generally acceptable; but it is not free from Germanisms. Mechanically, the volume is a fine piece of bookmaking.

*The Life of
Dr. Noah Porter.*

The Life of Noah Porter, a neatly-appointed memorial volume edited by Mr. G. S. Merriam and published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons, is built, so to speak, in compartments like a ship; but it is none the less interesting for that, and no Yale man, at least, should leave it unread. The different periods and phases of President Porter's life are severally treated by writers chosen each for his or her special fitness for the topic. Miss Sarah Porter writes of Dr. Porter's "Ancestry and Youth," Rev. W. W. Andrews of his student-life at Yale, Prof. G. P. Fisher of his "Theological Opinions," President Franklin Carter of his career as "President of Yale," and so on. Two concise expository chapters, "Dr. Porter as a Philosopher" and "Dr. Porter's Theory of Morals," are furnished by Prof. George M. Duncan and Dr. Rikizo Nakashima, respectively; and there is a copious "Bibliography" by Mr. J. Sumner Smith. Dr. Porter was an estimable character, a man of much learning and of little originality, an acute reasoner on supplied premises, and the clearest of expositors. From the anecdotal portion of the memoir we may quote the following sketch of George Eliot, whom Dr. Porter met in London in 1853: "At that time she was thirty-five years old, with plain but interesting features, of a little above medium size, of a very quiet and almost timid bearing, most noticeable for her singularly refined voice, her clear thoughts, her choice yet by no means stilted diction, and above all for her fervid yet unaffected sensibility. She was free and affable with the family and guests, but

unmistakably wore the air of a person preoccupied with many engagements, and living apart in her own world of elevated thoughts and intense feeling." The volume contains two portraits of Dr. Porter, and it ought to have an index.

*Glimpses of
an insubstantial
Paradise.*

In his "Sub-Cælum: A Sky-built Human World" (Houghton), Mr. A. P. Russell, author of "A Club of One," "Library Notes," etc., has strayed (not altogether prosperously, we think) from his usual literary province. Mr. Russell's sketch of an ideal society is not a logical development of an *à priori* theory of the State, like the "Republic" of Plato, nor is it a compact piece of allegorizing fiction, like More's "Utopia." The society he describes strikes us, on the whole, as a rather valetudinarian affair, adjusted to the requirements of people with shaky nerves and east-wind susceptibilities. Sub-Cælumite "nerves and sympathies being too precious to be wasted, heads of fowls were lopped off by ingeniously contrived guillotines." At table, "The skilled carver, as he cut away the succulent flakes, was expected deftly to show them in such light as would display their translucency and lustre." "In Sub-Cælum the people did not snore. They had trained themselves to avoid the disagreeable act"—though not, it seems, by the wearing of nocturnal clothespins. At the "Retreats for Convalescents," among other soothing devices for promoting recovery, "Intelligent monkeys climbed about in the trees, and suspended themselves by their tails." The style of the book is sententious to a fault, and there is a too-palpable effort at quaintness. We notice, too, occasional lapses not at all in accord with the usual finicalness of Sub-Cælum standards; for example, we learn that at banquets, when the *chef* appeared, "Pledges were drank, and wine poured out in his honor." Mr. Russell says some clever things, however, and his book is fairly readable; but we prefer him in his "Club Corner."

*Republished Essays
by J. A. Symonds.*

The "Essays Speculative and Suggestive" of John Addington Symonds have been reissued in a single handsome volume by his English publishers, and the work is imported for sale in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. This is probably the most important of the author's several collections of miscellanea, and one cannot re-read its contents without a renewed sense of the loss sustained by English letters at the time of his death. In this age of the specialist we need such men more than ever before; we need them to preserve the tradition of general culture that we are in danger of losing altogether. Few men have ever so successfully lived in "the whole, the good, and the beautiful" as the English historian of the Italian Renaissance, who was at the same time the critic of so many phases of art and life. The work before us exhibits his critical faculty at its best, his trained judgment at its ripest. The group of essays on Style contain some of the best

writing upon that subject that has ever been done, and the essay on Realism and Idealism comes near saying the last word upon that vexed theme. The author's eager and sympathetic grasp of the latest results of science are well illustrated in this volume, as well as his catholic appreciation of the newer tendencies of literature. The work is one to keep at hand and to ponder over; it is suggestive in the sense of being a stimulus even more than a guide; it is a treasure-house of critical comment and principle not easily to be exhausted.

Mr. Henry James
as an Essayist.

We have always thought Mr. Henry James a better essayist than novelist.

The critical and analytical habit of mind with which he is so richly endowed have proved too self-assertive for the purpose of the story-teller. But the qualities of expression developed by this habit, although out of their proper place when used for the purposes of fiction, belong to the essay, and bestow upon it substance and value. The "Essays in London and Elsewhere," just published (Harper), form a volume rich in subtle observations and delicate critical shadings. The contents are a little ill-assorted, for they include sketches of foreign life, personal reminiscences, and literary criticism; but each essay by itself (excepting a few too brief to be adequate) is a little masterpiece. The paper on Fanny Kemble is one of the most lifelike presentations of a spiritual personality to be found. The essay on Lowell, which combines the personal note with the note of objective criticism, is perhaps the finest appreciation we have of the finest of our latter-day Americans. The group of French writers — Flaubert, the Goncourt brothers, and "Loti" — are handled with sure sympathy and real penetration. Perhaps the Flaubert essay is the most notable of all. Mr. James understands Flaubert's passion for style, and helps others to understand how absorbing and masterful a thing it was. No one has, to our thinking, better than Mr. James interpreted for English readers the leading aspects of recent French literary art.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"As We Go" (Harper) is a volume of very brief essays by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. They deal mostly with the phases of human intercourse, and embody many a bit of social criticism that strikes deeper than would at first appear. For instance, among the subjects that the author so lightly touches is that of the growing culture of women as contrasted with the indifference to culture on the part of men. The phenomenon has made a distinct impression upon Mr. Warner — as well it might — and he recurs to its discussion more than once. For reading that is at once easy and suggestive, we commend these genial talks.

"The Out-Door World" (Longmans) is the name given to a handbook for young collectors in natural history, the work of Mr. W. Furneaux. The work is richly illustrated with sixteen colored plates and over five hundred cuts. The colored plates are very well

done, and upon each of them a number of species are crowded. The work is one of the best of the sort that we have seen, but the species described are British, and hence in most cases the American boy or girl would search for them in vain.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. deserve hearty thanks for their tasteful library edition of the novels of Alexandre Dumas. For many years, the only American editions of the great French novelist were so offensive in their appearance that lovers of books could with difficulty be persuaded to take them into their hands. A translation of "Olympe de Clèves," in two volumes, has just been added to the new edition. The publishers claim that it is the first publication of this particular romance in the English language, but this, we believe, is a mistake.

The new edition of Mr. William Watson's *verses* (Macmillan) is neatly printed, includes all the hitherto published poems (except "The Eloping Angels," which no one will miss), and gives a portrait of the author. The poems have been rearranged, and are now headed by the noble group of elegies that commemorate Wordsworth, Shelley, Arnold, and Tennyson. "The Prince's Quest" makes up a good third of the volume. We have praised Mr. Watson's work more than once in these pages, and will now merely express a hope that no one will be deterred from making his acquaintance by the extravagant eulogies which injudicious friends of the poet contrived to get printed a few months ago.

Elizabeth Sheppard's "Rumour," in two volumes, has been added to Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co.'s reprints of that writer's principal novels. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford contributes a sympathetic introduction to the new edition, which also has frontispiece portraits of Beethoven and — save the mark! — Louis Napoleon. Thackeray's "English Humorists" and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" come to us from the same publishers, in a style that commends itself to quiet tastes.

University extensionists and other teachers will find profit in an examination of Dr. Andrew Stephenson's "Syllabus of Lectures in European History from the Fall of the Western Roman Empire to the Death of Napoleon." The book is published by the author, at Middletown, Conn. The analysis of the subject is philosophical, and the divisions are well supplied with references. Indeed, the individual student, seeking to work up European history without the aid of an instructor, could not easily find a better outline guide than this little work.

Dr. W. D. Halliburton's "The Essentials of Chemical Physiology" (Longmans) is a text-book for the use of students, and is upon the plan of Professor Schaefer's "Essentials of Histology." The work includes an elementary and an advanced course, and its pages bear the class-room stamp. Each lesson is provided with laboratory exercises and demonstrations, and the work has many wood-cut illustrations.

The title-page of a recent work published by Messrs. Joel Munsell's Sons is so comprehensively descriptive of the book itself that we reprint it without comment. "Journal of Colonel George Washington, commanding a detachment of Virginia troops, sent by Robert Dinwiddie, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia, across the Allegheny Mountains in 1754, to build forts at the head of the Ohio. It comprises the history of marches, campings, and events, a skirmish with the French, and the death of their leader, de Junonville. The Journal fell into the hands of the enemy, who, in 1756, printed

a version of it in French; a new translation of this into English is here given in the absence of the original. To complete the history of the Expedition an appendix is added in the form of a diary, supplying an account of the battle of the Great Meadows and the capitulation of Fort Necessity; the retreat of the army; with copies of original muster and pay-rolls of the Virginia regiment, and other documents connected with this Expedition." This important document is edited, with copious annotations, by Dr. J. M. Toner.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake, in "The Making of Virginia and the Middle Colonies, 1578-1701" (Scribner), has constructed a volume intermediate between the school text-book and the history for the general reader. He has sought to fill out the bare outlines of the narrative so "as to give the pupil something more than the dry bones" and so to condense the tale "as to put its essence without loss of vitality, in a few words," in which aims, seemingly so antagonistic, he seems to have been measurably successful. The book has many woodcuts.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, December 25, 1893.

The annual dinner of the New England Society of this city has just taken place, with even more than the usual success from a popular point of view. The carefully prepared speeches were given a page or more in several of the newspapers, the proceedings were reported in full, and portraits of the speakers have been displayed for our satisfaction, although perhaps to the chagrin of their alleged originals. These New England dinners are admirable things in their way. They also are interesting as showing how absolute perfection can be attained in the management of the reportorial side of an entertainment. In marked contrast with this affair was the complimentary dinner tendered to Brander Matthews some two nights before by fifty of his associates in the world of letters and art, of which no report whatever has appeared in the daily newspapers. Yet I do not think any event of equal and similar importance has taken place here this season. Doubtless a large constituency of the press would have been interested in an account of the proceedings, but those concerned in the management of the dinner seem to have been indifferent about getting it reported, and so, quite characteristically of this great city, it was not reported.

Ever since Mr. Matthews accepted a professorship in literature at Columbia College there has been a feeling among those familiar with his private as well as his public services to the cause of letters that some special recognition of these services should be made. This feeling culminated in a plan for the dinner just given. A committee was formed, composed of friends of Mr. Matthews connected with each of his varied interests. For literature, Mr. Warner, Mr. Howells, Mr. Clemens, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Bunner, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Burlingame, of the authors and editors, and Mr. J. Henry Harper and Mr. Charles Scribner, of the publishers, were called in. President Low of Columbia, Prof. Barrett Wendell of Harvard, Prof. Lounsbury of Yale, and Prof. Sloane of Princeton, stood for education. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, Mr. Francis Wilson, Mr. A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Daniel Frohman represented the stage. Mr. F. D. Millet, Mr. J. Carroll Beckwith, and Mr. Stanford White

represented art; while Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge appeared on the list as exponents of that Americanism for which Mr. Matthews himself is so justly celebrated. These gentlemen and many others gathered around an immense table at Sherry's, and made and listened to warm and well-deserved tributes to the character and achievements of their friend. Mr. Warner presided and gave the opening address, to which Mr. Matthews responded in a brief but very graceful, modest, and witty speech. Then followed speeches in order from Messrs. E. C. Stedman, Howells, Low, Clemens, Gilder, Sloane, Frohman, and Bram Stoker. Mr. Bunner read a poem written for the occasion. The speakers appeared at their best, and applause and laughter were constant. A souvenir of the occasion has been signed by all present, worded as follows: "To Brander Matthews, by a few of the friends he has made, a few of the friends he has helped, and a few of the friends he has helped to make."

Another event of considerable interest to the writing guild is the publication of the much talked of "Liber Scriptorum" or "Book of the Author's Club." The Author's Club celebrated its decennial last winter, and is in a most flourishing condition, but up to date it has been obliged to hire rooms for its meetings. To obtain a nucleus for a building fund, Mr. Rossiter Johnson suggested that the members of the club jointly write a book, sign their articles in each copy printed, and dispose of the edition at a fair profit above cost. After many experiences, some amusing and some quite provoking, the book is at last completed. There are two hundred and fifty-one copies printed, one of which remains the property of the club. The others are to be sold. In fact, most of them are already subscribed for. One hundred and nine members of the club have contributed poems or articles to the "Liber Scriptorum," and each contributor has signed his name at the end of his article in every copy of the book. The articles will not be printed elsewhere, and no further editions of the volume will be published. All the original manuscripts have been preserved, and as they are written on different sizes of paper, they are now being inlaid in uniform sheets, and will be bound up in volumes. They will then be sold to the highest bidder. The book itself is extremely interesting. The authors have not considered the necessities of any publication or market in writing their contributions. One readily sees, in turning over the broad leaves, that for once they have written to please themselves. Hence all sorts of hobbies crop out, and especially is your funny man inclined to grow pathetic and your serious fellow to indulge in light humor. Novelists become poets, and vice versa. The printing has been done by Mr. De Vinne, himself a member of the club, on handmade paper bearing the club's name as a water-mark. The binding has been specially devised for the book; and head and tail pieces, vignettes, etc., have been drawn by Mr. Louis J. Rhead. Altogether "Liber Scriptorum" is unique.

The past week has also been notable for the publication of the first volume of Messrs. Funk & Wagnall's "Standard Dictionary of the English Language." Originally intended to be in one volume, the development of the work has made two necessary. It is now hoped to complete this undertaking by May of next year. A visit to the working-rooms of the dictionary, where a small army of editors and assistants are daily occupied, is quite interesting. All the processes of making a dictionary, from the first preparation of "copy," through

ten or twelve proofs, may be observed seriatim. First and last, several hundred editors, specialists, and readers have been engaged upon the dictionary, which will contain, I am told, about seventy thousand more words than any work of the kind yet completed. Dr. Funk is editor-in-chief, Prof. Francis A. March consulting editor, Dr. D. S. Gregory managing editor, and Messrs. Bostwick, Champlin, and Rossiter Johnson associate editors—a staff which ensures faithful and accurate work. President William R. Harper of Chicago supervises the department of “Biblical Terms.”

The third edition of Mr. Winter’s “Life and Art of Edwin Booth” is now being printed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. A still more interesting announcement is that Mr. Winter has commenced work on a “Life” of Joseph Jefferson, to be published by the same firm. A more congenial subject for author and public could not well be devised. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. also announce “The Dawn of Astronomy: A Study of the Astronomy and Temple Worship of the Ancient Egyptians,” by J. Norman Lockwood, F.R.S. Mr. Lockwood, it will be remembered, is editor of “Nature.” This most fascinating subject has been treated in a thorough yet simple way, and an examination of the sheets leads me to believe that the book will rival Prof. Charles A. Young’s “The Sun” in popularity. It is likely to prove the most interesting contribution to astronomical science in several years.

The author of “The Captain of the Janizaries,” Dr. James M. Ludlow, is pastor of a church at Orange, N. J., but is often seen in New York, where he belongs to some of the literary clubs. The recent charges of plagiarism made against the writer of a similar and more recently published historical romance have not been countenanced by Dr. Ludlow, as I have reason to know, nor has he sought to “advertise” his book in this way. “The Captain of the Janizaries, a Story of the Times of Scanderbeg and the Fall of Constantinople,” was published in 1886, and was an immediate success. The thousands who read and enjoyed this brilliant romance at that time, or who have read it since, will be loth to believe that any such advertising is in the slightest degree necessary. Dr. Ludlow covered the field in his own fashion, and covered it well.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

The new editor of “The Quarterly Review” is Mr. R. E. Prothero.

Mr. Swinburne is about to publish “Astrophel and Other Poems,” a volume of lyrics.

Mr. R. W. Gilder recently lectured in Brooklyn upon “Abraham Lincoln and his Literary Development.”

A society has just been formed in Paris, with M. Gaston Boissier as president, for the study of French literary history.

The Rev. Arthur Kinglake, brother of the historian, and author of a life of General Gordon, has just died, in his eightieth year.

University Extension has reached the Continent by way of Belgium, and encouraging reports are received from Brussels and Ghent.

“The Electrical Engineer” will soon issue “The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla,” a work prepared by Mr. T. C. Martin.

Herr Björnson’s “En Hanske” (A Glove) is to be

produced in London, with the coöperation of the author. Are we on the eve of the long delayed Björnson “boom”?

Sigñora Duse has just appeared in Berlin as Magda, the heroine of Herr Sudermann’s “Heimath,” which Madame Modjeska has recently put upon the American stage.

A collection of letters written by Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble has recently come into the possession of Mr. Bentley, the London publisher. We hope they may soon see the light.

An International Congress of Journalists is expected to be held next year at Antwerp, where a meeting has just been had in reference to the matter, and a committee to carry out the project has been named.

The third session of the Plymouth School of Applied Ethics is announced for July and August of this year. There will be the usual courses of lectures in the three departments of ethics, economics, and the history of religions.

Professor Max Müller has received from the King of Siam an offer of sufficient funds to guarantee the continuance of “The Sacred Books of the East.” The money will be used, in the first place, for printing a translation of the remaining portions of the Buddhist Tripitaka.

We make the following clipping from an exchange: “It is reported that a leading Bostonian and a lover of solid literature has only with difficulty been prevailed upon to omit from his will a clause prohibiting his first heir from inheriting the bulk of his property if the said heir ‘habitually reads newspapers.’”

The new edition of the Correspondence of Edward FitzGerald, which Mr. W. Aldis Wright has in hand, will, it is said, contain something like fifty new letters; and Mr. Edward Clodd has also been entrusted with some hitherto unpublished letters of FitzGerald for a magazine article.

An English publisher will soon begin a new and complete translation of Tourguénieff. There will be about ten or twelve volumes, including his novels and tales, “The Memoirs of a Sportsman,” “Senilia,” etc. The translations are to be entirely new, and due to Mrs. Edward Garnett. Introductions and notes are to be supplied.

According to the Paris “Figaro” M. Daudet considers “Numa Roumestan” his best novel. Other authors who have expressed a preference for their works are M. Cherbuliez for “Meta Holdenis,” M. Halévy for “La Famille Cardinal,” and M. Loti for “De la Pitié et de la Mort.” M. Zola says he has no preference except for certain pages in each of his books. “After I have completed a book,” he says, “it no longer exists for me. My books are like the graves of relatives and friends once very dear to me.”

In bequeathing to Balliol the copyright of his writings, the late Professor Jowett said: “I desire that they may be republished from time to time as may seem expedient, and that the profits, if any, arising from the republication of them shall be invested from time to time, and the income thence accruing applied, in the first place, to the improvement or correction of them; secondly, to the making of new translations or editions of great authors, or in any way assisting or advancing the study of Greek literature, and otherwise for the advancement of learning.”

At Oxford, about a month ago, Congregation, by a large majority, passed a resolution declaring the estab-

lishment of a final honor examination in English literature and language. As to the main lines on which the new examination should be framed there seems to be a fairly general agreement. It may be safely predicted that care will be taken to award equal weight to literature and language—that a general knowledge of both will be required of all candidates, but that within these limits those who read for the school will be left free to devote themselves specially to one or the other of these two subjects.

Professor Goldwin Smith, in issuing the fourth edition of his work on the United States, adds a new preface from which we take the following: "The writer cannot send this fourth edition of his work to press without specially acknowledging the kindness of his American readers and reviewers, whose reception of a book which in some things contravenes cherished traditions is a proof of American candor and liberality. Perhaps they have discerned, beneath the British critic of American history, the Anglo-Saxon who, to the Republic which he regards as the grandest achievement of his race, desires to offer no homage less pure or noble than the truth."

Seven books of the "Anabasis" are included in the edition, just published, by President W. R. Harper and Dr. James Wallace (American Book Co.). The work is done upon the familiar "inductive" plan of its predecessors in this series of classical text-books, and the presentation is very attractive, mechanically and otherwise. The same publishers send us a new edition of Dr. Arnold's "Latin Prose Compositions," revised by Mr. J. E. Mulholland. From Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have "Livy," Books XXI. and XXII., edited by Professors J. B. Greenough and Tracy Peck; and "The Beginner's Greek Composition," by Messrs. W. C. Collar and W. G. Daniell.

"Poet-Lore," upon the occasion of its fifth anniversary, which comes with the beginning of the year, sends us a "new-year's greeting" which gives a sketch of its career, its aims, and its successes. It makes some interesting promises for the coming year, including unpublished letters of George Eliot, translations from Maeterlinck and Strindberg, and a "School of Literature" for the help of clubs and classes. The magazine is a little too obtrusive in its Browningism, and informs us that the special attention "always accorded to Shakespeare and Browning is a habit in which it will persist"; but this one little fad may be forgiven a periodical that stands so steadfastly, and on the whole so sensibly, for good literature, and for the value of poetry in all the walks of life.

Messrs. Copeland & Day, in announcing their limited edition of Rossetti's "House of Life," send us the following explanatory note: "The one hundred and three sonnets and eleven lyrics with which Dante Gabriel Rossetti chose to build his House of Life, are here set forth according to their obvious design. Those used in the volume of MDCCCLXX. are reproduced as they then appeared, not as they have appeared since in the volume of MDCCCLXXXI. The deplorable circumstance is well known which led to the too sensitive withdrawal of one of the sequence and to the revision of others: a mistaken sacrifice of beauty to a mistakenly imposed ideal. The makers of this edition revert by choice to the poet's original plan of work. As The House of Life stood in Rossetti's mind, so it stands, once again, in its innocence and perfection."

We quote from "The Athenæum" the following par-

ticulars of two recent literary "finds" in Germany: "The important 'Luther find' made some time ago in the Rathsschulbibliothek at Zwickau moved the authorities of the town to commission the discoverer of the Lutherana to explore and arrange the manuscript treasures of their library. No fewer than 3,000 letters of the Reformation period have been discovered. They are now catalogued and described, and can be consulted by historical students. The richness of the collection may be imagined from the fact that the letters are by 391 writers: 224 are from printers, 295 from ecclesiastics and theologians, 349 from scholars, and 192 deal with mining. Nearly the whole of these letters were addressed to Stephan Roch, the town clerk of Zwickau, who died in 1546. The manuscript containing a large number of *Meistergedichte*, which was discovered in the Town Library of Nuremberg, proves to be a genuine production of Hans Sachs. The volume comprises fourteen hitherto unknown *Meistergesänge* of the famous Meistersinger.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES AS BRIC-A-BRAC.

A propos to the familiar question, What do "society" people read? the New York "Evening Post" presents some amusing information derived from a recent discussion of the subject in the "Home and Society" columns of a paper which circulates largely among the refined and educated classes of the Eastern metropolis. "From what was said there of the views and practices of those classes, it would appear that literature is mainly a thing to be 'arranged.' 'The arrangement of current literature is indicative of the culture and social position of a modern household,' and very naturally, therefore, 'a fashionable woman, who is in touch with the world,' cannot be too careful in training her 'parlor-maid or footman to arrange the small tables containing periodicals and magazines and the talked-of books of the hour.' We cannot go into all the nice points relating to the exact minute of the day when the morning papers are to be replaced, in 'their own special resting place,' by the evening journals, and the way in which the 'bits of light literature which are more or less discussed' are to be placed 'one overlapping the other, leaving the titles free to be read.' It should be noted, however, that 'it looks well to have the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and some clever German publication [we suggest the *Archiv für Eisenbahnwesen*] added to the collection.' There was nowhere any suggestion that anything was ever to be actually read, the chief end of books and magazines being to take their place becomingly among other bric-à-brac. We did not need to be assured that 'even children brought up in such an atmosphere' are different from those who have never had the advantage of a correct arrangement of literature. That we could have believed on *à-priori* grounds."

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AUXILIARY CONGRESSES.

The proceedings of several of last summer's Congresses are finding their way into print, pending the decision of the United States Government to provide for their complete publication. The work of the Religious Congress is now appearing and promises to be a commercially successful venture. The proceedings of the Congress of Representative Women are announced for early publication in two large volumes. The Educational and Philological proceedings will appear under the auspices of the societies having them in charge. Meanwhile the officers of the World's Congress Auxiliary have circulated an appeal for the aid of the Government, giving a

number of good reasons why the work should be undertaken at public expense. The last and most cogent of these reasons is thus stated: "The true international character of these Congresses, and the direct and active participation of the Government of the United States in convening them, has given them a character far above and beyond any private or local enterprise. The expectation that the proceedings would be printed and distributed by this Government to the other nations which have participated in the Columbian Exposition was expressed in some of the earlier publications relative to this work sent to foreign countries by the Department of State. It is therefore deemed eminently proper to ask the Congress of the United States to provide for the printing of the proceedings of the several Congresses as public documents, to be sent to the libraries of the different States and Nations, and their leading colleges, universities and other public institutions, where they would be accessible to students of human progress in all its various departments, and would be reproduced in a multitude of forms for the information of the people of our own and other lands."

A SUMMARY OF TYNDALL'S CHARACTER.

"The Saturday Review" thus sums up the character of Professor Tyndall:

"A headlong temperament, however, is by no means always, or perhaps often, a temperament that can be called disagreeable; and Dr. Tyndall was both liked and loved by a very large circle of friends. His close association for many years with Carlyle was not likely to have the result of moderating his language, and in his famous controversy with the Commissioners of Irish Lights a softer and wilier tongue would have made more certain of the victory. He has been blamed because he erected a screen on his property at Hindhead. But if—which is quite conceivable—he found the screen not so ugly as the people and the sights it shut out, who shall blame him? And for the last seven years he had been in the habit of saying things about Mr. Gladstone which caused Mr. Gladstone's followers to exhibit the convulsions of fish just extracted from the water. Perhaps some of these things were not said with perfect wisdom; but, as has been observed, it was impossible for Dr. Tyndall to be mealy-mouthed. And when, as an Irishman, as a scientific observer accustomed to connect cause and effect, and as one who felt in common with the vast majority of men of brains and education, he saw a statesman endeavoring to damage, if not to ruin, his country—he said so.

"Thus in many ways Dr. Tyndall was one of the most characteristic figures of his time, even if he sometimes represented its foible as well as its forte. A man of wide knowledge and wide interest, a hard player as well as a hard worker, poles asunder from the popular conception of a savant as a recluse who only leaves his study to take a walk in the goshes on the pavement, he took, at least as long as health was granted, most things 'with a frolic welcome,' and those which he could not welcome in a hearty posture of fight. Others in different classes, or even in his own class, may have had deeper or subtler intellectual insight, a purer style, a greater knowledge of literature and other non-scientific things. But few had a healthier, a more vigorous, or a kindlier spirit, and very few indeed had such a gift of easily understood exposition in a day when all things are supposed to be capable of being expounded to the people."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1894.

Aluminum. M. J. Fleury. *Popular Science*.
 Armstrong, Samuel Chapman. J. H. Denison. *Atlantic*.
 Art in the Theatre. Illus. W. Telbin. *Mag. of Art*.
 Bible, The, and the Assyrian Monuments. J. Jastrow. *Century*.
 Biology, Logical Method in. Frank Cramer. *Pop. Science*.
 Bread-and-Butter Question, The. J. H. Browne. *Harper*.
 Buddhism, Teachings of. Zitsuzen Ashitsu. *Monist*.
 Christian Endeavor Era, The. T. Chalmers. *Lippincott*.
 Dutch Influence in New England. W. E. Griffis. *Harper*.
 Egypt and Chaldea, Recent Discoveries in. *Harper*.
 Emotions and Infection. M. Ch. Féré. *Popular Science*.
 Ethics and Jurisprudence. J. G. Hibben. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Fiction, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
 Garfield-Conkling Controversy. Ex-Senator Dawes. *Century*.
 Government, The Machinery of. H. P. Judson. *Dial*.
 Greek Vase-Paintings. Illus. Jane E. Harrison. *Mag. of Art*.
 Hals, Frans. Illus. T. Cole. *Century*.
 Hildebrand, Adolf. Illus. Helen Zimmern. *Mag. of Art*.
 Howe, Admiral Earl. A. T. Mahan. *Atlantic*.
 Huxley, Prof., Evolution in. St. Geo. Mivart. *Pop. Science*.
 Ispahan to Kurrachee. Illus. Edwin Lord Weeks. *Harper*.
 Italy and the Papacy. R. Mariano. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Japan, An American Teacher in. F. W. Gookin. *Dial*.
 Jews, Mission of the. *Harper*.
 Lang, Andrew. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century*.
 Learning, Transmission of, through the University. *Atlantic*.
 Leland, Charles G., Memoirs of. E. G. J. *Dial*.
 Life Savers of the U. S. Illus. F. G. Carpenter. *Pop. Sci.*
 Literary Year in Retrospect, The. *Dial*.
 London, West and East Ends of. R. H. Davis. *Harper*.
 Lower California. J. K. Reeve. *Lippincott*.
 Marriage Customs, Early. Frank Shelley. *Lippincott*.
 Mind, Monastic Theory of. L. F. Ward. *Monist*.
 Monism and Henism. Paul Carus. *Monist*.
 Moose, The. Illus. Madison Grant. *Century*.
 Napoleon at Toulon. Illus. Germain Bapst. *Harper*.
 Night-Hawks and Whip-poor-wills. Illus. *Pop. Science*.
 Poet, The Function of the. J. R. Lowell. *Century*.
 Pusey, Edward B., Life of. C. A. L. Richards. *Dial*.
 Railroad Disasters, Recent. L. C. Loomis. *Pop. Science*.
 Ruston Collection, The. Illus. Claude Phillips. *Mag. of Art*.
 Sand, George. Th. Bentzon. Illus. *Century*.
 Schumann. Illus. Edvard Grieg. *Century*.
 Science, Moral. J. S. Mackenzie. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Southern Invention and Industry. B. H. Wise. *Pop. Sci.*
 Tribal Society, Ethics of. E. P. Evans. *Popular Science*.
 Truth, Universality of. Shaku Soyen. *Monist*.
 Twentieth Century, The. Charles Morris. *Lippincott*.
 Wealth, Social Ministry of. H. C. Adams. *Journal of Ethics*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 100 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

ILLUSTRATED GIFT BOOKS.

Italian Gardens. By Charles A. Platt. With colored frontispiece, illus., 4to, pp. 154. Harper & Bros. Boxed, \$5.
 A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green, M.A. Illustrated edition, edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. Vol. III. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 476. Harper & Bros. \$5.
 The Book-hunter in Paris : Studies among the Bookstalls and the Quays. By Octave Uzanne. With a preface by Augustine Birrell. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 232. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$5.
 Tanagra : An Idyl of Greece. From the German of Gottfried Kinkel, by Frances Hellman. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 79. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Boxed, \$1.75.
 Century Magazine, Vol. XLVI., May to October, 1893. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 960, gilt top. Century Co.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

- Pictures from Greek Life and Story. By the Rev. A. J. Church, M.A., author of "To the Lions." Illus., 12mo, pp. 320. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- The Third Alarm : A Story of the New York Fire Department. By James L. Ford, author of "Hypnotic Tales." Illus., 12mo, pp. 388. Brentano's. \$1.50.
- Pomona. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." Illus., 16mo, pp. 296. Roberts Bros. \$1.
- St. Nicholas Magazine, Vol. XX. 2 vols., illus., large 8vo. Century Co. \$4.
- For the Fourth Time of Asking. By the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." 16mo, pp. 90. Roberts Bros. 50 cts.
- Elsie : A Christmas Story. From the Norwegian of Alexander L. Kjelland, by Miles M. Dawson. 16mo, pp. 109. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. 50 cts.
- The Child's Day Book, with Helps toward the Joy of Living and the Beautiful Heaven Above. Compiled by Margaret Sidney. Illus., 8vo. D. Lothrop Co. Boards, 50 cts.

HISTORY.

- Europe. By Charles Oman, M.A., author of "A History of Greece." Period I., 476-918. 12mo, uncut, pp. 532. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Last Years of Louis XV. By Imbert de Saint-Amand; trans. by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. Illus., 12mo. Scribner's "Women of Versailles." \$1.25.
- Goethe: Reviewed after Sixty Years. By J. R. Seeley, author of "Eccle Homo." With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 169. Roberts Bros. \$1.
- Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan; and the Struggle with the Mussulman Powers of the South. By Lewin B. Bowring, C.S.I. Illus., 16mo, uncut, pp. 233. Macmillan's "Rulers of India." 60 cts.

LITERARY MISCELLANY.

- Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. I. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 498. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.
- The Humour of Holland. Trans., with Introduction, by A. Werner. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 398. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
- Summer. From the Journal of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 382. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Autumn. From the Journal of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 470. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- Winter. From the Journal of Henry David Thoreau. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 439. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- The Book of Good Counsels : From the Sanskrit of the "Hitopadesa." By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., author of "The Light of Asia." New edition, illus., 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 162. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
- A String of Amber Beads. By Martha Everts Holden ("Amber"). With portrait, 16mo, pp. 139. Chas. H. Kerr & Co. \$1.
- More than Kin : A Book of Kindness. By James Vila Blake. 16mo, pp. 334. C. H. Kerr & Co. \$1.

POETRY.

- Poems. By Francis Thompson. Illus., sq. 12mo, uncut, pp. 81. Boston: Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
- Songs of Adieu : A Little Book of "Finale and Farewell." 16mo, uncut, pp. 63. Thomas B. Mosher's "Bibelot Series." \$1.
- Old World Lyrics : A Little Book of Translations. 16mo, uncut, pp. 63. Thomas B. Mosher's "Bibelot Series." \$1.
- The Building of the City Beautiful. By Joaquin Miller. 18mo, pp. 200, gilt top, rough edges. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.
- Wayside Music : Lyrics, Songs and Sonnets. By Charles H. Crandall. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 119. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Hannibal and Katharna : A Drama in Five Acts. By Lieut.-Col. J. C. Fife-Cookson, author of "A Dream of Other Days." 16mo, gilt top, pp. 190. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

- Keynotes. By George Egerton. 16mo, pp. 192. Roberts Bros. \$1.
- In Various Moods. By M. A. B. Evans. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 90. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
- The Seeker in the Marshes, and Other Poems. By Daniel L. Dawson. Illus., 16mo, pp. 158. Philadelphia: Lees, Welsh & Co. \$1.50.
- Thistle Down. By Julia Ditto Young, author of "Adrift." 16mo, gilt top, pp. 157. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bro. \$1.25.
- Around the Fireside, and Other Poems. By Howard Carleton Trip. Illus., 8vo, pp. 145, gilt edges. Kingsley, Ia.: Times Pub'g Co.
- Adirondack Readings. By Edward Sherwood Creamer. Author's edition, 18mo, pp. 116. C. W. Moulton. \$1.
- The Last Flight : Poems Grave and Gay. By W. H. Venable. 16mo, pp. 67. Robt. Clarke & Co. 30 cts.
- Sometime, and Other Poems. By May Riley Smith. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 168. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.25.

FICTION.

- An American Peeress. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, author of "With Edge Tools." 18mo, pp. 293. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
- Richard Escott. By Edward H. Cooper, author of "Geoffrey Hamilton." 16mo, pp. 251. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
- The Redemption of the Brahman: A Novel. By Richard Garbe. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 82. The Open Court Pub'g Co. \$1.
- The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. By William Black. New and revised edition. 16mo, pp. 443. Harper & Bros. 80 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Harper's Franklin Square Library : The Transgression of Terence Clancy, by Harold Vallings; 16mo, pp. 325. 50 cts.
- Harper's Quarterly : The Captain of the Janizaries, by James M. Ludlow; 16mo, pp. 404. 50 cts.
- Bonner's Choice Series : Girls of a Feather, a New York Story, by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr; illus., 16mo, pp. 366.—Appassionata, A Musician's Story, by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling; illus., 16mo, pp. 280. Each, 50 cts.

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- The Oregon Trail: Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. By Francis Parkman. Author's edition, illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 381. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES.

- Police and Prison Cyclopædia. By George W. Hale. Revised and enlarged edition. Illus., 8vo, pp. 792. Boston: The W. L. Richardson Co. \$4.
- Essays on Questions of the Day : Political and Social. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., author of "The United States." 12mo, uncut, pp. 360. Macmillan & Co. \$2.25.

- An Introduction to the Study of Political Economy. By Luigi Cossa; trans. by Louis Dyer, M.A. 16mo, uncut, pp. 587. Macmillan & Co. \$2.60.
- A Colony of Mercy: or, Social Christianity at Work. By Julie Sutter. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 351. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.
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- The Distribution of Wealth. By John R. Commons. 16mo, uncut, pp. 258. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- The Social Contract; or, The Principles of Political Rights. By Jean-Jacques Rousseau; trans. by Rose M. Harrington. 16mo, pp. 227. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
- Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome. By William Morris and E. Belfort Box. 16mo, uncut, pp. 335. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.
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- Man an Organic Community. By John H. King, author of "The Supernatural, Its Origin, Nature, and Evolution." In two vols., 12mo, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$4.50.
- The Religious Forces of the United States, Based on the Census of 1890. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 449. New York: The Christian Literature Co. \$2.50.
- Twilight Dreams. By Rev. W. B. Carpenter, D.D. 16mo, pp. 225. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
- Discourses. By Edward H. Hall. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 244. George H. Ellis. \$1.50.
- Sermons for the Church. By Caleb Davis Bradlee, D.D. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 275. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. \$1.25.
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- The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Trans. by Long. 24mo, gilt edges, pp. 213. Ginn & Co. \$1.30.

- Object Lessons, and How to Give Them. By George Ricks, B.Sc., author of "Natural History Object Lessons." In two vols., 16mo, pp. 202. Heath's "Pedagogical Library." \$1.80.
- Complete Graded Arithmetic. By George E. Atwood. In two parts. 16mo. D. C. Heath & Co. Two vols., \$1.30.
- Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit (First Four Books.) Edited by C. A. Buchheim, F.C.P. 16mo, pp. 317. Heath's "Modern Language Series." \$1.05.
- A First Lesson in French. By Francois Gouin. Trans. by Howard Swan and Victor Bétis. 16mo, pp. 75. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 90 cts.
- Laboratory Guide in General Chemistry. By George Willard Benton, A.M. 16mo, pp. 163. D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cts.

SCIENCE.

- Annual Report of the Geological Survey of Arkansas for 1890. Vol. IV., Marbles and other Limestones, by T. C. Hopkins. Illus., 8vo, pp. 455. Little Rock, Ark.
- Romance of the Insect World. By L. N. Badenoch. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 341. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
- The Blind as Seen Through Blind Eyes. By Maurice De la Sizeranne; trans. by F. Park Lewis, M.D. 12mo, pp. 154. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

BOOKS FOR THE HOME.

- Nursery Problems. Edited by Dr. Leroy M. Yale. 16mo, pp. 274. Contemporary Pub'g Co. \$1.50.
- Miss Parloa's Young Housekeeper: Economical Receipts for those who are Cooking for Two or Three. By Maria Parloa, author of "The Appledore Cook Book." Illus., 16mo, pp. 405. Estes & Lauriat. \$1.

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THE REPORT ON SECONDARY EDUCATION.

To at least one class of thoughtful persons the advent of the new year brings much encouragement. The publication, by the United States Bureau of Education, of the Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies, appointed by the National Educational Association at the

annual meeting held in the summer of 1892, is an event of capital importance to educators, and brings with it the promise of many long-needed reforms. The Committee in question, consisting of ten members, with President Eliot as chairman, undertook to consider the entire subject of secondary education, for the purpose of pointing out the defects in our existing systems of instruction, and of indicating the needed reforms. The Committee, in pursuance of this aim, determined to organize Conferences, of ten members each, upon the following subjects: 1, Latin; 2, Greek; 3, English; 4, Other Modern Languages; 5, Mathematics; 6, Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; 7, Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoölogy, and Physiology); 8, History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; 9, Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). Having made a selection of ninety experienced educators for these Conferences, the Committee prepared for their consideration a list of questions and topics for discussion, covering all the vital points of both theory and practice. Their work thus outlined, the Conferences met, a little over a year ago, and held sessions of three days each. From these sessions reports were drawn up and submitted to the Committee of Ten. This Committee then met, digested and summarized the nine reports, and prepared its own report from the materials thus furnished. The publication now before us includes the Report of the Committee and the nine reports of the Conferences. It represents the best judgment of a hundred picked educators upon a great variety of subjects, and thus bears an authority beyond that which has ever before attached to an educational document published in this country and dealing with our own educational problems.

By far the most striking feature of these reports is the unanimity with which their main conclusions were reached. Two of the Conferences presented minority reports, and one member of the Committee felt constrained to do likewise; but these dissentient opinions relate to a few points only, and leave the general agreement but little impaired. When we consider the great differences in practice that obtain in different sections of the country, it was

to be expected that the opinions expressed in the Conferences would exhibit many an irreconcilable divergence. Instead of this (to quote from the document) "the nine reports are characterized by an amount of agreement which quite surpasses the most sanguine anticipations." One important and far-reaching illustration of this agreement may be given. It is a view commonly held by persons of considerable intelligence that fitting for college is one thing, and general education quite another. Consequently, a large proportion of high-school programmes provide distinct courses for these two objects, courses distinct not only in subject-matter (which they probably should be) but in the methods of instruction employed. To get an expression of opinion upon this point, the Committee put the following question to the Conferences: "Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither?" The answer came in no uncertain accents, being an absolutely unanimous negative. In other words, "ninety-eight teachers, intimately concerned either with the actual work of American secondary schools, or with the results of that work as they appear in students who come to college, unanimously declare that every subject which is taught at all in a secondary school should be taught in the same way and to the same extent to every pupil so long as he pursues it, no matter what the probable destination of the pupil may be, or at what point his education is to cease." The significance of this statement needs no explanation. It should once for all upset a superstition that has operated, and still operates, to complicate school programmes, and to provide one set of students with a training inferior to that received by others, in the mistaken hope of being helpful to them. Of course, this decision is only another way of saying that education is the business of the educator; but even so obvious a truth as that, while admitted in the abstract, is often denied in the concrete by the well-meaning but misguided persons who prate about what they call "practical" education.

The moderation of the demands made by the Conferences is another noteworthy feature of this report. Educators are apt to attach so much importance to their several specialties as to make for them claims impossible to meet in the aggregate. It was feared by many that so much would be asked as to make reform seem impracticable. But, so far from this being the

case, it is found, upon tabulation of the results, that to concede all the demands of all the Conferences would burden the high-school course with but fifty per cent more work than it can be expected to undertake. This being the case, it is obviously easy to compress the revised course within working limits by slightly reducing the demands of the Conferences, and by allowing the elective principle to have some play. * How easily this may be done, without seriously impairing the value of the recommendations, is clearly shown by the specimen courses formulated in the Report of the Committee. But to accomplish the much-needed reforms, one thing is absolutely essential. Much of the work now done in the high schools must be put into the elementary years, and place must be made for it by a more rational treatment of the elementary subjects. Unless school boards and superintendents are prepared to do this, they might as well attempt to do nothing. The glaring fact in our elementary education is that the American child, as compared with the French or German child, loses two years somewhere between the ages of six and fourteen. These two years are mainly wasted upon arithmetic and formal grammar; and our report indicates very accurately the points at which the knife must be applied. By suitable excisions, joined with scientific methods of instruction, those two years may be saved to the child. The Report also shows very distinctly what should be done with them. Work in elementary science, the beginnings of algebra and geometry, ancient history, and the introduction of Latin or a modern language at the age of twelve, are the suggestions made; and without the courage to adopt them there is little hope of accomplishing much in the way of reform.

We have admitted that the elective principle may possibly be allowed some play in the high school. But we believe that it should be accepted with great caution, and closely guarded against abuse. In this respect we think that the tendency of the Report is to countenance a dangerous latitude. It is suggested, for example, that the colleges might accept as a qualification for admission a stated amount of work done in a specified number of subjects, with little or no regard to the selection of those subjects. Thus, "every youth who entered college would have spent four years in studying a few subjects thoroughly; and, on the theory that all the subjects are to be considered equivalent in educational rank for the purposes of admis-

sion to college, it would make no difference which subjects he had chosen from the programme—he would have had four years of strong and effective mental training.” We are glad that one member of the Committee dissented so strongly from this and similar passages that he felt bound to make a minority report. “All such statements,” says this dissenter, “are based upon the theory that, for the purposes of general education, one study is as good as another,—a theory which appears to me to ignore philosophy, psychology, and the science of education. It is a theory which makes education formal, and does not consider the nature and value of the content.” Some studies, such as the ancient or modern languages, the English language and literature, mathematics, and physical science, must be treated as absolutely essential, and the courses must be so framed that no student, by any sort of election or substitution, can escape them. In this matter the position of the minority report seems to us impregnable.

The document now under discussion is so carefully considered and so rich in suggestions that many pages of *THE DIAL* would be required to do it justice. We can, at present, only note in the briefest way a few of its special features. At every possible point it places emphasis upon the fact that without competent teachers the best of systems is valueless. There is no doubt that the schools of this country need good teachers much more than they need good courses or anything else. That the studies included in a course should work together, and that each subject should contribute to the others, are points frequently urged in this Report, and cannot be urged too often. History and literature and natural science should go hand in hand, and all should give training in the use of the English language. Especially should this latter aim be furthered by all foreign language work. Good English, spoken and written, should be demanded upon all occasions. As for translation into English, the following, from the report of the Latin Conference, is the law and the prophets: “The student should be taught to regard translation, not as a means of finding out what his author has said, but as, on the one hand, a way of making it clear to his instructor that he has understood, and, on the other, an exercise in expression,—a literary exercise,—in his own tongue.” In modern no less than in classical language work, the ability to read is, of course, the main object; and this is emphatically proclaimed by the Conference

upon that subject. Much stress is laid upon the necessity of laboratory work in all science instruction, but no countenance is given to the notion that pupils in the laboratory are “engaged in rediscovering the laws of Nature.” It is pregnantly suggested that not science alone, but history and other subjects, need apparatus and the introduction of methods akin to those used in the laboratory. No provision is made for drawing as a separate study; but this is with the understanding that drawing is, like writing, to be early begun, and used freely in all the stages of education. The suggestion that the study of civil government should be comparative is wise, as is also the suggestion that physiology should be studied at a very late period in the course. It is also far better to devote a full year (as recommended) to either botany or zoölogy (the former being preferable) than to give a half-year to each, as is so frequently done. We might go on indefinitely approving of the specific recommendations of the Report, but enough has been said to show how comprehensive and practical a document it is, and how thoroughly it stands for the accepted principles of scientific pedagogics.

On the other hand, we are compelled to single out two or three features of the Report for adverse criticism. The English Conference, for example, almost ignores the historical study of English literature. While it is true enough that “the mechanical use of ‘manuals of literature’ should be avoided, and the committing to memory of names and dates should not be mistaken for culture,” it is also true, in our opinion, that the following suggestion does not offer an adequate treatment of the subject: “In the fourth year, however, an attempt may be made, by means of lectures or otherwise, to give the pupil a view of our literature as a whole, and to acquaint him with the relations between periods.” We cannot concur with the recommendation of the Conference on history to omit economics from the high-school course. The incidental instruction in economic topics proposed as a substitute will not do. No science whose scope and subject-matter are as strictly defined as are those of economics can possibly be imparted by such haphazard and desultory instruction. And there is absolutely nothing more important for the graduate of an American high school to know than the elements of a science of which the practical problems will confront him at every period of his life, and of which ignorance will cost him dear both as a man and a citizen. The Conference on physics,

chemistry, and astronomy includes in its report one resolution which we believe to be indefensible. Chemistry is made to precede physics, although it is admitted that this order "is plainly not the logical one." The only reason given for the resolution is that physics should have the benefit of as much mathematics as possible, and for this reason should come late in the course. Fortunately, we have in this case a minority report which might have been made more forcible than it is, and which will convince most readers that the position of the majority is untenable. Fortunately, also, the Committee has, in the construction of its tentative programmes, ignored this unhappy recommendation, and restored physics to its proper place as a necessary preparation for the study of chemistry.

On the whole, much good may be expected to result from the work of the Conferences. The Report is printed as a Government document, and, as such, will be freely circulated. It should get into the hands of every serious teacher in the country. Its recommendations will, if generally carried out, result in a system combining uniformity and elasticity in happy proportions. They make for good teaching in the essentials, and they do not make for rigidity. It is probably fortunate that local initiative in educational matters counts with us for so much as it does. Centralization has its advantages, but it has also its evils. When it operates to reduce a system to a condition of mechanical uniformity, regulating the activity of its teachers in the minutest detail, prescribing for them methods and imposing upon them text-books, it becomes a curse rather than a blessing, for it suppresses the individuality of the teacher, and thus strikes at the root of all vital effort towards the inculcation of knowledge. The Report of the Committee of Ten has no such object in view. It seeks to stimulate rather than to repress endeavor; it is meant to be followed in the spirit rather than in the letter. It cannot well fail to exert a far-reaching and an enduring influence upon American education.

THE "STAR" SYSTEM IN PERIODICALS.

Even an unobservant reader must have noticed a change which in the last few years has come over the spirit of that form of periodical generally known as the Review. Two successive steps have helped to transform the dignified, impersonal review of thirty years ago into the decidedly personal, wide-

awake, not to say flippant, magazine of to-day. The first innovation substituted signed for unsigned articles. The second introduced the system of solicited contributions, or what might be called the aggregation of great names on the title-page. The editor, nowadays, scans with a journalistic eye the horizon of passing events, and, sending direct to the chief hero in each day's drama, requests him to tell the world what he has done, through the medium of his review, whose check he begs to enclose. Thirty years ago, we read an anonymous review by John Smith on General Jones's famous march to the sea. Ten years ago, we read John Smith's signed article on the same subject. To-day we read General Jones's article, "How I Marched to the Sea."

As the new departure seems to be a financial success, nothing more need be said to justify it from the publisher's point of view. It cannot be denied that the interest of the majority of people to-day is centred in the newspaper: their talk is about men of newspaper fame—partisan leaders, popular preachers, socialists, reformers, or society stars. It only required a shrewd business man to see that that magazine would be most popular which should treat only of those topics that fill the papers, in articles written by the very men of whom the papers are talking. By making itself over, as it were, into a bright, crisp, superior sort of monthly newspaper, the review assures itself of a reading public.

Nor is the benefit all on the publisher's side. It is most plausibly asserted, that what this bustling world of readers wants is, not a long, exhaustive, and exhausting essay, by an outsider, but a short, clear, telling summary of events to date, by the man who knows most about them. As the review editor skilfully puts it, Which is better reading, the description of a political contest written by a bystander, or a vivid account of the encounter from the participants inside the ring?—a correspondent's description of a battle, or the commanding general's? In short, is it better to get your information second-hand, or straight from the the fountain-head?

Yet this argument is specious. By degrees the reader becomes conscious of certain drawbacks among the many advantages of the new system. Its two marked features are that the articles are solicited, and that many of the authors are not writers. Each of these brings about results not altogether pleasing.

In the first place, if contributions are solicited, they have to be published. Under the old *régime*, an editor's chief duty was rejection; and rejections he sometimes made with a high and mighty hand. But if one, by immense exertion, secures the promise of an article from the Sultan of Turkey on "What I know about Harems," and announces its publication in the blackest of headlines, one can scarcely refuse to print it when received, or ask its august author to revise. An adroit editor would probably find for himself some loop-hole of escape, did the noble author know more about harems than

could well appear on the pages of an American magazine. But we may be sure that the article would never be rejected, or amended, simply because its author chose to know nothing about harems, or knew only what was trite and tiresome.

It may often happen, too, that an article is asked for at a time when a great man has other things to do, and that accordingly we do not get his best, however flattered he may be at being recognized as the spokesman of his party. We may be sure that the author of a new Tariff Bill cares more for its passage than he does to explain it in six magazine pages. Else why should some of these much advertised articles be as tasteless and formal as a school-boy's essay?—unless, indeed, that other painful suggestion be true, that they are from the facile pens of private secretaries, and only signed with the great name.

But, beside these difficulties inherent in the solicited contribution, the striking fact remains that the majority of the writers, made up of the prominent men of the time, are not writers at all, either by profession or experience. For the odds always are, that the man accustomed to handle men and things will not be able to handle words as well. To be sure, the theory is advanced that he who has anything worth the telling will find a way to tell it; and there are some conspicuous examples, like General Grant, to prove it. Nevertheless there *is* something called literary art; and a very brave man, one finds, may tell a very poor story. That Workingman Jones organized, and carried to a successful close, the renowned and picturesque strike on the Arizona Central Railroad is no proof that he will not make a lamentable failure in trying to tell us how he did it.

Aside from this lack of literary skill, for which a man eager to impart information may be pardoned, there is another difficulty lying across his path. The leading men of any calling have their attention so completely absorbed by its countless details, that for them to give a clear and concise description of it is almost impossible. They live too much in the intense, white light of their subject to see its proper proportions, and relation to the surrounding objects. To the distinguished Professor Pterodactyl, by far the most interesting and important detail of Paleontology is the discussion now waging between him and Professor Trilobite, as to what animal once owned the second toe, which has just been found in the Lower Miocene of Wyoming. To us, the unlearned "general readers," the only interesting things in Paleontology are a few general principles which to Professor Pterodactyl are but the a, b, c's of his science, and worthy of mention only in primers. The writer who is primarily something else, is too apt to assume that his readers understand those details which to him are a matter of course, and expends his energy on such points of special importance as at the time happen to be of immediate concern to himself.

Notwithstanding all this, it would seem that from

these new writers we ought to get a freshness of information, a spiciness of authentic gossip, elsewhere unattainable. From the men who are making history, may we not expect the most informing glimpses of how it is made? And yet the candid reader must confess, it is seldom that we get it. When one comes to think about the matter, however, it becomes plain that the man in authority, the man most deeply interested in any affair, is just the one who cannot reveal secrets, or lay bare the idiosyncracies of his associates. If he is deeply interested, he cannot be non-partisan. If he be the Silver King or the Gold Bug, his opinions must have that proper metallic ring which his followers expect. If the Democratic Senator from Alaska gives us an article on the "Leaders of the Democratic Party," he may be a mine of exactly such information as the public is longing for—such as, how his worthy colleague has lately lost his political grip in the State of Alaska, and with it his once brilliant chances for the Presidency; and yet he cannot tell us all this, both because he knows his colleague personally, and because he has political ambitions of his own. A freedom of speech, such as would be allowed the most obscure newspaper reporter, would involve the great leader in a network of criticism, and hand him over helpless to his enemies. So he must remain tongue-tied on those very subjects of which he knows more than anyone else.

This, indeed, must be the reason why so many of these much-heralded special articles have the effect of a mere official report, from which everything personal or interesting has been cut out, leaving only such items as the managers think it wise the public should know.

After all, we are forced to admit that a title-page, though it includes the Master of the Knights of Labor, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on the Tariff, the Leader of the French Radicals, the General of the Salvation Army, and Queen Liliuokalani, may, like some gaudy circus-posters, promise much and produce little.

HELEN FRANCES BATES.

COMMUNICATIONS.

JAPANESE METAPHOR AND SIMILE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the course of an article in the December "Atlantic" on "The Eternal Feminine," relating chiefly to Japanese art and Japanese women, the author, Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, gives his readers to understand, with circumstance and citation, that metaphors and allegories are practically unknown to the Japanese language, and (quoting Professor Chamberlain), "incapable of so much as explanation to Far-Eastern minds." This is certainly a little staggering to those of us who are familiar with current theories as to the part that metaphor plays in the formation of language. How are we to reconcile these discordancies?

I have before me a pamphlet, distributed as a tract among the members of the Parliament of Religions of

the recent World's Fair, entitled "Outlines of the Mahâyâna as taught by Buddha," purporting to be written by a Japanese in Japanese, and to be translated by others of the same nation into English,—and the translation is a quaint and graceful piece of English, too. The imprimatur, also in Japanese, is "Asakusa, Tokyo, Japan, 26th Year of Meiji (1893)." A hasty reading reveals more than a dozen formal similes in the thirty odd pages of this little composition.

Two theories, I suppose, may be advanced to explain away the presence of these similes: one, that the translators put them there to please the vulgar Occidental taste; the other, that the author put them there for much the same reason. Otherwise we must infer that the Japanese mind also delights in analogy, especially when it is formal and conscious. But is there, then, a race that knows not the penetrative imagination? And is there a language that always inserts the term of comparison,—in which simile never deepens to metaphor? Perhaps Professor Chamberlain and Mr. Hearn wish us to understand that only metaphors involving some degree of personification are banished from Japan. I am struck with the wholesomely objective air of most of the similes in the pamphlet to which I have referred. Each is a picture in itself. "The sound of a large bell reaches far and wide, but the bell must be rung; the doctrines of a great sage are by no means restricted to a small district, but opportunities for their propagation must be utilized." "This . . . fallacious view . . . may be likened to the effort of binding the moon upon the water with the hair of tortoises." Another heresy is "likened to the attempt of making a ship sail on a plain." Another "may be compared to the action of the ignorant monkey that tries to catch the image of the moon upon water." "Heaven and hell are but waves in the great sea of the universe." A language void of personification would be the happy concomitant of an objective and purely naturalistic art, and of a race seeking "Anâtman — non-individuality."

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

Chicago, Jan. 5, 1894.

DIALECTAL SURVIVALS FROM SPENSER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As a student of language, I have always been interested in observing provincialisms and dialectal peculiarities. It is a fact long since pointed out that many of these peculiarities are survivals from earlier periods of our literature. I once took occasion to compare some of our modern dialect writers with Shakespeare, and in a short time found examples of parallels for about forty words and expressions not now in good use. In reading the first two books of Spenser's "Faëry Queene" not long since, I jotted down the following examples:

Kilt, as the participle of *kill*, rhyming with *guilt* and *spilt*.

"His chosen people purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted Lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt."

Chaw, in its three forms, occurs in the two quotations next given:

"And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankered teeth a venomous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw."

And the line:

"And chawing vengeance all the way I went."

Chaw was in good use much later than Spenser. In the fourth line quoted above, *chaw* is the noun which is modified through the influence of the French *joue* into *jaw*.

Fift and *sixt*, still common with ignorant people, occur in the tenth canto of the first book:

"The fift had charge sick persons to attend . . .

The sixt had charge of them now being dead."

Of course the *h* does not occur in the Anglo-Saxon form of these words.

Pore, a pronunciation of *poor* often heard, is found in these lines:

"Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more."

This spelling of the word is found frequently in "Piers Plowman." It is a shortened form of the Old French *povre*, which becomes in Modern French *pauvre*.

Ketch for *catch* occurs in this line:

"To ketch him at a vantage in his snares."

In another passage, *ketch* of the first edition (rhyming with *wretch*) is supplanted by *light upon* in the second.

Divelish, in the expression "divelish yron engin," can be matched in Shakespeare.

Examples of *afeard*, with a variety of spellings, can be given from Langland, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Here is one from the eleventh canto of the first book of "The Faëry Queene":

"A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,

Him all amazed, and almost made afeard:

The scorching flame sore swinged all his face."

I do not doubt that the influence of the word *fear* has been great in retaining this pronunciation of *afraid* among uneducated people.

The quotation last given contains another word that must be noticed — *swinged*. *Swinge* for *singe* is still heard.

An additional *d* occurs in *vild* in:

"And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild."

The adjective *vylde* and the adverb *vildly* are found in the third canto of the first book. This excrescent *d* is not uncommon after *l* in words like *alder*, Anglo-Saxon *alr*, and after *n* in words like *sound*, French *son*, Latin *sonus*.

In the following line the metre requires *contrary* to be accented on the second syllable:

"To be contrary to the worke which ye intend."

As it is also in "Hamlet":

"Our wills and fates do so contrary run."

And Milton:

"And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds."

And the old nursery rhyme:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

CALVIN S. BROWN.

University of Missouri, Jan. 8, 1894.

ART AND ETHICS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read, in your issue of Dec. 1, a very pleasing and suggestive paper on Art and Ethics by Prof. John G. Dow; and it is with no desire to criticize that writer that I would try to indicate more clearly a distinction at which he, perhaps from a lack of space, hardly more than hinted.

Ethics, as I understand the matter, has two points

of relationship with Art. The first relationship is that with the single work — poem, painting, statue, or musical composition; the second is that with many pictures, poems, musical compositions, or statues. In the first relationship, the office of Ethics is merely that of determining whether or not the work of art produces pleasant feelings; in the second, it is that of determining whether or not the effect of the æsthetic feelings in the formation of character is good. The first question involves methods and results proximate in character; the second, methods and results remote in effect.

A work of art is complete in itself. It needs nothing to interpret it or make its effects greater. It is unlike a machine or a work of science; the distinction between these and works of art being that whereas the work of art has for its aim the production of one single pleasurable feeling or state of consciousness, and that immediately and directly, the machine aims at indirectly and remotely serving in the production of pleasures. If we compare a work of art with a didactic work we shall discover the same difference: one directly causes emotions of the highest order, the other remotely serves some utilitarian end. The methods show a similar difference. The aim of art being that of directly causing a pleasurable feeling or emotion to come into consciousness, it would be impossible for a work of art to produce an unpleasant feeling as the totality of its effect; but the machine or didactic work may produce unpleasant or even painful feelings, and yet the ends will justify the means.

By this law technique becomes the work of the artisan; the selecting and grouping, the work of the artist. This would in no way make technique any the less necessary, or the demand for technical perfection any the less distinct; it would only serve to emphasize the fact that technique and art are not to be confounded. Technique is but the handmaid of art; it is, and must be, mechanical, for it is the means to an end; but the more perfect the means, other things being equal, the better is the end attained. To be a master of technique in verse, to be able to put ideas into beautiful forms, can by no means make poets of even the best of versifiers; for with the mastery of words and images there is lacking in their work the complete harmonious concept of beauty, the concept which as a whole is capable of producing æsthetic feeling. The more nearly they embody such a concept in their works, the more nearly they become poets; and where such a concept is so embodied we have the æsthetically pleasant feeling—and the poem. On the other hand, given beautiful ideas, poetical ideas, with imperfect technique, and the ideas will not appeal to the mind with the force in which they should. The æsthetic effect is lessened by the faults of technique, of expression. Those who exalt technique, fine-word hunting, beautiful single sayings or ideas, concepts, to the position of true art, must ever feel that there is a something higher. They exalt harmony of sound and of single themes to the scale in perfection held by a Chopin Mazurka. It is the finger of Apollo without Apollo; the eye of the eagle without the soaring wings.

The other point of relationship of Ethics and Art is in the educational element. "Those who have dreamed will dream; those who have drunk will drink," says Hugo; and those who have had æsthetic feelings from works of art will think and dream in art as those works make them think and dream. Art cannot make use of unpleasant feelings except by shrouding them in those that are pleasant; and the height of the pleasure is

to be measured by the height of the feeling induced. The higher æsthetic feelings are made more possible by the previous experience of those almost as high. They are more easily brought into existence the more often the mind has felt either them or those similar to them. Ethics has merely to determine whether or not the whole tendency of æsthetic experience is toward higher and more pleasurable feelings or tends to stasis or deterioration. If the tendency is to higher ideas and keener delight, it is good; if not, it is not good. A photograph of a friend may be a cause of more pleasure than a picture of the Madonna; but art takes but little or no cognizance of the individual, turning all its attention to the universal. Ethically, it must do so; æsthetically, not so of necessity. Yet the distinction between greatness and the other extreme is to be measured by the degree of universality of the feeling caused in the auditors or beholders. The Madonna will outlast the photograph, even as the world outlasts the individual. And likewise that which has value because of its power to arouse feelings that are eternal will outlast the temporal because this embodies only that which passes away. The didactic is but temporary; prejudice is temporary — as temporary as is the truthfulness or usefulness of the teaching, or the existence of the causes of the prejudice. Science may be unceasingly correcting itself; but true art never corrects. And the reason is that true art embodies the highest of emotions, emotions that are as permanent as human character—love, sympathy, feelings of beauty in nature. These are as permanent as the associations of man; they will exist when and where our theories of morals are extinct, where our religion has no force, when universal brotherhood has succeeded international war. To be able to call into existence the eternal pleasurable feelings of the highest of universal minds, is the office of art; and ethics approves such, as it approves all things that are good, — stamping as better those that give the highest of pleasurable emotions, and as lower those that less ably serve to do so. Technique may enhance the power of the work or the height of the feeling, but can never alone create the work or the feeling. And hence it is that those who master style and not ideas have nothing that can lay claim to artistic excellence or permanence. Style may be acquired, but artistic ideas come only from large education, large power of feeling, a large mind.

HARVEY C. ALFORD.

The University of Iowa, Jan. 2, 1894

"IS BEING BUILT."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I beg the favor of your inserting this short note.

In THE DIAL of December 1, where I specify recent users of expressions like *is being built*, you have excised the names of Mr. G. J. Caley, the Earl of Carlisle, Arthur H. Clough, Mr. Richard Congreve, Prof. J. Conington, Mr. Bernard Cracroft, Sir George W. Dasent, Prof. A. De Morgan, and those of Bp. Thirlwall, Sir George O. Trevelyan, Anthony Trollope, Rev. R. E. Tyrwhitt, Eliot Warburton, Major George Warburton, H. W. Wilberforce, Prof. H. H. Wilson, Bp. Christopher Wordsworth, Miss C. M. Yonge.

The omission of these names would, to some, argue a very imperfect acquaintance, on my part, with the English literature of the last seventy years. F. H.

Marlesford, England, Dec. 24, 1893.

The New Books.

THE OLD REGIME IN FRANCE.*

The first instalment of the "Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier" is not likely to disappoint readers whose anticipations are based on a knowledge of the author's career and of his social and political affiliations. What such knowledge justifies one in expecting, he gives us in abundance; and his book is therefore, its field and standpoint considered, a notable addition to the literature of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic periods. The Chancellor was not, in the quality of his political equipment, a Turgot or a Mirabeau, nor indeed did statesmanship then, as now, necessarily imply a minute and accurate acquaintance with the condition of the people. With the class of facts that constitute the staple of the great works of De Tocqueville and of Taine† Chancellor Pasquier seems to have been, from the modern view, strangely unfamiliar. What, for instance, must be the surprise of the student of De Tocqueville to find this *quondam* Chancellor of France and Minister of the Interior assigning as a *result* of the Revolution a fact which was certainly not the least among its contributory causes—the partition of landed property! "It is," says De Tocqueville, "a vulgar error to suppose that the subdivision of property in France dates from the Revolution," an event which did not divide, but freed land. Twenty years before the outbreak we find agricultural societies deploring the cutting-up of farm lands; and a few years later Necker observed that the number of small rural properties had become "immense." This extensive passing of landed property from the hands of a thriftless and needy *noblesse*, whose original function of holding and defending it *vi et armis* had long lapsed, into the hands of a frugal peasantry who continued to dwell upon it and to till it, in fact heralded the new order of things in France. It brought into full relief the abuses and anomalies of an outworn system, rendering them doubly odious and more plainly unjustifiable. In the ancient feudal society the seignior's claims upon

his tenants were counterpoised by extensive obligations. By the middle of the eighteenth century these obligations had entirely passed to the central government, — but the seigniorial rights, in great part, remained; and Frenchmen, growing sensitive as they grew independent, began to resent the anomaly. Why, they argued, should the farmer pay taxes, not to the government, but to certain neighbors, who, albeit titled or privileged, have no more public authority and no more to do with public business than he? These neighbors met and impeded the harassed proprietor at every turn. They compelled him to work on their land on set days without pay; they prevented him from killing the game which ravaged his crops; if he crossed the river he must pay them toll; if he took his produce to market he must pay them for the right to sell it; he must grind his corn at the seigniorial mill, bake his bread at the seigniorial oven, press his grapes at the seigniorial wine-press. In some seigniories there was even a prescriptive seigniorial bull. In a letter written shortly before the Revolution, by a peasant to an Intendant, we learn that,—

"The whole country is infected with rents. Most of the farm-lands pay every year a seventh of a bushel of wheat per acre, others wine; one pays the seignior a fourth of all fruits, another a fifth, another a twelfth, another a thirteenth—the tithes being always paid on the gross. These rights are so singular that they vary from a fourth part of the produce to a fortieth. What must be thought of the rents in kind—in vegetables, poultry, labor, wood, fruit, candles? I am acquainted with rents which are paid in bread, in wax, in eggs, in headless pigs, in rose shoulder-knots, in bouquets of violets, in golden spurs, etc.; and there are a host of seigniorial dues besides these."

What we are to bear in mind is that for these rents and dues there was, in most cases, absolutely nothing rendered in return. Reciprocity of service, the original bond between lord and tenant, between the local defender of the land and its cultivator, had gradually disappeared with the growth of the monarchy. To rid acquired estates of the burden of irredeemable feudal rents and services whose *raison d'être* had vanished, to sweep away privileges founded in feudalistic caste distinctions, was, primarily, the object of the French Revolution. It will be well when the special attention of students of that great movement shall be turned from its melodramatic and exterior aspects to its *rationale*; when they shall be taught that its useful and all-important facts are not the date and circumstances of this or that battle, insurrection or festival, of the cutting-off of this or that head; and when teachers shall postpone to issues more

* MEMOIRS OF CHANCELLOR PASQUIER. Edited by the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier; translated by Charles E. Roche. Vol. I. (1789-1810). Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† We take pleasure in commending, as an excellent popular substitute for the rather formidable works on the Old Régime by these two writers, Mr. E. J. Lowell's "The Eve of the French Revolution"—a succinct treatise full of suggestive facts and acute comment.

searching the stock debates as to whether this and that royal or noble personage who paid for the sins of their order on the *Place de la Révolution* did, by "dying game," thereby win the crown of martyrdom and the halo of sainthood.

Despite his leaven of enlightened liberalism, Chancellor Pasquier was and remained essentially a man of the Old *Régime*, a statist with whom politics was a game to be played by and primarily for the privileged orders. He plainly detects a taint of heresy in the thesis of the Abbé Siéyès, that it were unjust to postpone longer the interests of the twenty-five millions of Frenchmen whose function in the State was production, in favor of the one and one-half millions of Frenchmen whose function was consumption. Touching the condition of the most numerous grade of these twenty-five millions of producing Frenchmen, he seems to have held some vague optimistic notions, tinged, perhaps, to the last by the ideas current in his youth, when polished society, inspired by the gospel according to Jean Jacques, conceived the peasant as the amiable swain, the gentle shepherd of the pipe and the crook, affectionate, grateful, right-minded, easily led—a mild Arcadian in short, tuneful and stomachless, and a charming accessory to the landscape. Who has not smiled at the description—so characteristic of the period—of Marie Antoinette, in frock of white muslin, gauze neckerchief, and straw hat, with the daintiest of crooks, tending her beribboned sheep on the slopes at the Little Trianon! Such was the fashionable ideal of "the farmer's wife," the *paysanne*—remote enough, certainly, from the squalid reality: from, say, La Bruyère's "savage-looking beings, black, livid, and sunburnt," digging and grubbing at the soil from sunrise to sunset "with invincible stubbornness," and retiring at night "into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots"; or from Arthur Young's peasant-women of Normandy, "in reality walking dung-hills," obscene objects which, happily, "it is not in the power of an English imagination to figure." It is not easy, in the light of inductive sociology, to view the social vagaries of Rousseauism seriously; to realize that men endowed with eyes to see and with ears to hear, and standing, as it were, within a stone's-throw of the *fact*, actually believed in the idyllic Jacques Bonhomme, legislated for him, and framed schemes of government deduced from his virtues. Perhaps the wish was father to the belief. It was so much pleasanter (the grim tradition of the *Jacquerie* still haunting

the seigniorial pillow) to view the rustic in the pages of Marmontel, Florian, Bitaubé, or in the drawing-room idyls, than to face the sordid and menacing reality.

We are not, however, to conclude from the general condition of the French peasant in the eighteenth century that the feudal burden laid on him was heavier than that borne by his neighbors in other parts of the continent. De Tocqueville has pointed out the paradoxical fact that the revolt against feudal institutions broke out precisely in the country where the burden of those institutions, though still onerous enough, was lightest. At the close of the century serfdom prevailed, for instance, over the greater part of Germany, the peasant still forming, as in the Middle Ages, virtually part of the stock on lands. The soldiers in the armies of Maria Theresa and of Frederick were mostly absolute serfs. Nothing of the kind had existed for many years in France. One may readily see, however, how (as we have already tried to point out) the destruction of a part of the feudal system, followed by a measure of popular enlightenment, must have rendered the remainder a hundred-fold more hateful than the whole had ever appeared. The Frenchman, dimly desecring Liberty on his political horizon, grew sensible of his trammels. The prime cause of his misery was, of course, taxation; and to the spoliations of the nobility and the clergy were added those of the State. Enormous sums were needed by Louis XIV. for his wars, and by Louis XV. for his orgies, his *parc aux cerfs* and kindred unspeakabilities; and recourse was had to the class least able to furnish them. An able statistician has calculated that the peasant in many parts of France paid away four-fifths of his income to the Treasury, the seignior, and the Church, retaining out of every hundred francs he earned little more than eighteen francs himself. No poor man escaped the tax-gatherer. Says Taine:

"The garret and the hut, as well as the farm and the farm-house, know the collector, the constable, and the bailiff; no hovel escapes the detestable brood. The people sow, harvest their crops, work, and undergo privation for their benefit; and, should the farthings so painfully saved each week amount, at the end of the year, to a piece of silver, the mouth of their pouch closes over it."

The unprivileged Frenchman, then, in this golden age of the old *noblesse*, was, according to unimpeachable evidence, literally taxed to the verge of the grave—and often beyond it; and yet we find Chancellor Pasquier complacently alluding to the happy general condition of the country under "the *régime* which preceded '89," and, notably, during the reign of

Louis XV.—an infamous character who squandered on a single strumpet three millions sterling wrung from the neediest of his subjects, and the literal record of whose private life would beggar the pen of a Rabelais. Let us glance briefly at a few facts recorded of this “halcyon” pre-revolutionary period. In 1725, says St. Simon, “the people in Normandy live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people from whom their all is taken without a murmur.” In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides “his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the *taille*, convinced that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation.” In 1739, D’Argenson writes, in the canton of Touraine, “men have been eating herbage more than a year”; while in the bishopric of Chartres “the famine and the mortality were such that men ate grass like sheep and died like so many flies.” Reading these records one apprehends better the symbolism of that ghastly street-spectacle of the Paris mob bearing aloft on a pike the gory head of Officer Foulon, the mouth filled with *grass*—the food he had commended to the starving wretches who applied to him for assistance. In 1840 Massillon wrote to Fleury:

“The people of the rural districts are living in frightful destitution, without beds, without furniture; the majority, for half the year, even lack barley and oat bread, their sole food, and which they are compelled to take out of their own and their children’s mouths to pay the taxes.”

In the same year, at Chatellerault, he says:

“The poor outnumber those able to live without begging . . . while prosecutions for unpaid dues are carried on with unexampled rigor. The clothes of the poor are seized, and their last measure of flour, the latches on their doors,” etc.

Ten years later the evil is greater. D’Argenson writes:

“In the country around me, ten leagues from Paris, I find increased privation and constant complaints. What must it be in our wretched provinces in the interior . . . where the collectors with their officers, accompanied by locksmiths, force open the doors and carry off and sell furniture for one-quarter of its value. . . . I see poor people dying of destitution. . . . An assessor, on coming to the village where I have my country-house, states that the *taille* this year will be much increased; he noticed that the peasants here were fatter than elsewhere; that they had chicken-feathers before their doors, etc. . . . Some of the seigniors of Touraine inform me that, being desirous of setting the inhabitants to work by the day, they found very few of them, and these so weak that they were unable to use their arms.”

Even at Paris one finds that, in 1753, in the faubourg St. Antoine, over eight hundred persons died of privation in a single month; that “the poor expire with cold and hunger in their garrets, without any possible relief.” As to the last thirty years preceding the Revolution, it is enough to say that during that time the popular condition was no whit mended. The effect upon French agriculture of a system under which the least sign of prosperity sufficed to bring down upon the hapless cultivator a swarm of fiscal harpies, may be imagined. Countless farms in the fairest provinces of France were abandoned. Not even the guillotine could have compelled men (as was shown, later, to the abundant satisfaction of the zealots of the Terror) to sow where they might not reap, to weave where they might not wear. In Auvergne, we learn, “the country is depopulated daily.” In Comminges, at the outbreak of the Revolution, certain communities threatened to abandon their possessions should they obtain no relief. “It is a well-known fact,” says the Assembly of Haute-Guyenne, in 1784, “that the lot of the most severely taxed communities is so rigorous as to have led their proprietors frequently to abandon their property.” In Gascony the spectacle is “heart-rending.” About 1760, according to the best observers, “one-quarter of the soil of France is absolutely lying waste; . . . hundreds and hundreds of *arpents* of heath and moor form extensive deserts.” “Let a person traverse Anjou, Maine, Brittany, Poitou, Limousin, la Marche, Berry, Nivernaise, Bourbonnais, and Auvergne, and he finds one-half of these provinces in heaths, forming immense plains, all of which might be cultivated.” In short, the *régime* invented by Louis XIV. (and viewed not unfavorably by Chancellor Pasquier) had produced its effect; French soil was reverting to a wild state. “Thus abandoned,” says Taine, “by the spade and the plough, a vast portion of the soil ceases to feed man, while the rest, poorly cultivated, scarcely provides the simplest necessities.”

To a recital of the abuses of the Old Order it is always fair to add that, immediately before the Revolution, there was a general, if belated, tendency on the part of the class that had profited by them to assist in their removal. But the wind had been sown, and it remained to reap the whirlwind. The spirit of radicalism, though not predominant, was astir in France, and it had at its beck and call a lawless and relentless horde of social pariahs, the very existence of which is the gravest count

in the indictment against the *Ancien Régime*. In the Assembly that met at Versailles to discuss reforms sat not only men like Cazales, D'Espremenil, Mounier, Mirabeau, the Lameths; but the Pétions and the Robespierres, at heart root-and-branch men, and the germ of that alert, organized, and determined minority who were, despite their benign democratic ideals, soon to rule France with a despotism never before paralleled, and under which the ruled could not even establish their right to live. To such men surgery, a cutting-away of parts corrupt or inert, was the true cure for the diseased body politic; and a suitable instrument was (thanks to Dr. Guillotin) soon ready to their hand. The crimes and follies of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. were to be atoned for by Louis XVI.—an amiable, well-intentioned man who might, had he lived and applied himself, have made an indifferent locksmith. Certainly, the sickle of the guillotine reaped away few heads less deserving than his of such a fate. Chancellor Pasquier was present, involuntarily, at the King's execution; and he describes the scene, not minutely, but with the shuddering reluctance of an unwilling eye-witness that lends force to his words:

"It remains for me to say that I saw the tragedy which was enacted on the 21st of January. I lived in a house which faced on the boulevard, at the corner of the church of the Madeleine. My father and I sat opposite each other all morning, buried in our grief and unable to utter a word. We knew that the fatal procession was wending its way by the boulevards. Suddenly a somewhat loud clamor made itself heard. I rushed out under the idea that perhaps an attempt was being made to rescue the king. How could I do otherwise than cherish such a hope to the very last? On reaching the goal I discovered that what I had heard was merely the howling of the raving madmen who surrounded the vehicle. I found myself sucked in by the crowd which followed it, and was dragged away by it, and, so to speak, carried and set down by the scaffold's side. So it was that I endured the horror of this awful spectacle. Hardly had the crime been consummated when a cry of 'Long live the Nation!' arose from the foot of the scaffold, and, repeated from man to man, was taken up by the whole of the vast concourse of people. This cry was followed by the deepest and most gloomy silence. Shame, horror, and terror were now hovering over the vast locality."

Later, another execution was witnessed by the Chancellor — this time not so reluctantly:

"Fate led me to the Palais de Justice on one of the days of Fouquier-Tinville's trial. I was unable to resist the desire of seeing with my own eyes this great act of divine justice, so I went in. . . . In that room had sat the revolutionary tribunal. Into it had come, as prisoners, the Queen, Mme. Elizabeth, M. de Malesherbes, the members of the Paris Parlement, and lastly my father. Thence, all of them had started for the

scaffold, in company of so many more. And it was in that place that I saw sitting in the dock, into which he had so long brought his victims, the monster the mention of whose name had so often made me shudder. . . . I certainly did not think I was to see that man again, yet fate had it in store for me that certain business should take me to the Hôtel de Ville the day of his execution, and I saw his head fall. He struggled against his doom like the coward that he was."

Before closing, let us glance at Chancellor Pasquier's account of the fall of the Bastille, an event which, however important symbolically, seems to have been in itself, if we are to believe the Chancellor, little more than an exaggerated street row. It may be instructive to compare the following pallid report of an eye-witness with Mr. Carlyle's dithyrambic version:

"I was present at the taking of the Bastille. What has been styled the *fight* was not serious, for there was absolutely no resistance shown. Within the hold's walls were neither provisions nor ammunition. It was not even necessary to invest it. The regiment of *gardes françaises* which led the attack presented itself under the walls on the *rue Saint-Antoine* side, opposite the main entrance, which was barred by a drawbridge. There was a discharge of a few musket-shots, to which no reply was made, and then four or five discharges from a cannon. It has been claimed that the latter broke the chains of the drawbridge. I did not notice this, and yet I was standing close to the point of attack. What I did see plainly was the action of the soldiers, *invalides*, or others, grouped on the platform of the high tower, holding their muskets stock in air, and expressing by all means employed under similar circumstances their desire of surrendering. . . . The truth is, that this great fight did not for a moment frighten the numerous spectators who had flocked to witness its result. Among them were many women of fashion, who, in order to be closer to the scene, had left their carriages some distance away. . . . By my side stood Mlle. Constat, of the Comédie-Française. We stayed together till the very end, and then I gave her my arm back to her carriage, which had waited in the place Royale."

It is hard to reconcile the writer's "absolutely no resistance shown" with the historical one hundred or more dead besiegers, with the subsequent fury of the mob, and the massacre of De Launay and six of the garrison. Perhaps the well-born Chancellor looked grudgingly on events which seemed to startled Europe to ring out the old and ring in the new; events which even dispassionate Immanuel Kant in distant Königsberg, foreseeing a new Golden Age, hailed with tears of joy, saying to his friends, "I can now say, like Simeon: 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'" Unhappily, the too-sanguine philosopher lived to see the crowning of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Chancellor Pasquier (1767–1862) was successively councillor in the parliament of Paris

under Louis XVI., master of requests, councillor, *procureur général du sceau et des titres*, and prefect of police under the Empire, director general of roads and bridges under Louis XVIII., minister of the interior in the cabinet of Talleyrand in 1815, minister of justice in that of Richelieu in 1817, and of foreign affairs in that of Decazes in 1819, and chancellor of France under Louis Philippe. He was, in 1842, elected a member of the Academy. It will readily be seen that the present volume, which covers the period from 1789 to 1810, from the eve of the Revolution to the departure of Napoleon on the fatal Russian campaign, forms an historical document of great importance. Aside from its graver historical tenor the book is a thoroughly charming addition to the literature of portraiture and personal reminiscence. We shall await the second instalment with interest.

E. G. J.

MODERN PSYCHOLOGY AND DAILY LIFE.*

A most welcome sign of the tendency of modern psychology to develop along lines of real and natural interest is to be found in the various applications of psychological principles to education, to history, to the treatment of the defective classes, to the origin of illusion and error, and to countless experiences in daily life. The conception of the psychologist as one who deals in abstract and out-of-the-way mental entities, classifying with ever-increasing refinement his peculiar collection of specimens and ever disputing with his colleagues over their proper labels,—a conception warranted by a perusal of text-books published not many decades ago,—must give way to a far different view, in which the psychologist appears at every point in close touch with the vital problems of science and of life. He still finds it necessary to analyze closely, to draw fine distinctions, and to use technical language; but he never forgets the end for which such accessories, like the technicalities of physics or of chemistry, have been adopted.

It is as an example of the application of psychology to history that Dr. Ireland's work, "The Blot upon the Brain," now appearing in a second edition, deserves especial mention. The thesis which the major portion of these essays illustrates is that a correct view of the characters and actions of many of the important per-

sonages of history can be obtained only from an understanding of certain psychological principles, and in particular from a careful analysis of what is meant by insanity, delusions, and the various forms of extravagance in thought and deed. Mere abnormality, a divergence from the common average, is of course not insanity; it is in such deviation from the standard of the *hoi polloi* that genius and madness find one point of alliance. And apart from any desire to reach a practical definition of insanity, it must be remembered that a class of actions and beliefs which a few centuries ago would have passed unnoticed, would to-day render one liable to examination for mental unsoundness; and again, the manifestations that under a different psychology subjected the unfortunate possessed one to persecutions and tortures, or under other circumstances were interpreted as divine inspirations, are to-day treated in the sheltering care of an asylum. Although a superficial survey is thus sufficient to accent the necessity of interpreting conduct with full reference to its historical environment, there yet remains abundant opportunity for an inquiry regarding the share of conduct in certain types of greatness that is due to unusual ability and the share that must be ascribed to developments of character differing perhaps in degree, but not in kind, from those that characterize insanity. "In ancient times, and amongst half-civilized nations, things were done in the name of religion which none but men of the weakest mental structure would now do; but the rule we would apply to the one time will not hold good for the other."

Dr. Ireland finds in the lives of Mohammed and Luther and Joan of Arc the best illustrations of historically important events springing from and guided by semi-morbid tendencies. It would be an abuse of language to call Mohammed insane, and to attempt to interpret the religion to which he gave rise as the accidental adoption, as inspired, of his hallucinations and ravings. "We do not seek to explain the nature or success of Mohammed's mission by his epilepsy. These lie in the character of the man and the circumstances of the times; but we think that the starting-point of his hallucinations came through the nervous disorder which affected him and of which the epileptiform fits were the visible proof. It was this which held before his eyes and made to sound in his ears the hallucinations which led him to believe that he had a message from God. Without this, no amount of religious fervor or abstract mon-

*THE BLOT UPON THE BRAIN: Studies in History and Psychology. By W. W. Ireland, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

otheism would have made him take such a view." When we consider the frequency with which religious devotion is a marked symptom of epilepsy, — that Mohammed began his revelations only in his forty-second year, and that the attacks were probably not frequent enough to undermine his mental strength, we obtain at least a partial solution of the wonderfully successful and active career associated with such peculiar characteristics of person and times. In the case of Luther, the hallucinations played no part in his religious life, — the reference of all untoward happenings to a personal devil arising naturally from the dominant conceptions of the time. How far Joan of Arc was insane, it is difficult to determine; her remarkable career contains such a curious mixture of credulity, extravagance, and sporadic ability, that the psychologist as well as the historian is left in doubt. And yet a knowledge of the nervous conditions prompting such actions has been influential in creating a rational view of her place and character. Although Dr. Ireland must content himself with the statement, "I do not know any insane person who was like her, but she was not quite sane," yet the analysis upon which this conclusion is reached is suggestive of the close relation between her nervous condition and her historical importance.

The "insanity of power" is the name given to the wild excesses of powerful tyrants who seem to act with perverted instincts and an absence of moral sense. The education of restraint has been absent in their training, and the result may be viewed as a reversion to a more savage state, characterized by a love of cruelty that comes as a symptom at certain periods of childhood, but is outgrown by normal individuals. The Claudian-Julian family, reaching a climax in the extravagances of Nero, forms the most striking instance of this malady; while the histories of Mohammed Toghlaq, and Ivan the Terrible show similar tendencies in other royal dynasties. The hereditary element in such disease is its most awful factor, and is well portrayed by Dr. Ireland in his chapter on the neurosis of the royal family in Spain. In all these cases, the influence upon historical events that may arise from perverted forms of mental action appears in a striking way.

Dr. Ireland's volume contains other essays on a variety of topics interesting to the student of unusual mental phenomena. The nature of illusions and hallucinations is well set forth in the opening chapter of the volume. Fixed ideas which enslave the unfortunate victim, pro-

duce irrational hopes and fears, prevent the accomplishment of the simplest actions or encourage most extravagant ones, form the subject of another chapter; while the peculiarly contagious character of certain forms of insanity and unconscious cerebration furnish the material for other interesting discussions. Left-handedness and righthandedness is discussed in its relations to the nervous system. The question of the duality of the brain — that is, the independent action of the two halves of the brain — is a related topic; and the curious mirror-writing, which occurs spontaneously in children, and seems also related to lefthandedness, offers a puzzling but important problem in the same field. Of quite special value is the essay upon the relation of thought to words. The evidence for the existence of thought without words is forcibly stated, and offers a welcome example of the illuminating power of psychological analysis upon a problem on which much inconclusive philological speculation has been expended. The knowledge of the physical basis of language that we derive from the study of the various forms of aphasia is also well set forth, as a contribution from the student of mental disease to the psychologist — a contribution which has been termed "the most brilliant jewel in Physiology."

Dr. Ireland's collection of papers may be recommended as an interesting approach to many problems in practical psychology, — an approach that suggests the wide extent of the domain to be entered upon, and the hopefulness of this mode of access; an approach, too, that brings the field into close and vital relations with a variety of intellectual and practical interests.

JOSEPH JASTROW.

CÆSAR AS A GENERAL.*

Both the special students and teachers of history, and those diligent readers who wish to understand well what they read, will thank Colonel Dodge for his series of books on "Great Captains." The volume upon Cæsar is the third of the series; volumes upon Alexander and Hannibal have preceded it, and like volumes, upon Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, will follow. The subjects are treated

* GREAT CAPTAINS: CÆSAR. A History of the Art of War among the Romans down to the End of the Roman Empire; with a detailed account of the Campaigns of Caius Julius Cæsar. With 258 charts, maps, plans, illustrations, etc. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge, Bvt. Lt. Col. U. S. Army, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

from the military point of view only, with no further discussion of social or personal characteristics than is necessary in presenting the man as a commander. The impetuosity of Alexander and the cool, calculated daring of Cæsar are essential parts of their characters as generals. Nor does Colonel Dodge offer a judgment in the famous case of The Roman Republic *vs.* Julius Cæsar, wherein Cassius and Brutus did execution without trial. He does say, what no one who condemns Cæsar's assumption of power can deny, that in the existing circumstances the actions of the Pompeian party and the official acts of the Senate were substantially a declaration of war. "Either rival was right in opposing the sole exercise of authority by the other; but we must judge mainly from the facts and from the other authorities, and not from the statements of Cæsar, which was least to blame for the war that for years decimated the republic" (p. 409). But this judgment upon politics is merely incidental: he is portraying Cæsar the general, Cæsar the man that made the general, not Cæsar the politician nor Cæsar the statesman. Only at the end of the book does he sum up his character in a strong chapter on "The Man and Soldier."

† In viewing this book the reader constantly refers, and is by the author referred, to the two previous volumes. They are connected both by these references and by the author's plan, which is to sketch the growth of the science and of the art of war, from earliest history down to Waterloo. Our review will therefore include in some measure the volumes on Alexander and Hannibal.

Of the first volume, one-fourth, amounting to one hundred and eighty pages, is filled with discussions of wars and of military affairs before Alexander, including fifty-six pages on Philip and his military work. Here are reviewed Oriental arms and armies; the wars of Cyrus and Darius; Spartan and other Greek armies; Miltiades and Marathon; Brasidas, Xenophon, Agesilaus, and Epaminondas. The author's judgments upon the generals commend themselves to us; but we are amazed to see the merest imaginations and romantic stories of the Greeks spread upon the pages of the book, and even improved upon by Colonel Dodge's skill in narration. A full description of the battle of Thymbra is given (pp. 48-50), with comments upon the tactics of Cyrus. This story is from Xenophon's "Cyropædia," a work no more worthy of quotation as an authority than Scott's "Ivanhoe" or Flaubert's "Salamambo."

It is well described by Mahaffy as "a very diffuse political novel," "the most theoretical and fanciful of Xenophon's works," of which Professor M. says: "It is idle to attempt to sift out the particles of history from the mass of fiction." Colonel Dodge says it has been suggested that Xenophon improved upon the actual manœuvres, but that at least it shows what Xenophon knew how to do. Let him then present it, as Colonel Chesney gave us "the Battle of Dorking," as a clear excursus of the imagination; let it be Xenophon's and not Cyrus's battle. But Colonel Dodge repeatedly quotes the "Cyropædia" as if it were history.

Again, he narrates the Scythian campaign of Darius (pp. 53-55), accepting the fantastic details of Herodotus, and imputing to the scattered and utterly barbarous tribes north of the Danube a marvellous strategy. "These acts were not done in an irrational manner, but with the greatest forethought." Why did he not notice the criticisms upon Ctesias and Herodotus to be found in Grote? Colonel Dodge often cites Grote. Grote says: "That Darius actually marched into the country, there can be no doubt. Nothing else is certain, except his ignominious retreat out of it to the Danube. . . . But as to all which happened between his crossing and recrossing the Danube, we find nothing approaching to authentic statements, nor even what we can set forth as the probable basis of truth on which exaggerating fancy has been at work." But our author gravely compares it to the Russian campaign of Napoleon.

We have found that Colonel Dodge brings to his work that useful element of the ability of a narrator, an active imagination; but this, coupled with poor judgment as to facts and authorities, leads him sometimes astray. We are forced to distrust and to watch him. Another example of extravagance is found in the statement twice given ("Alexander," p. 20; "Hannibal," p. 21), that in the Jewish army of the time of the Judges there was a body of slingers who "could cut a hair hung up as a target." How could an intelligent man fail to see that the words of the Bible—"every one could sling stones at an hair-breadth and not miss"—were an orientalism, a hyperbolic statement of accuracy of aim? And how far from the hair target can the slinger stand and see his mark? It is no orientalism to reply, not a hair's breadth beyond the length of his arm and of his sling. Again, how can any man who has practical acquaintance with affairs, and who witnessed the failure of our armies in attempts to divert

the Mississippi and the James, repeat the incredible stories of the turning of the Gyndes and the Euphrates by Cyrus? Rawlinson, who is not slow to accept an incredibility, introduces the story of the Gyndes with an *if*: "if we may trust Herodotus." But we certainly can *not* trust Herodotus. Cyrus was not such an utter fool. "The canal which Sesostris had dug" must fail with the fable of Sesostris; while the credibility of the diversion of the Euphrates hinges at last upon the supposed paving of a part of the bed of the river by the imaginary Nitocris.

The Trojan War, too, which may have been mythical only, and certainly is not historical, is dated and discussed as a fact; while it is really doubtful whether the Homeric descriptions of battles, which were principally duels between the mythic heroes, represent warfare as it actually occurred at any time prior to the Middle Ages and Knighthood.

Little errors occur frequently, showing want of an accurate habit. We are told that Themistocles commanded the centre at Marathon. It is known that Aristides was general of his tribe: it is not known that Themistocles held any command; and the stories that show his character at that time make it evidently improbable. "The Spartans marched to Marathon, 150 miles, in three days." But at the end of their three days' march they had reached Athens only, and were twenty-two miles from the battle-field, which they visited on the fourth day. Cæsar's wife is called Julia: she was Cornelia; and before he married Calpurnia he had divorced the second wife, Pompeia. In "Cæsar" (p. 21), a statement is made of the Ædui which should have been made of the Sequani, who are erroneously said on p. 20 to have asked Cæsar's assistance. Massilia (Marseille) in "Hannibal" (p. 177) is called a Roman colony, which it never was; while p. 8 had correctly called it Greek. In "Cæsar" (p. 143) the description of Aquitania accords with the outline of the Augustan province of later date; while Cæsar himself makes the Garonne the boundary of his Aquitania. "Caninius the Atrebatian" (p. 313) was really Commius; Caninius was a Roman, the subject of Cicero's joke about the consul who never slept during his term of office. "Mithridates, King of Pergamos" (p. 584), is not known to history: Mithridates of Pergamus probably had that designation from his birthplace. The Sesostridæ ("Alexander," pp. 21 and 23) can hardly be historical, since Sesostris is the product of a Greek imagination stirred by Egyptian fables

of the conquests of their kings. But we leave this discussion of errors with the remark that the publishers ought to put upon such books a proof-reader who would not allow *Carducians* for Carduchians, *Cindus* for Cnidus, *agyraspids* for argyraspids, or *synapism* (sadly suggestive of a mustard plaster) for synaspism (the arrangement of soldiers in close order). Nor should he have allowed the author's inattention to leave in the text many errors like *illy* for *ill*; *in petto*, meaning secretly, for *en petit*, in miniature; and, to crown all, this extraordinary statement ("Hannibal," p. 24): "Like our own broncos or the Cossack horses, their little nags were wonderful for endurance and activity, and throve on food which would kill a civilized horse. On the other hand, they were cruel, reckless, and noted for plundering and rapacity."

To offset this dispraise, we are glad to say that Colonel Dodge shows many good qualities as an author. If he sins against rhetoric, he is never tedious in discourse. He narrates well. He makes a non-military reader understand military matters, though he says there are some pages too technical for the general reader. His occasional errors of expression do not take from him the characteristics of a clear thinker. He studies the works of other authors, but does not follow them where his own research leads to different conclusions. To qualify himself for writing the "Hannibal" and the "Cæsar," he visited the fields of their exploits. He claims that he is the only writer upon Cæsar's campaigns, except Colonel Stoffel, "who has followed Cæsar entirely around the Mediterranean basin." With Livy and Polybius in hand, he examined all the passes of the Alps and followed the track of the Lion of Carthage over all his marches and battle-fields, before he wrote of him. With such preparation he detects military and topographical errors in even the best histories of Rome. The "Cæsar" has but few illustrations; the "Alexander" has many. Of these many are modern, adapted from the antique, often with an added touch of the picturesque in attitude. It is necessary often to discard the conventionality of the antique, especially in illustrations from coins and from the Egyptian and the Assyrian sources. Figures on vases and the like were evidently drawn for artistic purposes rather than for exact representation. But we venture the surmise that some figures—as, for instance, those of Hebrew soldiers in the "Alexander," pp. 19-21—are without authority.

Colonel Dodge knows the value of maps, and gives them liberally; many are mere sketchy diagrams, but they fully answer the purpose, since accuracy by a scale is not needed so much as a general idea of relations. He can afford to give these in abundance, where elaborate maps must be fewer; and these are at hand in the text, and not on the library shelf, when wanted. Hence the books are wonderfully convenient. Another excellence is the full digest of the contents of each chapter, not given in the form of mere catchwords, but in complete sentences. We quote one below. Colonel Dodge says they show the reader what to skip; after reading every page, we find them useful for review.

Of his judgments upon Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, we must say that he has a very hearty spirit of hero-worship, and sets their achievements in the best lights. With respect to Alexander, it seems to us that he far overstates his case. He says: "The life-work of Philip had been transcendent. That of Alexander surpasses anything in history. Words fail to describe the attributes of this monarch as a soldier." Such laudation as this does surpass anything in history, and lands us in the realm of imagination at once. His praise of Philip is deserved, though probably rather strong; but without the preparation of Philip there could have been no career of Alexander. He started with an immense advantage. And what did he do? He fought with an enemy intrinsically weak and destitute of strategic skill. After Marathon it was not difficult to defeat a Persian army. Miltiades began the series; Pausanias followed; Cimon carried on the work; Clearchus and Cyrus the younger marched with thirteen thousand soldiers and an auxiliary rabble into the heart of Persia, and the soldiers marched out again; Agesilaus saw that the Corinthian War called him from prospects of vast success against the Oriental troops; Epaminondas could have beaten Medes and Sacians easier than he overcame the Spartan phalanxes. We may almost ask, who could not beat Persia? At least some of the ancients had a similar view; for they report that Alexander of Epirus, upon encountering the Samnites and Lucanians, struck with their soldierly qualities, said that he wished his nephew, Alexander the Great, had come over to Italy, where he would have found antagonists worth fighting with, instead of unskilful barbarians. Merivale, in his "General History" of Rome, raises this objection to Alexander's fame, and thinks he would

have failed had he started into Italy with his thirty thousand, and had met a Roman army, which would have been joined by the other Italians. We think it is Colonel Chesney who suggests that the prestige and success of Napoleon was greatly enhanced by his meeting in his first campaign troops so inferior as the Austrians then were. Colonel Dodge says that the courage and discipline of the Macedonian soldier was much higher than that of the rest of Greece, "immeasurably higher than that of the soldier of Persia." If so, Alexander was the eagle in the dove-cote, and his glory is factitious to a great extent. He never had an effective opposition, except at the siege of Tyre. Numbers without discipline—these made the Persian armies. And what did the opposition of a few mountaineers like the Mardi amount to? What the hosts of Porus?

The excessive admiration of Alexander makes the author unjust to other generals. He says no one but Alexander knew how to follow up a victory swiftly. But his army was never disorganized by battle with the Oriental hordes, and his cavalry was superior in quality by his father's discipline. Take in contrast Cæsar's first great battle with the Helvetians. His troops fought with men their superiors in numbers, in impetuosity, and in motives that nerve men to fight; their equals in courage and tenacity; their inferiors only in advantages of position, in arms, in discipline, and in leadership. And as the Roman armies were not always well provided with cavalry, Cæsar had only the unreliable Gallic horse under Dumnorix. Remembering the saying of Wellington (was it not?) that to an army the misfortune next to a great defeat is a great victory, was it a mark of inferior generalship that Cæsar spent three days before he followed up his beaten foe?

Although the language of eulogy was well-nigh exhausted upon Alexander, the career of Hannibal elicits high praise from our author:

"In the galaxy of great captains the stars are equal. Many claim for Hannibal a lustre beyond the others. Measuring his task and resources by those of any soldier of history, he may be not untruthfully said to be *primus inter pares*." ("Hannibal," pp. 614).

"Hannibal's organizing ability was unmatched. Out of the most ragged material he could speedily produce a disciplined army" (p. 626).

"The energy, skill, intelligence and determination with which he carried out his plan [of movement from Spain to Cisalpine Gaul] would have made him one of the greatest leaders if he had never advanced beyond the Po. But this was only a first step in Hannibal's military career" (p. 638).

And in this sentence he places the crown on Hannibal's head :

"Guaged by the work he had to do, the resistance he encountered, and the means at his command, Hannibal outranks any general of history" (p. 642).

The "Cæsar" opens with a short sketch of the work of Marius, a great fighter, but not a strategist; famous as the Savior of Rome in the great Cimbrian War. He made his mark upon Roman military affairs by his new organization of the armies, by which he made the legions what they were when Cæsar began to be a soldier, different from the earlier republican legions in material, in organization of cohorts, and in arrangements for battle. Cæsar's earlier career, his adventure with the pirates, his service in the Mithridatic War, and his short career as praetor in Spain, are briefly sketched, so that by the fiftieth page the author begins his history of the Gallic War, which fills, with its explanations of military affairs, 350 pages—none too much for its importance, both as a development of Cæsar and as an incident in the world's history. Its development of Cæsar fixed the fate of the Roman state; as an incident in history, it secured Italy for centuries from barbarian invasion, and laid the foundation of that which became France, the greatest of the Romance or Romanized lands.

His campaigns are analyzed and criticised in detail. Colonel Dodge suggests a curious but unanswerable question. After giving the brief account of Cæsar's one campaign in Spain, he says :

"When he attacked the Gallic question, he showed that he was familiar with war, but not with the management of its greater problems. Gaul was his school in the grand operations of war. It is to be regretted that we do not know how he had learned what unquestionably he knew of the art previous to his first campaign in Gaul. He had manifestly covered an immense territory; but we know naught of his method" (p. 47).

Cæsar showed his great ability at once. Alexander came to command in a great campaign at twenty-two years of age, but he had had a military training, and able generals accompanied him. Hannibal was commander-in-chief at twenty-six, with training and aid like Alexander's. Napoleon came to the army of Italy in his twenty-seventh year, having had the training of a military school, followed by full ten years of subordinate service and observation. Cæsar, with slight exceptions, had been a civilian only, until he was forty years of age; and then he conducted two great campaigns in a single year, with an army of new levies in part, and with fickle, uncertain auxiliaries; and to

succeed at all, it was necessary first to win the confidence of his men. Had he lacked this, his campaign against Ariovistus would have been a miserable failure. This first year is an illustration of the power of that wonderful element called genius, which in Cæsar was more remarkable than in any other man in all history for its versatility. The variety of his abilities is the most wonderful thing in this "foremost man of all the world." It was inevitable that he should make mistakes; and not a few of them came from that self-confidence shown in the phrase "Cæsar and his fortunes." Colonel Dodge points these out as they appear in the light of experience. His fearful battle with the Nervii was like our Shiloh; a disaster of surprise, because of insufficient exploration by scouts. His invasion of Britain was really impolitic, needless, and useless, and came near ending in ruin to Cæsar. His campaign at Dyrrachium was ridiculously inadequate and apparently inexcusable, though one may say that he knew his opponent, Pompey, too well to fear him. By the way, how could General Napier write such a judgment of Pompey as he gave Dr. Arnold? He wrote: "Tell Dr. Arnold to beware of falling into the error of Pompey being a bad general; he was a very great one—perhaps, in a purely military sense, greater than Cæsar." Most writers agree with our author, whose opinion of Pompey is given on pages 24–26, from which we quote :

"Pompey was perhaps the lightest weight of all the characters who have enacted a giant's rôle on the stage of life. No [other] man won the title of Great on such slender merit. No [other] man ever wielded such vast power with so little to back it up. . . . He was unable to plan a good campaign or assume a sudden strategic or tactical risk. . . . In council he was slow; and to a habit of silence which came from a not over-quick comprehension, was referred, as it often is, a judgment he did not profess. Pompey was but an ordinary man of good abilities. He had not the first glint of genius. Greatness was thrust upon him, if it ever was upon any man. He was the very reverse of Cæsar. Circumstances made Pompey: Cæsar made circumstances. Pompey was cold, passionless, and slow at making resolutions."

The whole passage is a fine sketch and summing up of Pompey's career and character. But we must leave these interesting subjects, commending this book and the whole series (judging the volumes to come by those we have) to all students, and closing with this summary prefixed to chapter XIV.:

"Alexander had the most beauty: we think of him as the Homeric youth; of Hannibal and Cæsar as in sober maturity of years. In all his qualities, Cæsar is the most splendid man of antiquity; as a soldier, he equals the

others. Alexander's ambition and Cæsar's was coupled to self; Hannibal's pure. Cæsar the man was kindly; Cæsar the soldier, ruthless. In capacity for work, all were equal. Alexander's will was fiery; Hannibal's, discreet; Cæsar's, calculating. In battle, Alexander was possessed of divine fury; Hannibal was cool but bold; Cæsar had not their initiative. In influence over men, Hannibal was supreme. Cæsar was an orator; Alexander and Hannibal spoke simply and to the point. As statesmen, Alexander built on a mistaken foundation; Hannibal's work was doomed to fail; Cæsar's is everlasting. For performance with slender means and against great odds, Hannibal stands the highest. Alexander had luck, but used it; Hannibal had no luck; Fortune smiled on Cæsar as on no other man. The strategy of each was the same. In extent of conquest, Alexander was the most distinguished; in speed, Cæsar; in endurance, Hannibal. Alexander was the cavalry-leader; in tactics, Cæsar was below the others; in sieges, Hannibal. As men, Alexander and Hannibal stir us with the touch of nature; as Cæsar does not. Cæsar evokes our admiration; Alexander and Hannibal, our sympathy."

SAMUEL WILLARD.

CHAPTERS OF CANADIAN AND NORTH-WESTERN HISTORY.*

Mr. Désiré Girouard, one of the leading lawyers of Montreal, and a distinguished member of the Dominion Parliament, has heretofore greatly interested those familiar with the history of Canada and the Northwest by his publications entitled "Le Vieux Lachine et Le Massacre du 5 Août, 1689"; "Les Anciens Forts de Lachine et Cavalier de La Salle"; and "Les Anciennes Côtes du Lac Saint-Louis." He has now revised and enlarged these pamphlets, and united them, in English, in one book, which appropriately bears the names of that noble expanse of the St. Lawrence known as Lake St. Louis, and also of that dauntless explorer whose first home in the New World was on its shore—Cavalier de La Salle. The consecutive narrative in which the three former works have been skilfully blended contains an instructive picture of the visits of the early explorers to the Island of Montreal and its settlement, sketched with the careful local touches which make it very accurate and real. It brings together and analyzes all of the known documentary evidence relating to La Salle's true name and to his arrival in Canada, and quite conclusively establishes both. In regard to La Salle's seigniory and homestead at what is now Lachine, it is wonderfully minute and complete, and upon these subjects

and all relating to them it must be the standard authority. No one but a trained lawyer familiar with the region and inspired by true historical enthusiasm could have made the old real-estate registers of Montreal Island so clearly reveal the truth as to these matters, and settle the long-standing controversies in regard to them. It was time that this work was done, for romantic sentiment had been busy in the locality, and legends of the actual existence of "La Salle's House" and of "the grand old chimney of Champlain's fur-post of 1615" flourished until Mr. Girouard's pitiless demonstration made an end of them. With like care, and masterly use of old documents and records, he has gone over the history of the whole island, and fixed the sites of its ancient forts and the scenes of the stirring events in its history. He has re-told and made very vivid the story of the terrible war with the Iroquois from 1689, the year of the frightful massacre at Lachine, to 1698, during which the parish burial registers show that deaths from natural causes were the exception and those at savage hands the rule, and which "created so profound an impression that the lapse of two centuries has failed to obliterate it in the memory of posterity, while the dying chants of the victims have been handed down by tradition to find a place among the popular songs of the country."

Montreal Island was for so many years the headquarters of all the expeditions for exploration and commerce to the West and Northwest, that much of its local history has associations with our own. From its little villages and from among its inhabitants went forth many of the hardy *voyageurs* who traversed our streams and prairies, and some of the bold soldiers who commanded the frontier posts within our boundaries in the very early day.

The lists of those whose ancestry and family homes Mr. Girouard has occasion to trace and locate contain many a name familiar in our annals. Here appear Duluth, whose name is borne by the young metropolis of Lake Superior; Durantaye, who was stationed at "the fort of Checagou" as early as 1685; Boisbriant, the builder of Fort Chartres; and others who served in the Illinois country, some of them with La Salle and Tonty. One especial link between La Salle and the West, as our author says, was Colonel John B. Beaubien, well remembered by the old settlers of Chicago, whose family history is given by Mr. Girouard, and is an interesting one. It appears that in 1660 a party of Frenchmen were surprised in the

*LAKE ST. LOUIS, OLD AND NEW, and Cavalier de La Salle. By Désiré Girouard. Illustrated. Montreal: Poirier, Bessette & Co.

vicinity of Montreal by a band of Iroquois, who took their captives to the village of Oneida and put them all to death except one, René Cuillerier, a native of Vernon, in the diocese of Anger, in France. His life was saved by an old squaw, who adopted him, and after nineteen months of captivity he escaped and returned to Montreal, where he married in 1665. He became a prominent merchant, and bought land at Lachine, and was its first churchwarden. His stone house, built there in 1713, still remains, but in a ruinous condition; and this is the structure erroneously called "the homestead of La Salle." René's grandson, Jean Baptiste Cuillerier, born at Lachine in 1709, was surnamed Beaubien from his mother's family, and was known as J. Bte. Cuillerier dit Beaubien. He completed the stone house, and lived first in it; afterward he removed to Detroit, where in 1742 he married Marie-Anne Barrois, and their grandson was Colonel John B. Beaubien of early Chicago. The close connection between Illinois and Montreal in those far-off times might be repeatedly illustrated by other quotations from this valuable work, did space permit. Very interesting, too, are its descriptions of the fur-trade and its magnates, and of the earlier and later business and social aspects of the villages along Lake St. Louis; of the ancient missions and chapels; of the visit of "Tom" Moore to Lachine and St. Anne; of the fitting out of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and of his Canadian companions, *voyageurs* from Lake St. Louis; but upon these we cannot dwell. Suffice it to say that this book is a valuable contribution to our history, as well as to that of the neighborhood to which it specially relates; and it deserves high praise. Honorable mention should also be made of the admirable translation of the original work from French into English by Mr. Désiré H. Girouard, son of the author, and himself a member of the bar of Montreal.

EDWARD G. MASON.

COLONEL PEARSON, a friend of the late J. A. Symonds, has prepared "A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy" (Scribner), the work being a condensation, with the author's sanction, of the seven-volume work of Symonds. The work loses greatly, of course, by a reduction to less than one-seventh of its full size, but a brief history of the subject should certainly be found useful, and could not have been made upon a better basis than was afforded by the original of this venture. "Colonel Pearson's object has been to select and arrange for those who know Italy, or hope in the future to do so, whatever may sustain or promote an interest in its history, its art, and its literature."

RECENT STUDIES IN CURRENCY AND FINANCE.*

The exceptional character of our financial experiences during recent years, and the marked revival of general interest in the study of monetary problems, seem likely to leave behind them some more or less permanent record in the fresh crop of financial literature that has been brought forth. All of these new books are professedly of popular interest, though some of them possess no inconsiderable degree of scientific merit. All of them, moreover, mark a notable and welcome step in advance of the currency discussions of a decade ago,—in their less dogmatic and doctrinaire tone; in their clearer recognition of the importance of special forces and circumstances in modifying the operation of general principles; and, above all, in their keen appreciation of the manner and extent of the subtle influence exercised by purchasing power in the form of credit, in a community where banking facilities have reached so high a point of development as in the United States.

Of all these discussions, the most noteworthy, on account both of its timeliness and the sound judgment and logical acumen displayed by the writer, is Professor Taussig's monograph on "The Silver Situation in the United States." It is altogether the most satisfactory treatment of the events and conditions bearing upon the solution of the silver question in this country, and is a contribution of some importance to certain minor points in the theory of money. The 135 pages of this essay are divided into two parts. The first part gives a clear and interesting account of the various conditions affecting the fluctuations in the circulation of the silver currency since the Bland Act of 1878. The second part is an examination of the questions of policy involved in the currency controversy, and, more particularly, an investigation of that part of the bimetallic argument which reasons from the fall of prices to the need for more money. This is the least satisfactory part of the essay, and mainly so because the author has shrunk from the important but difficult task of defining what the necessary requirements of an equitable standard of value are. It is useless to talk about the questions of right and

*THE SILVER SITUATION IN THE UNITED STATES. By F. W. Taussig. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY OF THE UNITED STATES. By David Kinley. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF PANICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Clement Juglar. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PEOPLE'S MONEY. By W. L. Trenholm. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE HISTORY AND THEORY OF MONEY. By Sidney Sherwood. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

SPECIAL ASSESSMENTS. By Victor Rosewater. New York: Columbia College Studies.

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA. By William Z. Ripley. New York: Columbia College Studies.

THE REPUDIATION OF STATE DEBTS. By William A. Scott. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

wrong in the bimetallic controversy until a standard of right has been determined; and this is what is not done by Professor Taussig.

Hardly less timely than the essay just noticed is Mr. Kinley's volume on the history, organization, and influence of "The Independent Treasury of the United States." Mr. Kinley seeks to make out a case against the present Sub-treasury system, by showing the pernicious and disturbing influence of the irregular collections and disbursements of the government on the money supply. The Federal Treasury is now the largest single manipulator of money in this country, and, as a result of its position of commanding influence, the business community has been reduced to a forced dependence on its daily policy. An element of instability is thus introduced into all business, and this is unavoidable under a system of treasury deposits which requires that the government shall be the actual custodian of the public money. The Sub-treasury system was devised to secure the safety of the public money, but it has done this at the cost of elasticity of the currency. The present problem is to secure elasticity without sacrificing safety; and for this purpose Mr. Kinley proposes a reorganization of the national banking system, adding greatly to the functions of the banks as financial agents of the government. Such, in brief, is the burden of the writer's argument. In working out his position, Mr. Kinley has produced a book of decided interest, even for those who are unwilling to go his length in depreciation of an institution which has been so productive of good as the Independent Treasury. The book, in its descriptive parts, will be found a most useful repository of information regarding some of the important influences constantly at work in our money market.

Under the title of "A Brief History of Panics in the United States," Mr. Thom has published an English version of so much of M. Juglar's well-known work on "Commercial Crises" as related to the United States. It may be well questioned whether this translation was worth the effort. There is certainly place for a good history of American crises, but the gap is too large to be filled by M. Juglar's fragmentary and superficial treatment of the subject. The present volume tells nothing new and omits much that is included in other books. And whatever merits the work in its French form possessed are largely diminished in the English translation, through inaccurate renderings and not infrequent misprints.

Both teachers and readers of political economy in America have long felt the need of a treatise containing a full, but clear and simple, popular exposition of the principles of money—a book that should do much the same service for American readers as the late Stanley Jevons did for English readers in his admirable "Money and the Mechanism of Exchange." Several attempts have been made in this direction, the last in the series being Mr. Tren-

holm's "The People's Money." The judgment of the reading public must decide whether Mr. Trenholm has succeeded in producing a book that will at once stimulate and satisfy the interest for instruction in this subject. He certainly shows some excellent qualifications for his task, but he lacks the power of vivid description, of clear and simple statement, of making pointed analogies and concise summaries,—all of which are so needful in popular expositions. His literary style is, we venture to think, too dignified and impassive to appeal to the average mind. Less fault may, however, be found with the contents of this manual. Its general trend may be conjectured from the imprint the upper cover bears of the gold double-eagle. Bimetallism is only incidentally discussed, but much space is given to the banking question. The writer is a warm friend of bank-currency, but he insufficiently estimates the extent and importance of bank-issues in the form of "deposits" as distinguished from notes. No currency lesson needs to be so thoroughly taught to the American public at this critical juncture as that, not gold and silver, not greenbacks nor bank-notes, but *credits*, in the shape of bank deposits, are the most important constituent of our circulation—that one upon which the general level of prices, in the end, depends. Occasionally Mr. Trenholm falls into time-honored superstition; as when, in his zealous argument for banks, he writes: "It is certainly true that the increase of bank-note issues tends to reduce the rate of interest on commercial loans." This is not only a false but a dangerous doctrine to teach; for, were it as true as Mr. Trenholm's language implies, it would go a long way toward justifying the popular demand for more money.

It is not unusual, in these days when the pride of authorship has taken hold of so many young minds, to meet with books for whose publication it is hard to discover any adequate reason. Of this character is Mr. Sidney Sherwood's "History and Theory of Money." The volume is made up of a number of University Extension lectures extemporaneously delivered to a popular Philadelphia audience, with a verbatim report of the class discussion which followed. Whatever excuse may exist for the mode of education of which Mr. Sherwood's book is a product, it is sincerely to be hoped that, if publication in the present form is an essential ingredient of the process, some method may speedily be devised for sparing the reading public a recurrence of such shocks to its sense of literary propriety as come from the perusal of such a volume as this. The author's plea for publication—"the more scholarly education of practical men and the more practical education of scholars"—implies a gratuitous assumption of ignorance on the part of both classes of readers. It would be painful to believe that either our "practical men" or our "scholars" had become reduced to the sad necessity of looking to such a work for either inspiration or guidance. And certainly any true

friend of the University Extension movement has a right to complain at the use of its good name as a shield for such immature effort.

In his excellent monograph on "Special Assessments," Mr. Victor Rosewater has given us an interesting, original, and adequate discussion of an important but hitherto neglected topic in municipal finance. Special assessments are a peculiarly American form of taxation, being a method of defraying the cost of local expenditures to property, undertaken, to be sure, in the public interest, but inuring to the particular advantage of the owner. The system originated in New York in the seventeenth century, and gradually spread, until now it has been adopted by all but four States of the Union. Special assessments are everywhere regarded as an exercise of the taxing power, but they are to be distinguished from taxes proper. Hence the rule that taxation should be proportional to ability does not apply to special assessments; the universally recognized principle of our law is that they must always be proportional to benefits received.

Mr. William Ripley has made a very interesting contribution to the history of colonial finance in his "Financial History of Virginia." Indirect taxes, as in all young communities, were the principal resource of the colony, and the main burden rested upon tobacco, the staple product of Virginia. An export duty was imposed on tobacco, but it is unlikely that it was paid by the foreign consumer; it amounted, in fact, to a disguised land-tax on the colonial grower. The other financial expedients of the colony were of the same primitive character, and were gradually rejected as sounder ideas in taxation began to prevail.

Professor Scott's "Repudiation of State Debts" is a thorough discussion of one of the strangest phenomena in the history of American finance. Twelve of the States have, at one time or another, taken advantage of their quasi-sovereign rights to "scale" or repudiate their debts. As the law stands to-day, the holder of a repudiated bond has no legal means of enforcing the payment of the obligation. Dr. Scott carefully examines the acts of repudiation passed by the various States, and gives an analysis of the causes that have led to the use of so violent a financial expedient. Repudiation has seldom been resorted to except under circumstances of heavy financial pressure, and when the people believed that it had been betrayed by an unscrupulous legislature. Most of the States have tried to prevent the recurrence of similar abuses by limiting the amount of debt that may be contracted by the legislature. This is, however, a plainly unsatisfactory remedy; and Dr. Scott proposes the institution of State courts, with power to adjudicate cases involving the validity of bonds, and with power to issue writs of *mandamus* compelling the tax-officers to include in their assessments an amount sufficient to cover the debts adjudged valid.

A. C. MILLER.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A Russian's Impressions of America.

Prince Serge Wolkonsky, after spending the summer at the World's Fair, has beat a retreat, letting fly two Partisan arrows on the way. In other words, he has collected his occasional "Addresses," made during the summer, into one booklet, and jotted down his "Impressions" in another (Unity Publishing Co.). The addresses are kindly in feeling, but rhetorical and diffuse in style, evidently not prepared to be printed. They have a great deal to say about religious unity and the brotherhood of man, and incidentally suggest that the Midway Plaisance might have been made an excellent "school for teaching human brotherhood." Of that characteristic feature of the Fair he further says: "For me it is the most sad thing I know, because it is human life exposed as a show; human beings deprived of their feelings, and reduced to the state of a catalogued exhibit, a moving panorama of empty human forms." Prince Wolkonsky's impressions are in many chapters upon as many subjects. The chapter on "Politicians" is a gem: "Thank God, I have not known one of them!" This is all, but what more need be said? He has a little fun at the expense of the amiable people who thought that he, as a Russian, must be a nihilist, and that Russia was an uncivilized country. One interlocutor even wanted to know if the Bible had been translated into Russian. The same gentleman remarked: "I think your music is much too good for such a nation as yours." The urbanity of the reply is in charming contrast with the ill-breeding displayed by the remark that occasioned it. "I thought American music was much too bad for such a great nation as they are." Our impressionist defines a reception as "a social entertainment intended to kill all sociability by depressing and levelling all individuality." And he adds: "Oh, deliver us from those entertainments where we say to ourselves, 'Oh, what a bore!' and to others, 'I am so glad to meet you!'" The impressions of "Woman" take the form of an imaginary interview upon the writer's return home. He cheerfully answers the questions put to him, until someone inquires about the American female voice. The answer is evasive: "You are very little civilized if you don't know how it sounds. American voices are too well known all over Europe." That Prince Wolkonsky has read our newspapers to some purpose is evident from the passages we have selected for final quotation. "You will seldom find in the daily press a serious critique. If you have missed a lecture or a concert, you cannot learn from the papers of the following morning whether you lost or gained by not having gone; you will find a minute description of the lecturer's physique, his dress, the number of people present, a list of names (always the same ones,—oh, not much variety in that,—but people like to see their names reported, and others find a sort of painful delight in reading them over and over). If some

personal details are given they are generally with a slight note of mockery, or a wish of making fun. The educational influence of the papers is null, for they never lift the reader up, they bring down to him whatever subject they treat."

*Mr. Winter's Life
of Edwin Booth.*

Edwin Booth, the representative tragedian of his time, has been fortunate in having for his biographer a man thoroughly in sympathy with his art and intimately acquainted with his life; consequently in Mr. William Winter's "Life and Art of Edwin Booth" (Macmillan) we have a work of high value in the history of dramatic art during the generation that is just passing away. For many years Booth stood at the head of his profession. Never until Mr. Irving appeared did Booth meet with a rival. He had eclipsed Forrest. He had nothing to fear from Davenport, Brooke, Murdoch, Adams, Dillon, Marshall, Wallack, Fechter, Barrett, or McCullough. Not till Mr. Irving came to America did Booth ever have reason to understand that his star had passed its meridian and was beginning to descend. He did not believe in the new school. To the end he stood fast by the old-fashioned standard of poetic tragedy,—the grand manner, the elocutionary not less than the mimetic art. But he recognized that there is an inevitable fate in such changes; and one of the sweetest of his characteristics was the gentle patience, the cheerful resignation, with which he accepted the new order of things, although he could not defer to the new lights of art. The chief public work of Booth's life was his effort to establish a great theatre, to be conducted in a high and liberal spirit and to be devoted to all that is grand and fine in dramatic literature and art. He built and for more than four years managed a theatre according to these high ideals. But being better as an actor than as manager and financier, his health suffered under the strain of care, and forced him to abandon the undertaking. These and other interesting incidents are fully detailed in Mr. Winter's *Life of Booth*, which occupies the first 150 pages of his work. Part II., of about the same length, is devoted to "The Art of Edwin Booth," and includes descriptions of all his leading rôles, seventeen in number, mostly Shakespearian. The volume concludes with a large number of memorials, in verse and prose, offered at the time of his death, last June.

*History of the
Apostolic Church.*

There was no lack of books in the field selected by Professor Oliver J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago, for his literary labors resulting in "A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church" (Houghton), but whatever other merit his book may have it is probably the most readable of them all. A brief note of acknowledgment of assistance rendered by two of his colleagues in preparing it for publication is all that the book has by way of preface. The exceedingly terse dedication, "To my Teacher, Prof. Adolf Harnack," supplies the defi-

ciency, however, and suggests whence the author derives the materials for his treatment of his subject. Even under such a thorough teacher our author's study has been obviously partial, and he seems to infer that what is a new discovery to him must be new to his readers. He makes many assertions, therefore, with the air of one who is about to surprise his readers; whereas there is little in the book that is new, unless it be some of the author's deductions. There are cases where he is rather too free with the expression "no one knows," where an admission of his own ignorance would have been sufficient. The most conspicuous purpose of the book appears to be to controvert all known theories of church polity derived from Apostolic times. The Apostolic Church, as Professor Thatcher is at pains to picture it, exists now neither in its polity nor in its doctrine.

*The land of
"Pretty Soon."*

A volume of sketches in New Mexico rejoices in the cabalistic title "The Land of Poco Tiempo" (Scribner). The author is Mr. Charles F. Lummis, and the following preamble to the opening paper enables us, in a way, to read his title clear: "Sun, silence, and adobe,—that is New Mexico in three words. If a fourth were to be added, it need be only to clinch the three. It is the Great American Mystery—the National Rip Van Winkle—the United States which is *not* the United States. Here is the land of *poco tiempo*—the home of 'Pretty soon.'" Mr. Lummis has a picturesque and vigorous style, and his account of New Mexico—"the anomaly of the Republic," he calls it,—of its motley populace, its antiquities, its curious survivals of pre-Columbian rites and customs, its ancient walled cities, etc., is decidedly interesting. A unique chapter is devoted to "New Mexican Folk-Songs," a number of which are given, with the notes. The volume is liberally illustrated with photographic plates.

*The Christian
Church in the
Middle Ages.*

The volume in which the late Dr. Wilhelm Moeller, Professor of Church History in the University of Kiel, set forth, as viewed from his standpoint, the "History of the Christian Church" for the first six centuries, was reviewed in THE DIAL for July 16. The second volume of the series contemplated by its learned author is now before us, translated from the German, as was the first, by Mr. Andrew Rutherford, B.D., and comprising an octavo volume of 553 pages (Macmillan). It carries the narrative through the Middle Ages; that is to say, from the beginning of the seventh to the end of the fifteenth century. These nine centuries are as fruitful in picturesque incidents and heroic characters as any, yet the author and translator between them have succeeded in divesting the narrative of every particle of the picturesque, and in reducing it to the driest possible recital of events. That the details of history are conscientiously set forth we doubt not and, as in the previous volume, the bibliography

is complete. The book is, therefore, invaluable for reference and as a historical directory. But the typography is of a very complex character, and reading is thereby made exceedingly laborious. Even in a theological school, the book could not be used as a text-book except at the risk of disgusting the students with this very important branch of theological culture.

*Old Puritan
Love-Letters.*

A very pleasing relic of our Puritan forefathers is the volume called "Some Old Puritan Love-Letters"

(Dodd, Mead & Co.). They comprise a portion of the correspondence (fifty-eight letters) between John Winthrop, first Governor of Massachusetts, and his wife, Margaret Tyndal Winthrop, between the years 1618 and 1653. These letters are far from being models of the epistolary art; they are barren of literary reference and almost entirely lacking in mention of contemporary events; their charm (and it is not slight) is in their antique flavor and in their tender yet formal tone, in such marked contrast with the more familiar manner of the letter-writing of the present. Another characteristic of the time appears in their devout and religious atmosphere. The Governor addresses his wife in phrases like this: "I salute thee heartylye, giving thanks to God who bestowed thee upon me and hath continued thee unto me," etc. Nor is the wife less piously minded: "My good husband, I thanke you for putinge me in minde to be cheerful, and to put my trust in my good God who hath never fayled me in time of nede. I beseech him to continue his mercy still to me and grant that my sinnes may not provoke his anger against me." This quaint and unstudied correspondence is a delightful means of coming close to the domestic life of our New England ancestors.

*Summer rambles
in the country.*

A glance through the pages of Dr. A. H. Japp's "Hours in My Garden" (Macmillan) leaves one with an agreeable—and at this season highly illusory—impression of having enjoyed a summer ramble in the country. The little volume is made up of nineteen "Nature Sketches," largely the fruit of personal observation, and it is well freighted with the lighter lore of the woods and fields, ponds and streams, hedgerows and coppices of Old England. The style of the book recalls Richard Jefferies, but there is more literary allusion, and the author has evidently looked at nature through spectacles more scientific than poetical. The little essays are pleasantly written, and are well adapted to stimulate young readers to a systematic study of Nature. The one hundred and thirty-eight woodcuts are nicely done, and add to the educative value of the text.

*The Writings of
Thomas Jefferson.*

The second volume of Mr. Ford's edition of the Writings of Thomas Jefferson (Putnam) covers the years 1776-1781,—years of activity in resisting the efforts of Great Britain to subdue the rebellious Colonies,

during which Jefferson displayed those qualities of statesmanship which won the confidence of Washington and secured for him the office of Secretary of State in the new government. Whether as member of Congress or of the Virginia Assembly, or as Governor of that Commonwealth, he strengthened the Colonial cause and liberalized the government. The correspondence and papers in this volume show how thoroughly Jefferson gave himself to his country during this trying period. Of course the most interesting of the contents of this volume—a document in itself of sufficient importance to secure immortality to any man—is the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Ford has given in parallel columns the first draft from the copy in the writing of John Adams, the draft reported by the committee which is taken from Jefferson's rough draft reproduced here in fac-simile from the original in the Department of State, and the engrossed copy. The useful Itinerary and Chronology begun in the first volume is continued in the second.

*A new version
of George Sand's
"Fadette."*

A belated holiday publication, and one of unusual merit, is George Sand's "Fadette" (the original of "Fanchon the Cricket"), translated by Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick, and published by Messrs. George H. Richmond & Co. of New York. An etched frontispiece by E. Abot, printed in Paris, handmade paper with rough edges, careful press-work, and a novel binding of gray paper boards and muslin joints, give finish and symmetry to the dainty volume, which must appeal alike to the admirers of George Sand and the lovers of handsome books. Fortunately for the little volume, its sale does not depend upon the holiday trade, and it will doubtless find its way into the possession of collectors until the limited issue is exhausted. We should add that the "brief, rich, melancholy sentences" of George Sand, as rendered into English by Miss Sedgwick, have not a little of the charm which their originals had for Thackeray, to whom they seemed "like the sound of country bells, provoking I don't know what vein of music and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear."

*The Book of
College Sports.*

Mr. Walter Camp's "Book of College Sports" (Century Co.), a very handsome volume of over three hundred pages with seventy illustrations, treats of the four principal college games—track athletics, rowing, foot-ball, and base-ball. These are described in a popular way, from the standpoint of both the spectator and the player. The book is evidently intended chiefly for beginners; though in parts—notably in the chapters on foot-ball and base-ball—the writer has gone more into detail on the points of science and skill, and has thus made the book valuable to advanced students of these games. The schoolboy will find in it much useful information concerning the organization and training of teams, as well as explanations on points of skill. The

writer evidently does not aim to give an exhaustive treatise on his subject, but only to give a mass of general information and helpful suggestions to the legions of ambitious young athletes; and this he succeeds in doing in a very interesting manner.

An amusing collection of Bulls and Blunders.

The drift of Mr. Marshall Brown's collection of "Bulls and Blunders" (Griggs) is sufficiently indicated in the title. The contents of the book are drawn from many sources, and it is not without educative value in that the "blunders" quoted are largely solecisms arising from loose syntax. The "bulls," as may be expected, are chiefly furnished by the cheerful sons of Hibernia—who, whatever their failings, have certainly contributed freely to the gayety of nations. We subjoin a specimen of tribunal eloquence quoted from M. Taine's "French Revolution": "I would," roared an orator in one of the sections, "take my own head by the hair, cut it off, and, presenting it to the despot, would say to him, 'Tyrant, behold the act of a free man!'" This is almost as good as Sir Boyle Roche's plaint: "The progress of the times, Mr. Speaker, is such that little children who can neither walk nor talk may be seen running about the streets cursing their Maker."

Pictures of an Old Town in New England.

Whether in prose or verse, Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is always a charming writer. His "Old Town by the Sea," which forms the subject of his latest volume in prose (Houghton), is of course Portsmouth, which, under the name of "Rivermouth," has become so familiar to us through his stories, and was his boyhood's home. In this volume Mr. Aldrich has collected the history, traditions, and description of the old New Hampshire town, from its first settlement in 1623 until the present. In themselves these stories and events are no more picturesque or fascinating than those of the average New England town; but for the same reason that the "Bad Boy" won our love and admiration when his deeds were related by the sinner himself, so these trifles become delightful through the magic touch of their historian and lover.

Shakespearian Foolery.

The characters in Shakespeare's plays never cease to furnish attractive literary themes. "The Trial of Sir John Falstaff," by Mr. A. M. F. Randolph, has for its second title "Wherein the fat knight is permitted to answer for himself concerning the charges laid against him, and to attorney his own case." The author, evidently a lawyer, makes skilful citations from the Falstaffian portions of the Shakespeare text and strings them together adroitly. Various other matters, not strictly collateral, are introduced,—such as speculations on Shakespeare's life, critical comments on his genius, an amusing thrust at Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram, etc. As a whole, however, the book, although ingenious and entertaining, is not to be taken very seriously. (Putnam.)

Translations from Scandinavian Literature.

Those who take up "Elsie: A Christmas Story" with the expectation of being cheered thereby will be grievously disappointed. It is a tale translated from the Norwegian of Herr Kjelland by Mr. M. M. Dawson (Kerr), and, we regret to say, not well translated. It gives us a grim picture of the social contrasts of society, and satirizes the Pharisee with a fierceness that suggests Dr. Ibsen. Another Norwegian contribution to our book-shelves is an excellent translation, by Mr. William Wilson, of Herr Björnson's "Over Ævne," which becomes "Pastor Sang" in English (Longmans). The play belongs to the author's later, and, we think, decadent period, and is quite as perplexing as the "Bygmester Solness" of his famous contemporary.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Volume Three of Green's "A Short History of the English People," in the superb illustrated edition edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Norgate (Harper), brings us within one volume of the complete work. As in the two preceding instalments, the illustrations of this volume are very numerous and exceptionally well selected. A folding frontispiece gives us, in colors, London Bridge as it appeared circa 1600. "Puritan England" and "The Revolution" are the two chapters comprised within this volume.

Mr. Charles A. Platt's "Italian Gardens" (Harper) is a belated holiday book, and one of the most beautiful of the season. Some score of the most famous Italian villas are described as to their surroundings, and illustrated by a series of exquisite engravings. We have, among others, the Villa Borghese and the Villa Medici, the Quirinal and Colonna gardens, the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, and the Giusti gardens at Verona. The text of the book is interesting, but distinctly subordinate to the illustrations.

Mr. George W. Hale, whose "Police and Prison Cyclopædia" we noticed favorably in its first edition, a year ago, now offers the work to the public in an enlarged and improved form (Houghton). Many reports received since the earlier issue have been incorporated within the work, and its summary of police regulations and criminal statistics cannot fail to be found useful by all interested in penology or concerned with the administration of criminal law in our cities. There is a biographical sketch of the author, which is distinctly readable, and there are numerous portrait illustrations.

Mr. Alexander Black's "Photography Indoors and Out" (Houghton) is one of the best of the manuals for amateurs that the new hobby has called forth. It is historical, descriptive, and technical enough for actual guidance. It gives a selection of useful tables and formulæ, and abounds in practical hints about most of the phases of amateur photographic work. It is, of course, illustrated. Taken as a whole, we do not know of a better book for the purposes of the beginner.

"Greece in the Age of Pericles" (Scribner), by Mr. Arthur J. Grant, is a small book of the University Extension sort, which compactly and somewhat drily covers the important period of history with which it is concerned. The writer has sought "to omit none of

the main forces that helped to mould Greek civilization," to give "prominence to the social and religious conditions of the country," and "to treat of Greek history in relation to the general history of Europe." There are maps and other illustrations.

"Jonathan Wild," the fourth of Fielding's novels, both in point of size and popularity, forms the tenth volume in the Dent edition of Fielding (Macmillan). Mr. Saintsbury's introduction is, of course, interesting reading, and all the more so because he confesses to a special predilection for the work in question. To it he has "gone for rest and refreshment" for thirty years past, and now would fain induce others to do likewise. That "Fielding has written no greater book" is a verdict from which many will dissent, but Mr. Saintsbury has excellent reasons for the opinion, and makes no hesitation of sharing them with the public.

Miss Burney's "Cecilia," in three volumes (Macmillan), with the Dent imprint, may now be had as a companion to the "Evelina" published nearly a year ago. It has for illustrations the photogravures familiar to readers of the Dent editions, three to a volume. Miss Mitford's "Our Village" (Webster) is a dainty one-volume reprint that many readers will find acceptable. A new edition of Mr. J. Rendel Harris's "Memoranda Sacra" (Randolph) will appeal to the pious-minded, and particularly to those with whom religious meditation has a mystical cast.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, January 9, 1894.

The author of "Dodo," Mr. E. F. Benson, has recently been taking a trip through the Continent. He has just written a letter to a friend in this country, dealing with the apparent publication here of two authorized editions of his well-known novel. The letter is dated December 19, at Athens, Greece, and in it he says: "I published this year in England a novel called 'Dodo,' but as it was not published in America I lost copyright there. A few months later Messrs. D. Appleton & Company offered me terms for publication in America, which I accepted." Mr. Benson then goes on to say that he afterward received a proposition from another American publisher, which, naturally, he declined. He complains that the second publisher proceeded with his edition, and copyrighted it under his own name, although the book itself was not entitled to American copyright. Mr. Benson thinks that this was made possible by the substitution of intentional misprints in the text. In conclusion he writes: "I should like to state directly that the edition published by Messrs. Appleton & Company is the authorized edition, and that the other edition has been issued contrary to and in spite of my expressed wishes." Mr. Benson's letter seems to raise an important point in the copyright question, namely: whether or not copyright can be secured in an uncopyrighted book by an unauthorized person through changes in the text of the book.

The publication of the late Herman Melville's works, which was carried on for a short time through an arrangement with the United States Book Company by another firm, has now been resumed by one of the co-ordinate firms which make up the Book Company. It has been a great satisfaction to all concerned in the re-issue of Melville's works to observe the fresh interest which the public has taken in them. They have sold

well, and copyright returns have accrued to Mr. Melville's family. An interesting feature connected with their publication is that when editions of the American sheets of "Typee" and "Omoo" were placed on the English market by the London branch of a New York house, it was found that the former London publisher of "Typee" and "Omoo," having purchased the copyright of those books outright from Mr. Melville for a comparatively small sum, still held the English rights. He allowed the small American edition imported to be sold, but declined to permit any further importations, on the ground that the American edition was no improvement on his own. This English publisher has now reprinted these books from the plates made many years ago, inserting some illustrations of South Sea life and scenery, and is meeting with a good deal of criticism for doing so, one paper saying: "We regret to add they [the books] have been printed from very old and worn plates." As Mr. Melville's family is paid a royalty on all copies sold by the United States Book Company, and as these English plates were in such a battered condition, it seems a pity that the English publisher could not have assented to some equitable arrangement in the matter.

The new editions of volumes by members of the English pre-Raphaelite group are gradually appearing. I have been especially interested in the new and enlarged edition of "Goblin Market," by Miss Christina G. Rossetti, with illustrations by Laurence Housman. The large paper copies are very attractively gotten up. Mr. Housman has, in his designs, followed the theme set by Dante Rossetti in the two illustrations made for the first edition of the book. Another volume by Miss Rossetti, also published by Messrs. Macmillan & Company, is "Sing Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book," with over one hundred illustrations by Arthur Hughes, one of the younger members of the pre-Raphaelite group. Unless I am mistaken, this is a compilation of several smaller volumes written and illustrated by Miss Rossetti and Mr. Hughes. It is well to have all the latter's designs under one cover.

Mr. Robert Bridges—who is thought by some authorities to be the leading minor poet of England—at first published his verse only in limited privately-printed editions. These very aesthetic-looking volumes were issued from the press of H. Daniel, of Oxford. The first of them, called simply "Poems," was published, and purchased by a few Americans, at six shillings. Copies are now held by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons and by William Evarts Benjamin, of this city, at \$25.00. Another volume, "The Feast of Bacchus," published in 1889, is now held by the same booksellers at \$35.00. "The Growth of Love," issued in 1890, is now quoted at \$20.00. More recently Mr. Bridges seems to have overcome his objection to publishing in the regular way, as the issuing of his "Humors of the Court: A Comedy, and Other Poems," by Messrs. Macmillan, would indicate. Of the limited editions just mentioned, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty copies only were printed.

It is said that Mr. Edward Fuller, author of "The Complaining Millions of Men," a novel in which some prominent Bostonians are introduced as characters under faintly disguised names, has a new work of fiction in hand.

J. S. Van der Poorsen Schwarz, otherwise "Maarten Maartens," has prefixed to his new novel, "The Greater Glory; a Story of High Life," which Messrs. Appleton &

Co. are just about to publish, the following emphatic Note: "Holland is a small country, and it is difficult to step out in it without treading on somebody's toes. I therefore wish to declare, once for all, and most emphatically, that my books contain no allusions, covert or overt, to any real persons, living or dead. I am aware that great masters of fiction have thought fit to work from models; that method must therefore possess its advantages: it is not mine. . . . I describe manners and morals, not individual men." The appearance of "God's Fool" by "Maarten Maartens" led many people to believe that a new "master of fiction" had arisen in the Dutch "sensitivist." The present work is likely to provoke considerable discussion. There is a mystical "argument" or parable at the opening of the book, which is a scorching arraignment of the life depicted in the novel. Mr. Schwarz, as is now pretty generally known, is a Dutch country gentleman, with a home at Neerlangbroek, Holland; but he has adopted England, writes in English, and spends much time in London, where the Authors' Society gave him a large dinner last year.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard announce "The Political Economy of Natural Law," by Mr. Henry Wood.

The announcement is made by the family that a full and authorized memoir of the late Francis Parkman will be prepared as soon as circumstances permit.

"To-day," a monthly magazine in the interests of the Universalist Church, makes its bow to the public this month with a number of forty-eight pages, containing articles by Senator Lodge, Professor Orello Cone, and others.

The Biblia Publishing Co. announces an edition of the "Book of the Dead," reproducing by photographic process the plates published in Lepsius and Rougé. The price of the work to subscribers will be \$3.50. After publication the price will be materially raised.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce: a "Chess Pocket Manual," by Mr. C. H. D. Gossip; "Men, Women, and Books," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; "The Philosophy of Reality," by Dr. James McCosh; "Psychology, Descriptive and Explanatory," by Professor George T. Ladd; and Mr. R. E. Prothero's "Life and Correspondence of Dean Stanley."

"The Magazine of Poetry" becomes, with its January issue, a monthly. This issue is devoted to the Poets of Buffalo, among whom figure Bishop Coxe, Mrs. Rohlfs, Miss Amanda T. Jones (whom we have always reckoned among Chicago poets), Dr. Frederick Peterson, and Professor Henry A. Beers. The rest, numbering about two score, are unknown to other than local fame.

We make this amusing extract from the printed proceedings of the Association of American Authors: "A stirring letter from Col. Richard Henry Savage was read in reference to a most uncalled-for and unjust criticism upon one of his late novels. His just indignation was warranted by the criticism, and the letter was placed on file to swell the volume of authors' grievances."

According to the Bayreuth "Taschen-Kalender," the number of performances of Wagner's works in the German language amounted in the year ending June last to 1,047, an increase of 227 on the previous year. The later music dramas are now rapidly growing in favor,

the representations of "Das Rheingold," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung" having nearly doubled.

"The Psychological Review," to be published bi-monthly by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., has just issued its first part. The contents include President G. T. Ladd's address of last December before the American Psychological Association; a study of John Bunyan, from the pathological standpoint, by Professor Royce; a group of studies from the Harvard Psychological Laboratory, mainly by Professor Münsterberg, and a number of brief contributions, discussions, and reviews. It is evident that experimental psychology is to have much of the attention of this Review, although the editorial forces include several men who will doubtless see to it that the laboratory psychologists do not have things entirely their own way. The periodical is handsomely printed, and presents a dignified appearance.

The Winter Convocation of the University of Chicago was signalized by the dedication of the Kent Chemical Laboratory, and an address by Professor Ira Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University. The Laboratory, which is one of the most beautiful of the University buildings, was the gift of Mr. Sidney A. Kent, of Chicago, and was erected and equipped by him at a cost of \$235,000. In his address on the present condition of the University, President Harper reported an enrolment of 773 students, an increase over last year of twenty-five per cent. The President also took occasion to state that the University had no connection with a student periodical recently issued under circumstances calculated to mislead the public, and to add that the University has never had the slightest intention of publishing a literary magazine of any sort. The report, based upon a fabrication of one of the Chicago newspapers, that such a step was contemplated, has received wide circulation and credence, and has proved very mortifying to the University authorities. Among the new appointments announced by the President, we note with peculiar satisfaction that of Mr. S. W. Burnham to a professorship of practical astronomy.

The Very Rev. Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely, died on the twenty-seventh of last month, at the age of eighty-five. He was educated at Harrow, Haileybury, and Cambridge, and was a preacher and lecturer at the University of Cambridge at various periods between 1838 and 1865. From 1848 to 1869 he was rector of Lawford, Essex, becoming Dean of Ely in 1869. His "History of the Romans under the Empire" was written during his Lawford period, and the volumes, seven in number, appeared at intervals from 1850 to 1862. In 1869 he published a rhymed translation of the "Iliad." Other published works include the Boyle lectures of 1864 and 1865, entitled "The Conversion of the Roman Empire" and "The Conversion of the Northern Nations"; a "General History of Rome" (1865); "The Roman Triumvirates" (1876); "Lectures on Early Church History" (1879); and "The Contrast Between Pagan and Christian Society" (1880). His great work was, of course, the "History of the Romans under the Empire," which exactly fits into the gap between Mommson and Gibbon, and which is one of the best-written and most picturesque historical works in the English language.

Mr. Harold Frederic includes these notes on Jokai and Heine in a recent letter from Europe: "It is impossible not to contrast the imperial honors being showered from Vienna and all Hungary on Moritz Jokai, who was a revolutionist in 1848, and a banished exile a long time after, with the cold neglect and even the hos-

tility which official Germany still shows the memory of Heinrich Heine. The Hungarian author, during all the fifty years of writing, the completion of which was celebrated to-day, never produced anything to stand for a moment in the world's balance with the best of Heine's works. Yet only a few years ago the Berlin police, inheriting the stupid Prussian traditions of 1848, confiscated a whole new edition of his books, and still more recently the municipal authorities of Heine's native Dusseldorf declined to allow a statue of its most famous son to be erected in the town. To avenge this, a Dusselderfer, who is an official in the service of the Congo State, writes home that he has erected a stone monument to Heine in the wilds of Central Africa, with a poetic inscription saying that the savages of Ethiopia are more tolerant than the citizens of the Rhenish seat of the Arb."

A case to which we referred some time ago has come up again in the French courts, on appeal, and the judgment formerly rendered has been confirmed in principle. The original suit was brought by the Comte de Semailson, formerly French minister to Hayti, against the Paris branch of the publishing house of Brentano, for damages for the sale of a New York newspaper which contained an article which the plaintiff alleged to be libellous. The court condemned Messrs. Brentano to pay a fine of 100 francs and 5,000 francs costs. This is the first case of the kind that has come up, and the decision seems to be in plain accordance with article 42 of the law on the press, which allows the prosecution of simple vendors "in default" of managers, authors, or printers. The court held that the proprietors, publisher, and editor of the New York paper, being foreigners, were out of the reach of French law, and that, therefore, Messrs. Brentano were amenable. Any foreign booksellers in Paris, therefore, may be prosecuted if they have in stock any book, pamphlet, or newspaper which contains anything libellous against any Frenchman named therein. The only satisfaction obtained from the appeal was a reduction of the costs to a nominal sum.

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY.

In celebration of the approaching anniversary of the birth of Burns (January 25), a true Scotch lover of the poet inscribes the following lines "To a brother Scot on Burns's Birthday":

Ho! this is Robin's natal day,
Tae you, guid frien', I needna say;
Tae some lane neuk let's e'en away,
An' pay our luve tae Robin.

Fu' mony a willie-waught thegither
We twa will quaff, my Grampian brither,
Till baith our luve-thick tongues untether
In praise and sang o' Robin.

Wae's me the Scot wha willna drink
This day o' days fu' till the brink!
Tae dool an' darkness maun he sink
For sic contempt o' Robin!

A' ither sangs were ever sung
By singers o' whatever tongue
Are worth not ae fill o' my lung
Compared wi' sangs o' Robin;—

An' 't is the day o' Robin's birth,
The bene, the bard o' a' the earth;
We'll gi'e it o'er tae sang an' mirth,
This day o' rant and Robin!

WANLESS ANDERSON.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

January, 1894 (Second List).

Aberdeen, Lord and Lady. Illus. W. T. Stead. *Rev. of Rev.*
Brazil, Republicanism in. M. de Mendonca. *No. American.*
Browning as a Dramatic Poet. Henry Jones. *Poet-Lore.*
Cæsar as a General. Samuel Willard. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Canadian and Northwestern History. E. G. Mason. *Dial* (16).
Catholic Church and School Fund. W. C. Doane. *No. Am.*
Central Park, N. Y. Illus. W. D. Howells. *Cosmopolitan.*
Currency and Finance, Studies in. A. C. Miller. *Dial* (Jan. 16.)
God's Will and Human Happiness. St. Geo. Mivart. *Cosmopol.*
Greek and Barbarian. W. H. Norton. *Educational Review.*
Hawaiian Question. F. D. Coudert. *North American.*
Humor. Illus. Agnes Repplier. *Cosmopolitan.*
Income Tax and Revenues. F. C. Howe. *Annals Am. Acad'y.*
Indian Currency. G. L. Molesworth. *Annals Am. Acad'y.*
Jew, Glorification of the. A. S. Isaacs. *North American.*
Kant's Third Antinomy. W. T. Harris. *Philosophical Rev.*
Letters of George Eliot, Unpublished. *Poet-Lore.*
Long-distance Riding. Illus. Charles King. *Cosmopolitan.*
Metaphysics and Epistemology. D. G. Ritchey. *Philos. Rev.*
Money Famine, Prevention of. J. H. Eckels. *No. American.*
Music and Needy Children. W. L. Tomlins. *Music.*
Palermo. Illus. W. W. Cady-Scotti. *Cosmopolitan.*
Pantomime, Revival of the. Illus. T. C. Crawford. *Cosmop'n.*
Pasquier, Chancellor, Memoirs of. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Psychology and Daily Life. Jos. Jastrow. *Dial* (Jan. 16.)
Relief Work. Washington Gladden. *Rev. of Reviews.*
Report of the Committee of Ten. W. T. Harris. *Educational Rev.*
Saint-Saens on the Wagner Cult. *Music.*
School Superintendent, The. B. A. Hinsdale. *Educational Rev.*
Secondary Education, Report on. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar." W. J. Rolfe. *Poet-Lore.*
Silver States, Are They Ruined? D. H. Waite. *No. Am.*
Society and Environment. W. D. Lewis. *Annals Am. Acad'y.*
"Star" Contributors. Helen F. Bates. *Dial* (Jan. 16).
Spencer's Political Ethics. L. F. Ward. *Annals Am. Acad'y.*
Story-Teller's After-Thoughts, A. G. W. Cable. *No. Am.*
Tariff and Business. T. B. Reed. *North American.*
Tschaikowsky. J. De Zielinski. *Music.*
Unemployed, Relief for the. Albert Shaw. *Rev. of Rev.*
Whittier Desultoria. Illus. Charlotte F. Bates. *Cosmopolitan.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 45 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Le Morte Darthur: The Text as Written by Sir Thomas Malory and Imprinted by William Caxton at Westminster in the Year MCCCCLXXXV., and now Spelled in Modern Style. With Introduction by Prof. Rhys. Vol. I., illus., sq. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 455. Macmillan & Co. \$7.
English Book-Plates: Ancient and Modern. By Egerton Castle, M.A. Illus., sq. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 352. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.
The Writings of Henrik Ibsen: A Commentary. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. 12mo, pp. 317, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times: A Sketch of Literary Conditions, etc., from the Earliest Times to the Invention of Printing. By Geo. Haven Putnam, author of "The Question of Copyright." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 309. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.
Bon-Mots of Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Aubrey Beardsley. 24mo, pp. 192, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
The Diary of Samuel Pepys, M.A., with Lord Braybrooke's Notes. Edited by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. III., with portrait, 16mo, uncut, pp. 371. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
Rip Van Winkle, and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow. By Washington Irving. Illus. by Geo. H. Boughton, A.R.A. 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 218. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Leonidas Polk: Bishop and General. By William M. Polk, LL.D. In two vols., with portraits, 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.
- Memoirs of Anne C. L. Botte. Written by her Friends, with selections from her writings. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 460, gilt edges. J. Selwin Tait. \$2.
- Sir Joshua Reynolds. By Claude Phillips. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 415. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
- Richard Jefferies: A Study. By H. S. Salt. With portrait, 18mo, pp. 128. Macmillan & Co. 90 cts.
- Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. 37, Masquerier—Millyng. Large 8vo, pp. 453, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.

HISTORY.

- Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny, 1857-9. By William Forbes-Mitchell. 8vo, pp. 300, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
- Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War. Illus., 12mo, pp. 338, gilt top. Century Co. \$2.
- The English Peasant: Studies, Historical, Local, and Biographic. By Richard Heath. 12mo, uncut, pp. 382. The Century Co. \$1.50.
- The Spanish Pioneers. By Charles F. Lummis, author of "A New Mexico David." Illus., 16mo, pp. 292. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.
- Historic Green Bay: 1634-1840. By Ella H. Neville, Sarah G. Martin, and Deborah B. Martin. Illus., 16mo, uncut, pp. 285. Green Bay, Wis.: Published by the authors. \$1.25.
- Indiana Historical Society Publications, Nos. 7, 8, 9: The Man in History, an oration by John Clark Ridpath, pp. 48; Ouatanon, a study in Indiana History, by Oscar J. Craig, pp. 32; Reminiscences by Judge C. P. Ferguson, and Life of Ziba Foote, by Samuel Morrison, pp. 25. Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.

POETRY.

- The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Cambridge Edition. With frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 689. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.
- Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz. Done into English by Justin Huntley McCarthy. 16mo, uncut, pp. 152. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.
- The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations. By George Herbert. Illus., 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 252. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
- Behind the Veil: A Poem. By James de Mille, author of "The American Baron." With frontispiece, large 4to, gilt top, pp. 30. Halifax, N. S.: T. C. Allen & Co. \$2.50.
- Created Gold, and Other Poems. By Henry Hanby Hay. Sq. 12mo, uncut, pp. 143. Philadelphia: A. E. Newton & Co. Boxed, \$2.
- Prairie Songs: Being Chants, Rhymed and Unrhymed, of the Level Lands of the Great West. By Hamlin Garland. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 164. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

FICTION.

- Catherine Furze. By Mark Rutherford, edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. 12mo, pp. 328. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
- The Recipe for Diamonds. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 16mo, pp. 241. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
- Apprentices to Destiny. By Lily A. Long, author of "A Squire of Low Degree." 16mo, pp. 348. New York: Merrill & Baker. \$1.
- Peveril of the Peak. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh Edition. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 634. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

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THE PROTECTION OF IGNORANCE.

Whatever one's attitude may be towards the economic policy of protection, it will hardly be claimed that ignorance is among the national industries that tariff legislation should seek to shelter. Yet any legislation that places obstacles in the way of our communication with the thought of other countries must be construed as imposing a tax upon enlightenment, and as tending to put ignorance at a premium. Actuated by a profound conviction that the logic of this position is unassailable, *THE DIAL* has sought (with a measure of success yet to be fully determined) to enlist the services of the friends of culture, irrespective of party, in an effort to secure the removal from our tariff laws of the duty upon books printed in the English language. The response to our appeal has been very gratifying, and a large number of the blank petitions distributed by us have been filled with signatures, and presented by different members of Congress to the House of Representatives. The work would have been undertaken more systematically, and at an earlier date, had we not taken for granted that the removal of this obnoxious duty would be one of the first things provided for in any intelligent revision of the tariff.

It would be difficult to devise a more stupid duty than this tax of twenty-five per cent upon the implements indispensable to the profession of the intellectual worker. As a means of producing revenue, its results are insignificant. And a very little examination will serve to show that it does not, that it cannot, operate as a protective measure. The man who wants a pocket-knife, or a watch, or a suit of clothes, will take the article of American manufacture if a protective tax makes the corresponding articles of foreign manufacture too costly for his means. But the man who wants the poems of Tennyson, or the essays of Matthew Arnold, or the political writings of Professor Bryce, finds no corresponding American books that will do about as well. His purpose will not be suited by the poems of Longfellow, or the essays of Emerson, or the political writings of Professor Fiske. The suggestion that, as a good American, he ought to be contented with the latter works is too puerile to be taken seri-

ously. A man wants a book for some specific purpose, and no other book will do. If he cannot afford to purchase it, he must go without. And his disgust with the law that wantonly places the book beyond his reach will not help to make him a better American. It must be added, lest some of our readers should have forgotten the fact, that the case of English books copyrighted in this country is covered by the Copyright Law itself, which requires their manufacture here, and does not merely tax, but prohibits, the importation of the English edition.

The amount of the tax by no means measures the annoyance that it occasions the purchaser. If he gets an English book from the bookseller, he finds that the tax has in some mysterious way become doubled, trebled, or even quadrupled (after the fashion of all indirect taxes) when he comes to pay it. The average English book published at one pound is sold to the trade for about fourteen shillings, and upon this sum the duty is paid. But the American bookseller charges at least seven, and frequently eight, dollars for the book. Without the duty, he could sell it—he would be forced by competition to sell it—for five dollars or less, and he would realize upon it the profit now realized upon the sale of an average American publication. But a still graver charge must be brought against the duty on English books. Dutiable articles are excluded from the mails by the regulations of our postal service. It is true that these regulations are not enforced with absolute strictness, but they operate to make the American intellectual worker hesitate to avail himself of the simplest and most natural means of getting the books he wants, that of ordering them sent direct by post. If he happens to reside at a port of entry, he may get his book by going to the custom house and paying a sum estimated by some illiterate official whose notion of the value of books is about as accurate as his acquaintance with the dead languages. If, as is more likely to be the case, our seeker after knowledge does not live at a port of entry, he runs a more than fair chance of not getting his book at all. The amount of irritation produced by these conditions is not easily calculable. Those who conscientiously advocate the principles of a protective tariff should realize that it is the extreme of unwisdom to make their policy responsible for a law that bears only a remote relation to that principle, that is chiefly productive of exasperation in the minds of intelligent people, and that gives our government the

unenviable credit of seeking to impede the progress of culture. It is in every sense an unenlightened application of the protective principle, and one that the intelligent men of all parties should hasten to repudiate.

Any opposition to the removal of this tax upon knowledge must come from the booksellers and the publishers. In the case of the former, it is evident that a few of them—the very few who have considerable stocks of English books upon which duty has already been paid—might be compelled to sell those books at a lowered profit. It would mean a marking down of prices to the extent of not more than four cents to the shilling. In the case of the publishers, there could result no pressure of increased competition except in the case of recent reprints or new editions of old standard works. On the other hand, every one of the army of ill-paid teachers in our schools and colleges, every clergyman, physician, lawyer, or other professional worker, every student or investigator in whatever department of thought, every private individual accumulating a collection of books for the purpose of self-culture, would be benefited by the removal of the tax, not only in pocket, but, as we have already pointed out, in increased facility of access to the storehouse of contemporary thought. How is it possible for anyone to urge that these vastly greater interests should be ignored from fear that their recognition might temporarily disturb the trade adjustments of a few purveyors of manufactured literature?

What is most needful at the present time is that the question should be considered seriously by Congress. The pressure of other subjects upon the attention of that body is so great that a duty which involves a question of principle rather than of large material interests is likely to receive scant consideration. The perpetuation of the impost upon books may follow from mere negligence; it can hardly be the result of a deliberate and rational discussion. Fortunately, the text of the book section in the original draft of the Wilson Bill is so faulty that it can hardly be adopted in the form reported. The clause exempting from the tax all books which contain the results of scientific observations means nothing at all, and might, if adopted as it stands, lead to some extraordinary rulings. It might fairly be held, for example, to cover the Rougon-Macquart novels of M. Zola, which would probably surprise the statesmen by whom it was framed. For the sake of clearness alone, the section must be in some way rewritten, and

we trust that when it emerges in its final shape it will leave all kinds of books (except those protected by the manufacturing clause of the Copyright Law) untaxed for the uses of all sorts of persons.

ENGLISH AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

[The article printed below is the first of a series to be devoted to the subject of English in the more important American colleges and universities. This series of papers will form a conspicuous feature of THE DIAL during 1894. An article, prepared by some member of the faculty concerned, will be devoted to each of a considerable number of institutions, and opportunity will thus be afforded for a comparison, that cannot fail to be instructive, of the methods pursued and the results aimed at. The article now offered by Professor Cook will be followed by articles from Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia College; Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University; Professor Melville B. Anderson, of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University; and many others that we shall have the pleasure of announcing at a later date.—EDR. DIAL.]

According to the Catalogue, Yale College, or the Academical Department of Yale University, has this year 1,086 students. There are four men to do the work in English,—two full professors, Prof. Henry A. Beers and myself, and two instructors, Dr. W. L. Phelps and Dr. A. W. Colton. Fifteen hours a week of English are offered, a three-hour course to Sophomores, two two-hour courses to Juniors, two two-hour courses to Seniors, and two two-hour courses to Juniors and Seniors alike. Eliminating duplicates, 550 men avail themselves of the offer of English instruction, being rather more than one-half the number of students in the College. Of these, 283, or all but three members of the class, are Sophomores; the rest are Juniors and Seniors. One hour a week of English in the Freshman year, or, rather, three hours a week for twelve weeks, is laid down in the Catalogue, but, for lack of teachers (the lamented McLaughlin having died in the summer vacation), is not given during the current Academic year. None of the students at present in the University has been required to pass an entrance examination in English, though such a requirement goes into effect with the beginning of the next Academic year. All the Junior and Senior work is elective; the Sophomores choose five out of six prescribed subjects, these being Greek, Latin, Modern Languages, Mathematics, English Literature, and Physics. As was seen above, all but three Sophomores elect English this year.

In the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale Uni-

versity there are 559 undergraduates. For this number two English teachers are provided,—a full professor, Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, and an instructor, Mr. H. A. Smith. Seven and a half hours of work in English are provided,—a required course of one-half an hour per week for Freshmen, condensed into three hours per week for the last six weeks of the year, a required course of one hour for Juniors, an elective course of three hours for Juniors, and an elective course of three hours for Seniors. The Freshman course is given to 228 men, the Junior required course to 175, the Junior elective course to 49, and the Senior elective course to 30, including two graduates. Hitherto, as in the Academical Department, there has been no entrance examination in English, but this will be required in 1895.

The Freshman and Sophomore courses in Yale College are outlined as follows (the Freshman course was actually given last year):

ENGLISH.—The required study of English Literature occupies three hours a week through one-third of Freshman year and the whole of Sophomore year. In Freshman year Brooke's Primer is read, to give the student a view of the whole field; three plays of Shakespeare and the minor English poems of Milton are read in the class-room.

In Sophomore year the following authors are read: Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Addison, Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray; and the history of the literature is followed in connection with the authors. Practice in composition work is afforded by the preparation of special papers on each author, which is required of the whole class.

The Junior and Senior elective courses in Yale College are the following.

Professor Beers:—

English Poetic Masterpieces. (Juniors. Two hours, both terms.)

Critical readings in the class-room in the text of the "Canterbury Tales," the "Faery Queene," the principal plays of Shakespeare, and the poetry of Milton.

Georgian Literature of the Nineteenth Century. (Seniors. Two hours, both terms.)

This course consists of critical readings in the class-room in the text of the principal English poets from Wordsworth to Keats, with outside assigned reading in the prose authors of the period.

Literature of the Early Stuart and Commonwealth Period. (Seniors. Two hours, both terms.)

The literary history of the half century from 1603 to 1660, with special reference to the decadence of the drama, the development of prose, the "metaphysical poets," and the writings of Milton. Students electing this course must expect to buy a rather large number of books.

Professor Cook:—

History of English Literature. (Juniors. Two hours, both terms.)

An outline of the subject, on the basis of Brooke's "Primer," Taine, Morley's "First Sketch," and Ten Brink's "Early English Literature," with some reading of English authors at first hand. Frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Old and Middle English. (Two hours, both terms.)

An elementary course in the beginnings and earlier development of the English language and literature. The first term is devoted to Cook's "First Book in Old English." In the second term this is followed by more difficult Old English texts, and by the reading of selections from Chaucer and other Middle English writers for linguistic purposes.

Tennyson. (Two hours, first term.)

Critical study of selected poems. Tennyson's theory of life, literary art, and place among the poets of this century. Comparative readings in other authors, and frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Shakespeare. (Two hours, second term.)

Critical study of a few selected plays. The Leopold edition of Shakespeare; Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist"; Schmidt's "Shakespeare-Lexicon"; annotated editions of single plays, etc. Frequent preparation of brief papers on assigned topics.

Of these the Catalogue offers the subjoined explanation, with one or two modifications necessary to conform the statements more accurately to the existing condition of things:

A course in Old and Middle English is offered to Juniors and Seniors, and is intended as an introduction to a study of the origins of our language and literature.

A brief survey of the whole field of the History of English Literature is attempted, the aim being to give such a view of the mutual relations of the principal authors and epochs as may enable the student to plan courses of English reading and study with intelligence and judgment. Instruction in this course is given by means of Brooke's Primer of English Literature and other text-books, supplemented by topical study pursued through the medium of papers prepared by the members of the class, which, after being read aloud, are made the subject of discussion.

Opportunity is afforded for the critical study of a number of individual authors in as many different courses. Among those most frequently studied at present are Chaucer, two Elizabethans, Bacon and Shakespeare, and two eminent contemporaries of this century, Tennyson and Browning. Stress is laid in these courses upon the distinctive personality and workmanship of the writer in question, but an endeavor is also made to promote the conception of literary masterpieces as wholes, as works of art subject to the laws of inner unity and harmony, and not merely as texts for verbal study or collateral illustration.

Authoritative statements concerning the courses of the Sheffield Scientific School are as follows:

ENGLISH.—The course is designed to give the student acquaintance with the great representative writers of the various epochs. A history of the language is one of the studies of the Freshman year; and after that year the study of the language is made entirely subordinate to that of the literature. During the first term of Junior year, however, extracts from Early English authors are read, and Early English Grammar is studied, so as to familiarize the student with the inflections then in use and the distinctions existing between the leading dialects. It is the aim of this term's work to give such knowledge of forms, and to some extent of words, that the student will be able to read at sight any Early English author whose writings do not involve special difficulties of language or vocabulary.

With the second term, the regular study of English literature proper begins with Chaucer; and for the rest of the course till the end of Senior year the following authors are read: Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, and later writers. Those mentioned in the lists are always studied, but other authors not named are also taken up, the course varying somewhat in different years. In all cases, complete works of a writer are studied, not extracts; as, for instance, several of Chaucer's Tales, and several of the plays of Shakespeare. The authors are taken up in chronological order, and the literary history of the time is likewise carried on in connection with the great representative writers of each period.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION.—This course, required of the entire Junior class, consists of weekly exercises based on selections from the writings of well-known authors, such as Irving, DeQuincey, and Macaulay. While it intends in the first place to give freedom of expression and the correction of the most obvious faults by practice in writing rapidly the substance of a passage previously assigned, it also aims to direct the attention of the student to qualities of style and methods of composition, to arouse his appreciative interest in the works as literature, and to improve the quality of his writing by improving the quality of his thought. To this end occasional discussions of the selections read will occupy a part of the weekly hour.

The courses of graduate instruction are given under the direction of the Philosophical Faculty which is distinct from that of Yale College or of the Sheffield Scientific School, though naturally including the principal instructors from both. The courses in English are these, besides the undergraduate courses in the History of English Literature, Old and Middle English, Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

Professor Lounsbury :—

The English Literature of the Fourteenth Century.

Professor Beers :—

English Literature. (One hour, both terms.)

The history of English Romanticism from Thomson to Swinburne (1726-1890), with incidental study of the parallel movements in Germany and France. The instruction is given mainly by lectures. Students are required to keep and submit notes of their reading, and to prepare topical papers from time to time.

Professor Cook :—

[The strictly graduate courses offered below will be given according to circumstances and the needs of the graduate students actually in attendance; but special attention will be given to the supervision of individual research along these and similar lines.]

Theories of Poetry. (Two hours, second term.)

A course in the theories of poetry in general, and in the principles of criticism applicable to its various departments, as the epic, dramatic, and lyric. Discussions and papers on the basis of standard works, such as Aristotle's "Poetics," Sidney's "Defense of Poesy," Addison's "Criticism on Paradise Lost," Boileau's "Art of Poetry," Lessing's "Laökoon," and others of similar character.

Old English Poetry. (One hour, first term.)

The texts used are "Judith" (Cook's edition), "Elene" (Kent's edition), and "The Battle of Maldon" (Sweet's

Reader). These are read, their place in literature examined, and questions of authorship, date, and textual criticism discussed. Ten Brink's and Wülfker's Histories of Old English Literature are constantly used for reference.

Old English Grammar. (One hour, second term.)

An exhaustive grammatical examination of some prose text is made, on the basis of Cook's "Phonological Investigation of Old English" and edition of Siever's Grammar for Phonology, of the latter for Inflection, and of March's Grammar for Syntax.

Historical English Prosody. (One hour, first term.)

Schipper's "Englische Metrik" is adopted as the basis of study, but reference is made to the discrepant views of other authorities.

Middle English Grammar. (One hour, second term.)

An outline of Middle English Phonology and Inflection is given by means of lectures, and the knowledge thus gained is applied in a grammatical study of Chaucer, on the basis of Ten Brink's "Chaucers Sprache und Verskunst."

It will be observed that there is at present no systematic instruction in Rhetoric in Yale University, and that in Yale College composition is taught but incidentally, in connection with the preparation of papers in the literature classes. In the Sheffield Scientific School, Juniors receive instruction in composition for an hour a week throughout the year.

In estimating the amount of work performed by the members of the teaching staff, it must not be overlooked that, because of the size of the classes and the number of divisions, a three-hour course often represents twelve hours of instruction per week, and a two-hour course four or six, and that the professors who give undergraduate instruction are the only ones to offer courses in the Graduate School. To compare the equipment in English with that in some other departments of the College proper it may be mentioned that this year there have been seven men in Greek,—four professors, one assistant professor, and two instructors; in Mathematics seven,—three professors, two assistant professors, and two tutors; and in Latin six,—three professors, one instructor, and two tutors.

Only one linguistic course in English is offered in Yale College, and this is pursued by but three undergraduates, though by four or five times that number of graduates. This will indicate that the study of English linguistics (the term philology of course comprises literary study) has not yet secured a firm foothold in the College proper.

The method of teaching most employed throughout the College and Scientific School is a combination of recitation and lecture, or recitations alternating with occasional lectures. The combination of recitation and lecture might more accurately be described as recitation intermingled with discussion, or with informal comments by the instructor. The *Seminar* has not yet been introduced, but I expect to begin a graduate seminary in Ben Jonson within the next three or four weeks, having, by way of stepping-stone, already organized a Journal Club,

which is in successful operation, for reporting on professional periodicals.

The general purpose of the undergraduate literary instruction in both departments is to foster the love of literature and the development of the critical sense, implying, as the latter does, the fullest appreciation of all excellent qualities. Methods vary, as they must, with the individuality of the teacher. The writer might formulate the especial object which he proposes to himself as the development in the student, whether graduate or undergraduate, of insight and power, and indeed he conceives this to be the end of all education whatever. The imparting of information seems to him quite a secondary object; and a love for literature is most likely, as he thinks, to be promoted by the acquisition of insight and power. Of course these terms must be taken in the broadest sense, so as to include the emotional and æsthetic faculties as well as the purely intellectual, the will and the moral nature no less than the reason. To this end no study can be better suited than English, its comprehensiveness, variety, and richness of content rendering it an unsurpassed aliment of the spiritual life, while, by proper methods of instruction, it may be made a most effective instrument of spiritual discipline.

ALBERT S. COOK.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 25, 1894.

"CLEAVE TO THINE ACRE."

My neighbor was a forester,
And ranged with bow and spear;
I was a simple gardener,
And dived the whole round year.

Time came when both a-weary were,
And both resolved on change;
So he became a gardener,
And I the woods did range.

The seed springs never to the light,—
He chides the soil, the air!
The forest genii, in despite,
Adrift mine arrows bear!

Folk say the woods be full of deer,
The wild-flowers praise the soil;
But flower nor game, the whole round year,
Rewards our alien toil.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

TRANSPLANTED GENIUS.

"What can we reason but from what we know?"

While it is well known that to become an art critic one need not be a great painter, and that in literary reviewing one need not follow too closely the motto,

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,"

it is nevertheless an undeniable fact that familiarity with the subject to be treated is essential to that

gusto in the writer which is sure to interest the reader. Wicked men have written hymns, but never such as could rival those of Watts. Landsmen have written of the sea, but, with the possible exception of Barry Cornwall, to very little purpose. I think it is safe to hazard the assertion that the true ring is almost always lacking unless the writer speaks of that which is a part of himself, of his experience, of his "properties" either of race or of environment.

Christopher North — who as an essayist reminds one of that passage in Ossian, "Who comes like the strength of rivers when their crowded waters glitter to the moon," — on one occasion makes allusion to the subject of transplanted genius. As illustration of the fatefulness of this crucial test, he cites the case of Home, the author of "Douglas." This Highland youth, coming from the land of storm and rock, had produced a drama, the success of which was phenomenal. But when beckoning fortune urged him to repair to London, his genius, in North's eloquent characterization, "became Anglified, took a consumption, and died." All that pertained to the north wind, the heather, or the snow, was property — intellectual assets, familiar from childhood, out of which he might construct drama or ballad. But when he came among a more conventional people, with a tamer civilization, he grew homesick and ill at ease with an apprehension that to the self-contained Sassenach his finest eloquence must seem but tumid rhetoric. He was among a people whom he did not know. There is nothing in the daily life of England which could justify the explanation, "My name is Norval," etc.; and finally he sees himself confronted with what to his Highland spirit is the most discouraging element of all — ridicule.

Take a more familiar instance. Scott has for over half a century held an unassailable position as the great writer of dramatic fiction. Nothing is more remarkable in the author of "Waverley" than his marvellous versatility. How many subjects he touched, and with what skill! The struggle between Norman and Saxon, in "Ivanhoe"; the ferine tortuousness of Louis the Eleventh, in "Quentin Durward"; the varied scenes from almost every era in Scottish history,—how to the life! And no wonder; for he had been an explorer of their dusty archives from his boyhood. The men of history he knew, and was of them. But when he comes to write of the sea, Micawber himself, in seaman's attire, hitching his trousers and shivering his timbers, is not a more absurd figure. The great romancer was ignorant of nautical life, and his imagination could not save him. Fenimore Cooper was confessedly his inferior in literary attainments, but as a writer he may be considered amphibious. Criticism hesitates to choose between those masterpieces, the "Leather-Stocking Tales," so redolent of the woods and so breathless with peril, and those unsurpassed delineations of sea life, "The Red Rover," "Wing and Wing," "The Water-

Witch," "The Sea-Lion." The explanation of this versatility is very simple: Cooper was brought up amid the wilds and forests about Otsego Lake, and was familiar with frontier life (of that day) and Indian tradition; while his youth and early manhood were spent at sea as a naval officer. But Cooper, when he wrote "The Bravo," had to do with things unfamiliar, and accordingly the public missed the joyous *allure* which made his former work so fascinating.

Certain critics have assumed that Burns was a poet who could write in two languages, and was not, therefore, limited to his original field; and they assume this because the same hand that drew the masterpiece "Tam-o-Shanter" was also responsible for one of the sweetest idyls in the English language, "The Cotter's Saturday Night," written in the purest Saxon and in the Spenserian stanza. But ah! it was the same Bobby Burns writing of the same people, and trying to show, for once, that his pathos needed no dialect to give verisimilitude. The scenes he describes are everywhere familiar to his boyhood and throughout his brief manhood; in short, he never wrote save of what he knew too well.

So wholly are some authors aware of the necessity of personal experience in order to impart *vraisemblance* to a narrative, that at times they decline to use invention except for the embellishment of their work; that is to say, they do not literally write fiction, but apply to fact the "light that never was." One day a London publisher called upon a little English authoress whose anonymous book had set the world "murmuring like a hive of bees." I refer to the author of "Jane Eyre"—a personality so shy, so reticent, that the writer's sex was not revealed by the *nom de plume*. The publisher, advertising to the extraordinary sale of her second book, "Shirley," urged the continuance of her efforts in so successful a field. "I cannot," she replied, demurely, "at least not for some years. I have written all that I know. I must *live* more."

A similar illustration might be drawn from among the writers on this side of the Atlantic. Bret Harte, after he had made his greatest successes, was often urged by publishers in New York and Boston to write of scenes more familiar to the East,—subjects less quaintly technical of the frontier than were those of his earlier stories. "No," he replied, "I was many years studying the life and language of the frontier. It would take me years to learn a new language—to realize another life." Yet he tried the experiment,—with what success, readers of "Thankful Blossom" can testify.

In brief, when the most intelligent and skilful persons venture to write concerning countries or places other than their own—either by birth, or adoption, or by residence, so long as to shut out earlier impressions—they will seldom write otherwise than as the tourist. Madame de Staël wrote beautifully of Germany, but it is not the Germany that Teutons recognize. Longfellow wrote "Hyperion," a work of pure imagination, faintly tinted

ured with such German idiom as may be derived from books. Trollope and others have given us an Englishman's Italy. Frederika Bremer has written of "Homes in the New World"—but has not described them. *Cœlum non animum qui trans mare currunt.* We must conclude, however unchangeable may be our "animum," however changeable our "Cœlum," we cannot hope to describe successfully any soil, any autocthonous, but our own.

S. R. ELLIOTT.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"JAPANESE METAPHOR AND SIMILE."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of January 16 is a communication, under the above caption, from Mr. Frederick Ives Carpenter, who discusses Mr. Lafcadio Hearn's and Professor Chamberlain's statements concerning the use of simile, metaphor, personification, and allegory, among the Japanese. This is, in fact, a much mooted question, with the chances rather in favor of those two thorough students of "things Japanese." And yet Mr. Carpenter cites a number of illustrations to the contrary; and to these I beg to add a few, gathered in connection with the teaching of English in a government school in the interior of Japan.

"Time flies as swiftly as an arrow." "When we think about the things of the past, all are like dreams." "Of course, this fruit [the 'honor' of graduation] could not be obtained without the flower, our own diligence and energy." "When we consider our positions in a new society, we are like a ship in the broad, limitless ocean. We cannot move without a compass." "And, instead of arriving at our promised harbor, we shall strike against dreadful rocks and be broken into pieces, or we shall be destroyed by the raging waves." "But happily and fortunately we have received a compass with which we can move. What is that compass? It is the education which we received in school." "If we do not use the knowledge we have already received, we are only living book-boxes." "So the Empire is our parent." These sentences are all taken from a single graduating essay. A pupil of the same school once said to the foreign teacher: "You are my light and my ship to across the sea of English language."

The study of the etymology of Japanese words often reveals in the language fossil metaphors which are not uninteresting, but of which only a few examples at random may be cited here. The Japanese word for "mule" literally means "rabbit-horse"; an "animal" is only a "hairy thing"; the "Adam's apple" is a "throat-dumpling"; a "glove" is simply a "hand-bag"; a "porcupine" is a "pin-rat"; "cream" is the "milk's upper skin"; a "dentist" is, of course, a "tooth-doctor"; the "gums" are "teeth-roots"; "molasses" is "sugar-honey"; and "subjects" (in composition) are "seeds of speech."

And yet the contention of Messrs. Chamberlain, Hearn, Dening, and others, is in the main correct, at least from a comparative point of view. As a rule, the typical Japanese is very practical and matter-of-fact, as some of the fossil metaphors above cited show. He cares little for linguistic beauties, idealistic turns of expression, and metaphysical niceties. As a "born"

æsthete, he might be expected to enjoy the beauty of figurative language; but he is a lover of nature, of the real and the actual more than of the fanciful and the figurative.

Mr. Percival Lowell, in "The Soul of the Far East," has picturesquely followed out this same idea of the impersonality of Japanese thought as expressed in that language, in which inflectional or formational distinctions of gender and number and person are lacking. He asserts that "the idea of supposing sex where there is not even life is altogether too fanciful a notion for the Far Eastern mind." But he is compelled to admit some personification in the deifying of natural phenomena—the sun-goddess, the moon-god (dess?), the wind-god, the fire-god, the thunder-god, etc. He says, however, in respect to this: "Even such personification of natural forces, simple enough to be self-suggested, quickly disappeared."

And one thing at least is certain: that the Japanese, even though in his national childhood he deified the forces of nature, did not generally go so far with his spirit of fancy as, like the Greeks, to people the beautiful trees and flowers of his land with fairies. He admired, and admires, the beauties of nature just as they are; he loves a flower *as a flower*.

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more";

except that, as "nothing more" than a real flower, it was full of beauty.

ERNEST W. CLEMENT.

Chicago, Jan. 22, 1894.

THE "STAR SYSTEM" IN PERIODICALS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It was a very apt criticism, when a certain periodical was spoken of by one of our most respectable dailies, a few years ago, as "Mr. Blank's sensational monthly newspaper." It is the great fault of the "star system," discussed by a writer in THE DIAL of January 16, that it has supplanted a valuable type of literature with material which has its appropriate place (so much of it, I mean, as deserves any place at all) in the columns of the daily and weekly press. When the "star" is a Congressman or a Senator (the order here is intentional) the chances are that the "Congressional Record" and the morning papers will furnish us material from the same pen better in every respect than that which is secured by the "star" magazine editor. This could be demonstrated again and again by comparing speeches delivered in Congress during the past year with articles printed in prominent Reviews from the same men. A quarter's worth of postal-cards to Congressmen will secure more literature of that kind than a whole year's subscription to one of these magazines; and if American thoughtlessness did not once in a while get the better of American thrift, the people would resort to the cheaper source of supply.

Is it not within the range of possibilities that a really dignified Review, of the old-fashioned type and traditions, should be produced and maintained in the United States? Such periodicals as THE DIAL, "The Nation," and "The Critic" are doing an admirable work, which no one would be willing to see interfered with; but their field is entirely different from that in question, and if the latter should be occupied they would be helped, not hindered, in their task.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Johns Hopkins University, Jan. 26, 1894.

The New Books.

MASSACHUSETTS: AN OBJECT LESSON.*

Six years ago, Mr. Brooks Adams put forth a book entitled: "The Emancipation of Massachusetts," in which he took a very pessimistic view of his native State. We gave at the time an elaborate review of it in *THE DIAL* (Vol. VII., p. 263). It was a book of large pretensions, of swaggering assertions, and of very little historical merit. The most striking incident concerning it was the fact that it was written by the youngest scion of a family which had been identified for many generations with the proudest annals of Massachusetts and of the Nation, and had furnished two Presidents of the United States. There were callow and dudish symptoms in the style and treatment which almost disarmed criticism, and inspired the hope that the young man, as he matured, would recover the ancestral spirit and gripe, and see much to respect and venerate in the history of his native State, as his ancestors had done.

In the review named, we spoke, by way of contrast, of the writings of those ancestors which were commendatory of Massachusetts, and of some excellent contributions by the author's elder brother, Mr. Charles Francis Adams. We are now sorry to say that this elder brother has just put forth a book on Massachusetts written in the same pessimistic spirit—but not with the same feebleness and empty assertion—as the one already noticed. It has bright and epigrammatic clauses, plausible half-truths, and stinging libels, which may be quoted with effect. It is an armory from which the bitter enemies of Massachusetts and of the Puritan fathers may draw the poisoned arrows they need. And this war-material is furnished by a son of Massachusetts!

It was said of John Adams, more than a century ago: "If any one predicts what Mr. Adams will do, it is certain that Mr. Adams will do something else." This uncertainty as to "what Mr. Adams will do" is a family characteristic, and honestly survives in the present generation. In drawing party lines, the Adamses were always the unclassified element; for when it was least expected, they jumped their party traces.

"An Object Lesson" is the best part of

* *MASSACHUSETTS: Its Historians and Its History. An Object Lesson.* By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the title of Mr. Charles Francis Adams's book, for it shows what an able man and a vigorous writer, who has strong theological prejudices, with some personal and family idiosyncrasies, can do, if he tries, in writing about his native State, the foundations of which were laid by his own ancestors. The work is anything but eulogistic; and, with a few exceptional instances of just and impartial treatment, is capacious, narrow, bitter in spirit, and defamatory. It evidently was hastily thrown together, made up of old material, and shows slight information on the obscure points of Massachusetts history. Of the historians of the State whom he promised to write about, he says little besides frequently characterizing them as "filio-pietistic writers." Dr. Palfrey is the only one he names, and he seems to have for the amiable Doctor a special spite. His own father and grandfather and great-grandfather were writers of Massachusetts history. Would he regard them as "filio-pietistic, perverting the facts and distorting the record"?

By his over-worked expression, "filio-pietism," he means "filial piety" or "veneration for one's ancestors." The compound word is doubtless his own invention; for it is bad in construction and in signification, and is not in literature nor the dictionaries. "Pietism" and "pietistic" are English words, and do not have the meaning he assigns to them. They are derived from and used only in reference to the "Pietists," a sect in Germany noted for strong religious feeling rather than intellectual orthodoxy. Nevertheless, with the meaning of "respect for one's ancestors," our author uses them as terms of reproach; whereas such respect is not only a natural and laudable sentiment, but in oriental countries is regarded as one of the highest virtues, and akin to religion. The literary reputation of Mr. Adams would be improved if his writings showed some symptoms of this quality.

John Quincy Adams, our present author's grandfather, in a historical address delivered in 1843, said:

"The primary cause of the various settlements in New England was religion. It was not the search for gold, nor the pursuit of wealth. It was the Christian religion purified and refined from its corruptions by the fires of persecution. With that religion was inseparably connected the code of Christian morals in its simplicity and purity—a code, above all others, resting upon the fundamental principle of the natural equality of mankind."

The purpose for which New England was settled is thus stated in the preamble of the

compact of union made by the Commissioners of the four Colonies, in 1643 :

"Whereas, we all came into these parts of America with one and the same end and aim, namely: to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to enjoy the liberties of the Gospel in purity and peace; and whereas," etc.

The grand charge which the grandson brings against the founders of Massachusetts and their descendants is, that they had too much religion, and had the worst kind of religion. They were Calvinists, and believed in eternal punishment and hell-fire. Theirs, he says, was "a religious practice or creed which has now become abhorrent, and is recognized as morbid. The simple fact is that the Calvinistic, orthodox tenets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries constituted nothing more nor less than an outrage on human nature." Such a statement, by an alleged historian of the nineteenth century, would be comical, if it had not been written in sober earnest, and was not "An Object Lesson" of the *odium theologicum* of a narrow and illiberal clique of historical writers which flourishes in our day. Mr. Adams later shows what sort of religion the forefathers ought to have had. The misfortune is that they did not find such religion in the New Testament, and it had not then been invented.

"The struggle for equality of man before the law, on the one hand," says Mr. Adams, "and freedom of conscience [or full religious toleration, as he elsewhere terms it], on the other, constitutes the theme of modern history. I propose to study them in our Massachusetts history." Like his theology, his definition of the scope of history is very narrow. That of John Quincy Adams was much broader: "History is the record of the transactions of human beings associated in communities." The doctrine of the equality of man was the offspring of Puritanism. That the peasant, in his rights before the law, was equal to the priest and the nobleman, was in the seventeenth century a new and strange theory, and contrary to the traditions and social habits of the English people. The peasant was the last to comprehend the fact; but it was doctrine of the English Commonwealth. On the Restoration of Charles II. the old social inequality came back, and it survives in England to this day. The good seed of equality had been planted in the Massachusetts Colony, and there found a congenial soil and rich fruitage. Mr. Adams says:

"So far as equality before the law — personal civil liberty — is concerned, the record of no community seems to me more creditable, more consistent, than that of Mas-

sachusetts. No other portion of the world was then ready to accept so startling a paradox. From the days of the settlement, through the revolution, down to the fall of slavery, in the principles of civil liberty and human rights, Massachusetts has always been in the front."

The views of Mr. Adams on this point are historically just and well expressed. "As respects religious toleration," he says, "it has been of a character wholly different." He means that the colonists did not allow interlopers and ranting sects to come in and break up their temporal and spiritual paradise. This is true, and it was a policy that needs no apology and scarcely an explanation. Self-defense is an instinct of human nature; and unless the colonists had shut out the swarm of ranting and abusive religious sects which were ready to pounce upon them with the plea of religious toleration, the Colony would have been blotted out in less than five years. The planters were making a settlement for themselves, where they might enjoy civil and religious freedom in peace and quietude. They knew, by the outrages committed by the anarchistic sects that had ravaged Germany and the Netherlands for nearly a century, and by experience with the new crop of fanatics that were then disturbing England, what the specious plea of religious toleration meant. The term "toleration" the colonists hated; and the sects that used it they dreaded.

The Anabaptist disturbance began in Germany soon after the Reformation under Luther was in progress. It grew out of a controversy whether or not infants should be baptized, and whether or not persons baptized in infancy should be re-baptized when they joined their new sects. The original subject in dispute was soon lost sight of in the *mêlée* that followed; but it gave a name to the wretched fanaticism. The sects that sprang up were very numerous, — such as Antinomians, Familists, Dippers, Waterlanders, etc. They opposed alike the Reformation and the Catholic Church, demanded full religious toleration, and persecuted everybody else with fire and sword. Their headquarters were at Münster, in Westphalia, which they captured, and crowned John (a tailor) of Leyden as King of New Zion. They practiced polygamy; and every excess of cruelty and immorality abounded. Conservative parties and the civil government organized against them. Their leaders were captured, tortured to death with red-hot pincers, and hung up in iron cages as a warning to that sort of people. Their operations had extended to Switzerland and

the Netherlands, and filled the minds of Englishmen with horror and apprehension.

When Massachusetts was settled, England was filled with malignant, whimsical, heady, and fantastic sects, all holding to religious toleration. Their purpose and practice were to make all the disturbance they could; and they were ready to go to the ends of the earth to do it. To America they looked as a rich field for their pestering energies. Some professed to be inspired, and to have special revelations from heaven. Their conduct in England was abusive and disorderly; they were arrested by the police, and filled the prisons and guard-rooms. They assailed churches, disturbed religious assemblies, fought other sects, and, claiming full toleration, made themselves general nuisances. The Quakers — now the mildest and most inoffensive of people — were one of these disorderly sects. George Fox, their founder, spent most of his life in prison as a disturber of the peace, and for offenses which in Chicago today would send him to the Bridewell. A full catalogue and description of these sects and their principles may be read in the following contemporary publications:

Heresiography; or a Description of the Heretics and Sectaries sprung up in these latter times, etc. By Ephraim Pagit. London, 1645.

Gangræna; or a Catalogue and Discovery of many of the Errors, Heresies, Blasphemies, and pernicious practices of the Sectaries of this time vented and acted in England in the four last years, etc. By Thomas Edwards. London, 1646.

The Dippers Dipt; or the Anabaptists Duck't and Plung'd over Head and Ears, etc. By Daniel Featley. London, 1647.

These were the sort of advocates of religious toleration whom the founders of Massachusetts Colony feared, and intended to keep out; and their charter from the Crown was so drafted as to give them the right —

“At all times hereafter, for their special defense and safety, to encounter, expulse, and resist, by force of arms, as well by sea as by land, and by all fitting ways and means whatsoever, all such person or persons as shall at any time hereafter attempt or enterprise the destruction, invasion, detriment, or annoyance of the said plantation, or inhabitants thereof.”

Their Charter, also, gave them in fee-simple the land within the bounds described; namely, from three miles south of the Charles river to three miles north of the Merrimack river, and east and west from ocean to ocean. This land was not sold, but was allotted to towns and distributed as a gift to their own people. Strangers were not allowed a residence, and much less citizenship. The colonists were legally a

close corporation—as much so as a modern land company,—having the right to exclude persons whom they deemed undesirable as settlers, and to “expulse” those who gave them trouble. They put this right into operation as soon as they landed; and during the first year they sent back to England fourteen interlopers and persons immoral or troublesome. During the first ten years they banished twenty such persons, which served as a warning to a multitude of malignant sectaries who would have come uninvited. As it was, they were pestered almost beyond endurance by straggling fanatics who came in defiance of law and the rights of the colonists. What an idiotic policy it had been if they had proclaimed Toleration to all comers, as Mr. Adams thinks they should have done! Fortunately, the founders of the Massachusetts Colony were not idiots. The world was not ready for Toleration. The different religious sects, as a rule, then quarrelled and persecuted each other as if by instinct.

When the forefathers talked and wrote so earnestly about the blessings of religious liberty, they had in mind no abstract principle of general application; for such an application was then impossible. They meant liberty for *themselves* — the undisturbed opportunity of enjoying the rights of their own consciences,—immunity from the errors, formalism, and persecution of the English churches,—and escape from the annoyances of the pestering sects that abounded in England.

It is an old and stale charge, made by malignant enemies of the Puritans — of whom Mr. Adams appears to be one — that the founders of Massachusetts were theorists, and came over to establish universal religious liberty—which the said malignants define as general religious Toleration; and, because it was not done, they heap upon the fathers every term of reproach, and Mr. Adams styles those who have read and made history aright, “filio-pietistic writers who have recourse to every form of sophistry to palliate or excuse this action.” To the candid student of the early annals, nothing can be more obvious than the original opinions and intentions of the first settlers, and that they detested no expression more than the word “Toleration.” Their first Synod of 1637, and the banishment of Anne Hutchinson, with John Wheelwright and their associates the same year, brought out the fact, with startling significance, that the Massachusetts Colony was no place for religious cranks. Nathaniel Ward, in his “Simple Cobler of Aggawam,” 1647,

said: "My heart hath naturally detested tolerations of divers religions"; and yet he was the man who six years before had written the "Body of Liberties of the Massachusetts Colonie" (1641), the noble preamble of which has the ring of the Declaration of Independence, 1776:

"The free fruition of such liberties, immunities, and privileges as humanity, civility, and Christianity call for, as due to every man in his place and proportion, without impeachment and infringement, hath ever been, and will ever be, the tranquility and stability of Churches and Commonwealths; and the denial or deprival thereof, the disturbance, if not the ruin, of both."

Samuel Willard, in 1661, said:

"I perceive they [the Quakers] are mistaken in the design of our first planters, whose business was not Toleration, but were professed enemies of it. Their business was to settle and secure religion to posterity according to that way which they believed was of God."

Mr. Adams cannot see how the record of Massachusetts differs from that of Spain under Philip II., of France under Louis XIV., and of England under the Stuarts. This is too simple a problem to resolve for his benefit at this time. He says "a theological glacier settled down upon Massachusetts in 1637 which lasted for nearly a century and a half; and generations grew up under the benumbing influence of provincial life and teaching." "Glacier," "ice-period," and "benumbing" are the favorite and most frequent metaphors in the book. For a people under such frigid and benumbed conditions, they were always vigilant, and at times unusually lively. In 1643 they formed a union, for the purposes of defense, with the other three New England Colonies. By wise diplomacy and prudent delay, in 1664 they defeated the schemes of the four royal commissioners sent over to bring away their charter. They were not asleep nor hibernating when, about that time, the Quakers came over to persecute them; but, on the other hand, they made it quite lively for the Quakers. They carried on and finished up King Philip's War in 1675, like good soldiers, and the Indians never discovered they were benumbed. By sea they made an expedition against Port Royal in 1690, at their own expense; and by a siege, in 1745, captured Louisburg from the French. In the long French and Indian War which ended in the capture of Canada, they bore a conspicuous part. In the "Great Awakening," or religious revival, of 1740, Mr. Adams thinks they displayed too much energy.

How much Toleration was there in Virginia during that century and a half? Hening's Virginia Statutes at Large will give the infor-

mation. The penalty for absence from the English Established Church—and no other preaching was allowed—on a Sunday was a pound of tobacco; and for a month's absence fifty pounds. In England the fine for not attending church was 12d., and for keeping a servant who did not go to church for a month, £10. Were people in the other American colonies happier and more intelligent than in Massachusetts?

The Rhode Island Colony had Toleration, and were its people benefited thereby? Mr. Adams thinks they had too much of this blessing, for it brought them misery, and that continually. He says:

"Anything taken in excess acts as a poison; no matter how good or healthful it may be in itself and in proper quantities. Rhode Island went through this experience in its early days. It was the dumping-ground for the surplus intellectual activity of New England. The born agitator, the controversialist, the generally otherwise-minded,—every type of thinker, whether crude and half-crazy like Samuel Gorton, or only advanced like Roger Williams, there found refuge."

This is a fair description of the sort of people which the Massachusetts founders tried to keep out; and Mr. Adams, while he blames them for so doing, does not hesitate to give the result of the Rhode Island experiment, although it is fatal to his theory:

"Thus what was a good and most necessary element in the economy of nature and the progress of human development, was in excess in Rhode Island; and the natural result followed,—a disordered community. It could not have been otherwise; it was inevitable. Massachusetts rejected and expelled whatever it did not [and could not] assimilate; and so did Spain. They had always before their eyes an object lesson of the most unfortunate character in the Colony of Rhode Island,—an object lesson which was made to do active service with the Massachusetts theologians then, as it has with its historians since."

Why, pray, should not the confessed failure of Toleration in Rhode Island—the only experiment which was tried—be used by historians as an "object lesson"? Cotton Mather said in his "Magnalia": "If a man had lost his religion, he might find it in the general muster of religious opinions in Rhode Island."

Jonathan Edwards Mr. Adams regards as "a curiosity, a vast glacial boulder, the legitimate outcome of orthodoxy, with a powerful and acute intellect,—a man of pure life and gentle, kindly nature. His God was a horrible fetic, a demon of injustice, vengeance, and wrath, and a cruelty of disposition at once infinite and insatiable. And this frightful nightmare, this access of morbid superstition, he deduced logically from the Scriptures." He gives extended extracts from the sermons of Edwards

on the punishment of the wicked, in order to show that the above portrayal of the man and his doctrines is not exaggerated. Only one phase, however, of the preaching of Edwards is shown in these extracts. It is the evident intention of Mr. Adams to convey the impression that such preaching was peculiar to New England; whereas in Europe it was common in the Catholic and Protestant churches of that time. If his theological reading had been wider, he would have found abundant instances of similar and even more lurid rhetoric, in the sermons of English and Continental preachers. Here is the title of a sermon by John Bunyan, "the sweet dreamer of Bedford jail," published in London in 1675, and treating the subject in his plain and realistic style: "Sighs from Hell; or, Groans of a Damned Soul."

Mr. Adams touches very lightly on the witchcraft craze of 1692; and he falls into the mistakes of Mr. Lecky, who asserts that it "was simply the natural result of Puritanical teaching," and that "during the period of the Commonwealth, probably more alleged witches perished in England than in the whole period before and after." Both writers ought to have known that myriads of victims of the superstition perished before Puritanism was heard of, and that the delusion raged more fearfully in Catholic than in Protestant countries,—30,000 persons having been burned in the British islands, 75,000 in France, 100,000 in Germany, and untold numbers in Spain and southern Europe. Of those executed in England, probably not one-thirtieth part of them perished during the Commonwealth. The statistics and shocking details of witch executions in England have not been written up, and have never commended themselves as a subject of thorough historical investigation to an English antiquary. An Englishman prefers to talk about New-England witchcraft, of which much is matter of court record. The penal statutes against witchcraft enacted by James I. were not repealed until 1736. The whole number who suffered in New England was only thirty-two; and English churchmen and American "liberals" still presume to taunt the Puritans of New England with being excessively superstitious for men of their time.

The mild penal code existing in early Massachusetts, by the side of what Mr. Adams calls "a most sulphurous theological creed," he regards as an historical anomaly. In the first code of Massachusetts laws, the "Body of Liberties," 1641, there were only twelve capi-

tal offenses named. When Sir William Blackstone was delivering his law lectures at Oxford, 115 years later, there were 160 capital offenses on the English statute books. A statute in the twenty-second year of Henry VIII. provided that criminals convicted of murder should be boiled to death, and many victims suffered the penalty.

Other anomalies puzzle Mr. Adams and plead for explanation,—that a people so priest-ridden, so benumbed and under a "glacial mass of superstition and terrorism" should have made the model Constitution of 1780, "which," he says, "first fixed on philosophical principles the lines and limitations of what is known as the American Constitution, and pioneered the way for the Federal Constitution of 1787,"—that its ministers preached rigid conformity in religion and stubborn independence in politics,—that secular education and general intelligence were so fondly and persistently cherished,—that from the earliest times the ministers and churches had been a part of the governmental machinery,—and "that, in time, the intellect of Massachusetts, schooled by self-government, *did* work itself out from under the incubus of superstition, prejudice, and narrow conformity imposed upon it by the first generation of magistrates and ministers."

Mr. Adams discovers a solution of these anomalies, and ascribes the salvation of Massachusetts to *politics*. Assuming that the glacial period extended to February, 1761, when the revolutionary struggle over the Writs of Assistance began, he asserts that politics from that date overshadowed their religious life, and the people emerged from their long benumbed and frigid condition.

In arriving at this sapient conclusion, Mr. Adams is unmindful of the fact that the Massachusetts colonists were politicians from the start, and never lost sight of their civil state and its stability as a government. Religion was a part of their politics, and politics a large part of their religion. Under the Stuarts they were in constant danger of losing their charter, and their perpetual controversies with the Crown gave them a training in diplomacy, and a familiarity with legal precedents and the rights of Englishmen better even than the Prime Minister possessed. Hence they were the most acute diplomatists and politicians of their time. Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams were banished more for their bad politics than for their bad religion. The former was a disturber of social order, and the latter challenged the validity of

the Colony charter. The Quakers were a grievous nuisance when they disturbed religious meetings, broke glass bottles over ministers' heads as a sign of emptiness, and when their maidens appeared in church clothed in sack-cloth and ran through the streets without clothing of any sort. All this might have been endured; but when they shook their fists in the faces of the magistrates, and shouted in defiant tones, "Thou hast no government; thy charter is not worth the skin on which it is written; no, we will not go back to Rhode Island; we came here to die; thou darst not hang us,"—short work was made of those four Quakers. Of the many instances where the colonists have been blamed for using severe measures, there was probably not one in which politics did not furnish a stronger motive for such treatment than religion. With more historical accuracy Mr. Adams might have said that his forefathers had too much politics. His theory that politics resolved a glacial period of a century and a half seems to need confirmation; and proof is also needed that such a glacial period ever existed.

The advent of Unitarianism shares with politics the honor, in Mr. Adams's mind, of having saved Massachusetts. It came rather late; for if Massachusetts has been saved, it was saved before May 5, 1819, when William Ellery Channing preached the sermon at the ordination of Jared Sparks at Baltimore. In the summer (June and August) of 1837 Unitarianism "flowered," he says, when Theodore Parker was ordained a minister at West Roxbury, and Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge. Mr. Adams regards these as very important dates. They have not been so considered by modern historical writers of Massachusetts, who were all Unitarians, — Palfrey, Peabody, Bancroft, Quincy, Savage, Upham, Deane, Ellis, and Eliot,—and no one of them ever suggested that Massachusetts needed salvation. The theory that she had fallen from grace, and needed to be brought out of the miry clay by politics and Unitarianism, is an original conception of Mr. Adams.

The just and appreciative treatment of Increase and Cotton Mather is a creditable and surprising feature of the book. It is surprising, because it has been the fashion of "liberal" writers to speak of them and their writings in disparaging and abusive terms. This tirade of malignity began in 1825 when James Savage edited Winthrop's Journal; and was kept up, one writer copying another, for nearly

fifty years. Cotton Mather's biographer, Mr. Peabody, wrote in 1840: "The 'Magnalia' has fallen into disrepute with those who read for instruction. Its value is not to be estimated by its usefulness, but by the more doubtful standard of oddity and age. His works now sleep in repose where even the antiquary seldom disturbs them."

Mr. Adams, on the other hand, regards the "Magnalia" as one of the pinnacles of American literature; and to-day the writings of the Mathers are more sought for by collectors and libraries in this country and in Europe, and bring higher prices, than those of any other family which has lived in America.

Even so judicious and usually fair writer as Dr. Palfrey characterized, in 1846, the "Magnalia" as "a historical medley which is beneath criticism in any point of view." In 1869, the Doctor, in my presence, apologized for the use of the above expression as being unjust; "but," he said, "it was the fashion of the day when it was uttered." About twenty-five years ago the tide turned, and since then there have been writers who could speak well of the Mathers. No one has spoken for them more justly and effectively than Mr. Adams. He cites the conduct of the Mathers when inoculation for small-pox was introduced into Boston, in 1721, by Dr. Boylston, and the physicians opposed it on theological grounds as impiety and resisting the providence of God. He says:

"To the everlasting credit of Increase and Cotton Mather—one the President of Harvard College—they rose above the grovelling stage of superstition, and faced the storm of popular odium. The excitement was great, and Dr. Boylston bore witness to the fact that without the great moral support of the Mathers, he would have been obliged to succumb. As it was, an attempt was made on the life of Cotton Mather; while his father, then eighty-three years of age, closed his long life of literary activity by writing a pamphlet showing that inoculation against small-pox was not only scientific, but had been blessed of God."

On the literary merit of their writings, Mr. Adams says:

"From Cotton Mather to Nathaniel Hawthorne is a long stride; but there is no immediate stepping-stone. The 'Magnalia' was published in 1702, and 'Twice-Told Tales' in 1837—the one a boulder, the other a flower—and between them is—nothing! This Hawthorne himself recognized; and to the 'Magnalia' he instinctively went back as to a store-house of material. So did Longfellow; for, with the possible exception of Dr. Franklin's Autobiography, the intermediate 135 years of Massachusetts history left absolutely nothing to be classified as general literature which posterity has cared to preserve."

With the above sweeping statement as to the dearth of literature in Massachusetts from

1702 to 1837, I do not concur; but I have not space here to discuss the question. To the "Magnalia," however, and its author are assigned a position in American literature to which they are justly entitled. The other four hundred printed books of Cotton Mather, and the vast collection of his manuscripts, will some day be explored and give up material as quaint and interesting as that found in the "Magnalia."

W. F. POOLE.

CROSSING THE CONTINENT.*

The most influential as well as the most picturesque factor in American history has been the steady march of civilization across the continent. Columbus opened the way for the process, and it has been going on ever since. But in a bulletin of the Superintendent of the Census for 1890—a century after the taking of the first census, four centuries after the discovery of the continent—occurs this significant announcement: "Up to and including 1880, the country had a frontier of settlement; but at present the unsettled area has been so broken into by isolated bodies of settlement that there can hardly be said to be a frontier line." This marks the close of the first period of American history, and inaugurates a new era. The continent is crossed by settlement.

It is peculiarly appropriate that there should have been given to the world at this time a reprint, in elaborate and sumptuous form, of the history of the Lewis and Clark expedition to the sources of the Missouri, across the Rocky Mountains, and down the Columbia to the Pacific, in the years 1804–6. The expedition was the first to cross the continent within the limits of the United States. It was connected with some of the most influential processes in American history. Jefferson, who gave to us the Ordinance of 1784, and with whose name the purchase of the Louisiana territory is associa-

ted, was its projector. It grew out of plans for the advancement of the fur trade. The fur trader had, from the days of Champlain and La Salle, been the path-finder for civilization. In 1786, while the Annapolis Convention was discussing the navigation of the Potomac, Jefferson wrote to Washington, from Paris, inquiring about the best place for a canal between the Ohio and the Great Lakes. This was in promotion of a project of Ledyard, a Connecticut Yankee, who was then in Paris endeavoring to interest a wealthy business house there in the fur trade of the far West. So great an interest did Jefferson take in the plan that he secured from the house a promise that, if it undertook the scheme, the depot of supply should be at Alexandria, Virginia. After the failure of the negotiations of Ledyard, Jefferson proposed to him to cross Russia and take ship to Nootka Sound, and thence return to the Atlantic coast by way of the Missouri. The plan fell through, and Ledyard died while exploring the Nile; but the project suggested the Lewis and Clark expedition. This expedition was instructed to investigate the possibilities of the fur traffic and the feasibility of a trans-continental trading route. But before this expedition was planned, Jefferson had proposed to the American Philosophical Society that a subscription should be raised to enable Captain Lewis (afterwards Jefferson's private secretary) to cross the continent with a single companion. The person selected was André Michaux, a French botanist. The expedition failed because of the recall of Michaux by the French minister. Dr. Coues suspects that this was due to Jefferson's suspicions that the botanist was a spy in the secret service of the French government. If the editor had consulted the Clark Manuscripts, in the Library of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, he would have been able to state from Michaux's own letters that he was actually intriguing, on behalf of Genet, with General George Rogers Clark, the conqueror of the Illinois country, who desired to expatriate himself, and who accepted a French commission to conquer the mouth of the Mississippi from Spain. Dr. Coues makes no effort to untangle the web of conspiracy that was spread over the West at this time; but surely it is a striking fact that William Clark, one of the leaders of the expedition whose history Dr. Coues edits, was brother of the man whose intrigues with Michaux aroused Jefferson's suspicions, and frustrated this earlier project.

The personnel of the expedition is of fur-

* HISTORY OF THE EXPEDITION UNDER THE COMMAND OF LEWIS AND CLARK to the sources of the Missouri River, thence across the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to the Pacific Ocean, performed during the years 1804–5–6, by order of the Government of the United States. A new edition, faithfully reprinted from the only authorized edition of 1814, with copious critical commentary, prepared upon examination of unpublished official archives, and many other sources of information, including a diligent study of the original manuscript journals and field notes of the explorers, together with a new biographical and bibliographical introduction, new maps, and other illustrations, and a complete index. By Elliott Coues, late Captain and Assistant Surgeon United States Army, late Secretary and Naturalist United States Geological Survey, Member of the National Academy of Sciences, etc. In 4 vols. New York: Francis P. Harper.

ther interest, since its epitomizes the factors of Western advance. In the crossing of the continent the buffalo's trail followed the easiest lines of advance, the Indian followed the buffalo, the trapper and fur trader followed the Indian, and the backwoods farmers and cattle-raisers followed the trapper. Through Cumberland Gap in the Alleghenies, and through South Pass in the Rockies, went the same procession. Now, when Lewis and Clark took their party to the Pacific they took with them an Indian woman, a captive from the Rocky Mountains, whose services as guide and interpreter form one of the most picturesque elements of the story; they took French voyageurs, or water-men, descendants of that lively adventurous throng whose canoeing songs had echoed along the forest-girt shores of the Great Lakes in the days of the old *régime*; there were also backwoodsmen, with William Clark at their head—a man of the hardy stock that had won Kentucky and ousted the British from the Illinois country, and who had himself fought with Wayne in the campaign that gave the farmer the Northwest. Tidewater Virginia was personified in Captain Lewis; and among the party were Yankees from New Hampshire and Vermont. Representatives of the Middle States were also there. Thus there marched in this company the elements that opened the West, and with them were representatives of those sections that struggled for dominance there; while in the person of York, Captain Lewis's negro, there passed through Missouri, and on to Oregon, the herald of many woes—the prototype of Dred Scott. As the expedition ascended the Missouri it passed La Charette creek, the Missouri home of Daniel Boone; and Clark's map of 1814 notes Boone's Salt Works. Thus the mind runs back to the history of this famous frontiersman, who in the first half of the eighteenth century followed the traders from his Pennsylvania home along the Great Valley to the Yadkin in North Carolina; next, led by traders' reports, crossed the Alleghenies and became the pioneer of Kentucky, and from there had gone to Missouri. His son was one of the earliest trappers of the Rocky Mountain passes, and camped on the site of Denver when it was a wilderness; Kit Carson's mother was a Boone. In how few names can the history of the crossing of the continent be written! When Clark returned to Saint Louis, one of his first letters, describing the passes he had discovered, was to his brother George Rogers, conqueror of the Illinois country and intriguer

with France for the Mississippi Valley. Perhaps we cannot ask Dr. Coues to elucidate the broader historical phases of the expedition, but he should have reprinted this letter, so dramatic in its bearings and so admirable in its *résumé* of the expedition. It is to be regretted that the Doctor occasionally indulges himself in such remarkable lucubrations as this comment on the fact that the explorers named two streams "Wisdom" and "Philanthropy" respectively, in commemoration of Jefferson's character:

"To complete this system of geographical ethics, they should have discontinued the name of Jefferson for the main stream, and called this *Paine* river, whose main forks should have been *Religion* and *Common Sense*; for Thomas Paine's soul flowed into Jefferson's, bearing a precious quality of spiritual reasonableness, which informed and filled the mind of the greatest statesman America ever produced. What we owe to Jefferson is history—what Jefferson owed to Paine is the very mystery of godlikeness. It is well to keep the reputed paternity of our country before the common people by the name of Washington, and uphold William Tell among the simple Swiss; but Washington's intellect shrinks out of sight before Jefferson's, and Jefferson's dwarfs in comparison with Paine's. Washington whipped some average British soldiery; Jefferson was more than a match for Napoleon Bonaparte; he gave us more than half our country with a stroke of his pen, without spilling a drop of blood; and the whole of our country has grown up on principles enunciated from the French jail where Thomas Paine lay languishing, dreaming dreams that we have awakened to realize."

Nevertheless, it must be said that Dr. Coues has the devotion of an enthusiast, that he satisfies all the requirements of a careful bibliographer and a sympathetic and well qualified editor of the geographical and natural history material of the volumes, and that he has given minute and apparently careful study to the manuscript journals which have fallen into his hands. The editorial notes, which quote the original words of the explorers, from which Biddle wrote the narrative here reprinted, afford us glimpses of what Dr. Coues calls "an unexampled curiosity in literature." It is certainly to be hoped that Dr. Coues will at some day reprint the original text of the explorers, and that he will make use of the William Clark papers in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. This will enable him to cast additional light on one of the two explorers. He has already made a good beginning in his memoirs of Lewis and Clark which introduce the volumes.

The narrative itself contains exciting incidents and "hair-breadth 'scapes." The turbulence of their river highway, the sudden

floods, the grizzlies, and the Indians, were often likely to have brought the leaders to an untimely end. Aside from the picturesque incidents, and the information of value to the geographer and naturalist, the volumes contain pictures of the Indian life of the farthest West that are of value to the student of ethnology and primitive institutions. The travellers were experts in Indian management and in knowledge of Indian character, and they occupied their winter waits by writing descriptions of the tribes they met. It is noteworthy, however, that even in the remotest wilds they met no Indians unmodified by acquaintance with Europeans. As early as the beginning of this century, it was too late to study Indian life in its unmodified form. Nevertheless these chapters are among the permanently valuable features of the work. **FREDERICK J. TURNER.**

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

It has been whispered of late by several, and once or twice boldly proclaimed, that a new English Poet has arisen in the person of Mr. Francis Thompson.

* POEMS. By Francis Thompson. Boston: Copeland & Day.

THE HUMOURS OF THE COURT, and Other Poems. By Robert Bridges. New York: Macmillan & Co.

IN DREAMLAND, and Other Poems. By Thomas O'Hagan. Toronto: The Williamson Book Co.

LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRÉ. A Book of Lyrics. By Bliss Carman. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

BEHIND THE VELL. A Poem. By James De Mille. Halifax: T. C. Allen & Co.

WAYSIDE MUSIC. Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets. By Charles H. Crandall. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN VARIOUS MOODS. By M. A. B. Evans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SEEKER IN THE MARSHES, and Other Poems. By Daniel L. Dawson. Philadelphia: Rees, Walsh & Co.

POEMS. By Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE DIVINE COMEDY OF DANTE ALIGHIERI. Translated into English Verse by Thomas William Parsons. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ITALIAN LYRISTS OF TO-DAY. Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices, by G. A. Greene. New York: Macmillan & Co.

BAY LEAVES. Translations from the Latin Poets. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: Macmillan & Co.

SPECIMENS OF GREEK TRAGEDY. Translated by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE FIRST PART OF GOETHE'S FAUST. Translated by Anna Swanwick. Revised edition. New York: Macmillan & Co.

TANAGRA. An Idyl of Greece. By Gottfried Kinkel. Translated by Frances Hellman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

OLD WORLD LYRICS. A Little Book of Translations. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

SONGS OF ADEU. A Little Book of Finale and Farewell. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Cambridge edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

son. Such proclamations have not been uncommon during the past ten years, and the series of New Poets thus heralded, from the late James Thompson to Mr. William Watson, has included a number of names. In almost all the cases, however, these poets have shared the fate of the *novæ* known to astronomers, and their fame has been hardly more than that conferred by the admiration of a coterie. We should, indeed, hesitate to admit that a New Poet, in the serious sense of that term, has arisen among men of English speech since Rossetti, in 1870, published the contents of that famous disinterred manuscript. That the performance of Mr. Francis Thompson, whose poems are now somewhat sumptuously put forth, is of such a character as to lift its author above the minor poets that swarm in our day and generation we see no reason to allow. In the first place, it exhibits a perversity of manner that equals Browning and Mr. George Meredith at their worst, and that sometimes recalls the more extravagant imaginings of Blake. It is full of puzzles, and it evidently selects words (such as *trepidant*, *purpurate*, and *thurifer*) for their mere oddity. This alone would be an obstacle in the way of general acceptance. But this is not all, for the work is weighted with false rhymes (*stir* and *hair*, *able* and *babble*), bad grammar ("must have took," "my hand hath shook"), and cacophonies, of which

"In statelier state thou us'dst to go"

is one example out of many. We quote a characteristic stanza:

"Dream-dispensing face of hers!
Ivory port which loosed upon me
Wings, I wist,
Whose amethyst
Trepidations have forgone me,—
Hesper's filmy traffickers."

This sort of thing is ingenious, but, when its slight meaning has been worked out by the intellect, the heart remains untouched. It is the sort of thing that Mr. George Meredith has been doing, in both verse and prose, for many years. But we may say *per contra* that Mr. Thompson, like Mr. Meredith, has lapses into a more natural manner. He can even, upon occasion, sing as simple and sweet a song as "Daisy," from which we must do him the justice to quote:

"Oh, there were flowers in Storrington
On the turf and on the spray;
But the sweetest flower on Sussex hills
Was the Daisy-flower that day.

"Her beauty smoothed earth's furrowed face!
She gave me tokens three:—
A look, a word of her winsome mouth,
And a wild raspberry.

"A berry red, a guileless look,
A still word,—strings of sand!
And yet they made my wild, wild heart
Fly down to her little hand.

"For standing artless as the air,
And candid as the skies,
She took the berries with her hand,
And the love with her sweet eyes."

To do Mr. Thompson entire justice, we must also make an extract from "A Fallen Yew," a poem in which his imaginative powers are at their best, yet wherein expression does not go far beyond what is legitimate.

"It seemed corral of the world's great prime,
Made to un-edge the scythe of Time,
And last with stateliest rhyme.

"No tender Dryad ever did indue
That rigid chiton of rough yew,
To fret her white flesh through :

"But some god like to those grim Asgard lords,
Who walk the fables of the hordes
From Scandinavian fjords,

"Upheaved its stubborn girth, and raised unripen,
Against the whirl-blast and the levin,
Defiant arms to Heaven.

"When doom puffed out the stars, we might have said,
It would decline its heavy head,
And see the world to bed."

If these two latter extracts were representative, rather than exceptional, it might almost be said of their author that he had in him the making of a New Poet.

A lyrical utterance finer and truer than may be detected in Mr. Thompson's verse inspires the sheaf of songs just given to the public by Mr. Robert Bridges. His exquisite song of "Nightingales" has caught something of the music of the greater poets.

"Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song :

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long !

"Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,

A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

"Alone aloud in the raptured ears of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream while the innumerable choirs of day
Welcome the dawn."

This is not quite the careless rapture of the Elizabethans, although others among the songs of Mr. Bridges have nearly caught that. And "The Humours of the Court," the play that fills the greater part of his volume, is curiously Elizabethan both in spirit and treatment. What memories of Fletcher or of Massinger are evoked by such a passage as this :

"Oh, I could sit
And sigh beneath that window all the night ;
Is there not wondrous softness in the thought,
That she one loves is sleeping ? "

Mr. Bridges has based his play upon Calderon's "El Secreto á Voces," and pieced it out with a scene from Lope. But the process has been transmutation, not translation.

With increasing frequency, of recent years, the

Canadian Muse has brought its quota of song to the collections of current verse that we have had occasion to pass under review. The group of volumes characterized in the present article has also its Canadian representatives, first among which we may mention "In Dreamland, and Other Poems," by Mr. Thomas O'Hagan. Mr. O'Hagan's allegiance, however, is not wholly given to the Dominion, for Ireland, as well as Canada, claims his tribute, and the sense of a divided duty is ever with him. So we find upon one page such lines as these :

"Dear native land, we are but one
From ocean unto ocean ;
'The sun that tints the Maple Leaf'
Smiles with a like devotion
On Stadacona's fortress height,
On Grand Pré's storied valley,
And that famed tide whose peaceful shore
Was rocked in battle sally,
My native land ! "

While on another is expressed the hope

"That Ireland, dear old Ireland,
Should evermore be free,
And her patriot sons in union
Drive the Saxon o'er the sea."

The effort to "weave in one garland the Maple and Shamrock" does not seem to result in a very satisfactory sort of patriotism. Nor does it result (which is more to our purpose) in verses that rise above a low level of the commonplace.

Mr. Bliss Carman, although a sojourner in "these States," must be reckoned with the interesting group of Canadian poets, and takes a high place among them. We have more than once had occasion to mention Mr. Carman's work, although his first collected volume is now put forth. The volume is not entirely representative of the writer for the reason thus stated by him : "It seemed better to bring together between the same covers only those pieces of work which happened to be in the same key, rather than to publish a larger book of more uncertain aim." This restraint was perhaps wise, although it makes us miss for the present certain pieces of more enduring value than any here published. The note of the present collection is lyrical, and the key is predominantly minor. From "The Vagabonds," one of the strongest of these poems, we may make a characteristic selection :

"In the beginning God made man
Out of the wandering dust, men say ;
And in the end his life shall be
A wandering wind and blown away.

"We are the vagabonds of time,
Willing to let the world go by,
With joy supreme, with heart sublime,
And valor in the kindling eye.

"We have forgotten where we slept,
And guess not where we sleep to-night,
Whether among the lonely hills
In the pale streamer's ghostly light

"We shall lie down and hear the frost
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,
Or somewhere on the iron coast
Learn the oblivion of the sea.

"It matters not. And yet I dream
Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere
Before this restless heart is stilled
And all its fancies blown to air.

"Had I my will! . . . The sun burns down
And something plucks my garment's hem;
The robins in their faded brown
Would lure me to the south with them.

"Tis time for vagabonds to make
The nearest inn. Far on I hear
The voices of the Northern hills
Gather the vagrants of the year."

These verses have a haunting quality from which there is no escape. They are also felicitous in their choice of epithet and musical in their verbal arrangement, which cannot be said of all Mr. Carman's pieces. A poem in some respects stronger and more finely imaginative than the one just mentioned is called "Pulvis et Umbra," yet it is not a little marred by words to which a forced employment is given. But the author has certainly caught the true poetic accent, although he stammers now and then in its use. When at his best, as the above extract shows, he speaks in his own tongue, and from the heart. His future work will be awaited with interest by all who concern themselves with the current development of pure literature.

"Behind the Veil" is a poem found among the manuscripts of the late James De Mille, and now given to the public by Professor Archibald Mac-mechan. It appears in rather sumptuous quarto form, with an etched portrait of the author. It tells us how the author, in a dream or trance, "saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonder"—not that should be, but that has been. In other words, the scroll of history was rolled back before his gaze. We quote one stanza as an example of the form and spirit of the poem.

"Golden gleams on fields of azure,
Worlds on worlds arose in Space,
Numbers more than thought or measure;

There each Sun careering onward held its planets in their place;
Flashed the meteor; flared the comet; speeding in its headlong race."

The work is a rhapsody upon a familiar plan, and of doubtful poetic value.

Mr. C. H. Crandall publishes a volume of "Way-side Music" that is notable for clear technique and reasonably successful accomplishment of modest aims. It is marred occasionally by commonplace phrases, by hackneyed rhythmical devices, and by strained expressions (such as "yachts of God" for clouds); but the general impression is pleasing. "The Golden Age" is a pretty lyric.

"My love and I laugh o'er the page
That tells the varied story
How love ran in the Golden Age—
We care not for its glory.

"Idly we read how earthly maids
Entangled Jove, the mighty,
Or how Adonis in the glades
Played with fair Aphrodite.

"Pan the sweet river-nymph may woo,
Pygmalion, Galatea;
Our love is just as sweet and true
As theirs by blue Ægea.

"Nor lacks it the enchanting power
That blends divine with human;
My love will change at any hour
To goddess or to woman!

"Thus love's eternal heritage
Illumes our modern portals.
Cupid and Psyche know not age,
And we, too, are immortals."

Mr. Crandall, it will be remembered, is the editor of an excellent selection of American sonnets, prefaced by a historical essay upon the sonnet; and it is consequently not surprising that the best of his work should be in that form of verse. Better, in our judgment, than "Waiting" and "Adelaide Neilson"—the two sonnets selected for his own collection—are "Woman," "Sleep's Conquest," "The New Year," and "Sunset on the Palisades." We quote the first of these four:

"Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep,
Thy lovely form since Eden's day doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more do we admire thy better part,
The spirit strong to smile when others weep;
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

"Thus, often weary ere the victory's won,
Tired with my task, my head I fain would lay
In some good lady's lap as did the Dane,
And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 't is but a play within a play,
The fleeting portion of an endless plan."

It is unfortunate that one defective rhyme should have crept into this otherwise admirable poem.

"In Various Moods" is a thin volume of *vers de société* with a tendency toward exotic metrical forms. Some of them are very pretty, a good example being the roundel "A Shower of Gold."

"A shower of gold? Let none declare
He would not try to catch and hold
Some part, if Fate with him would share
A shower of gold.

"Not like frail Danaë's of old,
But sunlight-clear, divinely fair,
A joy and glory to enfold.

"For sordid pelf he would not care,
Who had the fortune to behold
One glimpse of her (my lady's) hair,
A shower of gold."

We must not fail to quote a trifle called "At the Flower Show."

"Du bist wie eine Blume,"
I whispered in her ear.
Say, wilt thou grace my garden,
O maid, most sweet and dear?

"Full soft and low her answer:
'O reckless youth, beware!
Alas! I'm not an orchid;
I cannot live on air!'"

A sense of rhythm so faulty as to make many of the verses read like prose is the one noticeable defect of this volume.

A second edition has been published of the poems of Daniel Dawson, and the recent death of the writer makes a few words of characterization appropriate at this time. His verse is strained, artificial, over-sensuous, and pays tribute to strange gods; yet it has interludes of musical utterance that seize the attention, and imaginative passages that cause at least a momentary thrill. Over it all, however, is the trail of bohemianism, and its passion is more theatrical than real. The following stanza is from a piece in which, emulous of Browning, the writer discourses of Childe Roland and the Dark Tower:

"It peers somewhere between the pointed hills,
Builded of old by Merlin in the waste;
The giant there his fateful ward fulfills,
Until the chosen of the world shall haste,
Through wood and wold, o'er fell and field and fen,
To bide the battle for the sons of men."

There is much excellent stuff in Dawson's work, but it is crudely presented, and the light that falls upon it is garish.

A selection of the poems of the late Thomas William Parsons has recently been published, and is one of the most welcome books of the season. The original editions have long been out of print, and many of the poems have never before been published at all in the strict sense, or at least have made but a furtive previous appearance in the columns of newspapers or the pages of magazines. The new collection is far from complete, but it is representative, and includes most of the author's best work. We should say all, did we not look in vain for "Saint Peray," which should have been included in the scantiest of selections, and the translation of Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio" ode, which should have accompanied the "Proem," in spite of the rule barring out other than original work. Comparing the collection with the volume of 1854 (the only one that was published in this country), we find it to contain nearly twice the amount of matter and more than twice the number of pieces. There are great inequalities in these poems, and it is astonishing how trivial the poet of "Paradisi Gloria" and the verses "On a Bust of Dante" could be at times. But Parsons at his best was a writer not likely to be forgotten. He was a poet for poets rather than for the public, and his most finished work has much of the quality that also made Landor appeal rather to the select than to the general audience. "The hermit thrush of singers" he is happily styled by the young fellow-poet who has paid a graceful tribute to his memory. Besides the comparison with Landor, comparisons with Gray and with Collins have been suggested, and are not without justification. Speaking of Landor, we note that the "Epistle" addressed to that poet is now entitled a "Letter from America to a Friend in Tuscany." We have always been puzzled by this poem, with its familiar

"Dear Walter, in our Eton days,"

and its statement,—

"Since thou and I pursued our mountain way,
Twenty Decembers have disrobed the trees."

If this is to be taken literally, the "mountain way" in question was pursued by a youth of fifteen and a sexagenarian. And even then the Eton puzzle is unexplained.

A companion volume to the "Poems," and the more precious boon of the two, represents, in the words of a publishers' note, "the great poetic passion of the man." In other words, it gives us the translation by Dr. Parsons of the Sacred Song of Dante. The "Inferno" is complete, and the "Purgatorio" nearly so, but of the "Paradiso" we have only a few fragments. The cantos of the second Canticum have been collected from scattered numbers of "The Catholic World," to which they were from time to time contributed during a long period of years. Professor C. E. Norton provides the volume with a preface, and Miss Guiney writes a "Memorial Sketch" which is sympathetic enough, but stilted in expression. It is curious, indeed, that the simple, direct, and almost classical style of the translator should have so appealed to an editor who could write: "An unrevised life-labor, plucked for the public while yet green upon the bough, bears itself meekly, and hopes for consideration." But Miss Guiney's sketch betrays flashes of insight for which we should be grateful; such, for example, as the following: "Above all, Dr. Parsons can be trusted, with a touch so light it is often unsuspected, to dispel a vagueness or insert some little clarification, and to deal firmly with paraphrase where the prodigious force of the Tuscan idiom is such that the best English threatens to break under it." As for the translation, which usually has the form of Gray's "Elegy" except for the division into stanzas, Professor Norton is safe in saying that "as a rhymed version in English of the 'Divine Comedy' it has no superior." We are inclined to go still further, and to claim for it at least parity with, and possibly superiority over, the best of the unrhymed metrical versions. It certainly produces the effect of an English poem, as Longfellow's bare translation does not, and this without venturing as far as Cary in the direction of paraphrase. As Professor Norton says, "Without knowledge of the original, one may read it with ease and pleasure, and with little sense of any hampering conformities to a foreign original. There are many parts in which the translation reaches so high a level of natural poetry that the reader may readily forget that the English poet is following an Italian model." As an exquisite example of this we may take the meeting with Beatrice (Purg. XXX., 67-75):

"Although the veil which from her forehead fell,
Girt by that frondage of Minerva's tree,
Suffered me not to see her features well,
Queenly she looked, and yet upbraided me,
Continuing thus, with sweet restraint of style
As 't were she kept her warmer words behind:
'Behold me well. The one I was erewhile
Good sooth I am: I am thy Beatrice!
So, hast thou deigned then to approach the hill?
Didst thou not know man findeth here his bliss.'"

This, beyond a doubt, is good English poetry, but it is not quite Dante. Besides the expansion of the verse

"Guardami ben; ben son, ben son Beatrice"

into two, which even the the felicitous "good sooth" does not justify, there are, as Professor Norton says, qualities of essence, of poetic nature, of style, and of tone, that differentiate the version from the original. Or, taking one of Matthew Arnold's chosen examples of the grand style in Dante (Inf. XVI., 61-3):

"Lascio lo fele, e vo poi dolci pomi
Promessi a me per lo verace Duca;
Ma fino al centro pria convien ch'io tomi,"

and turning to read in Parsons:

"Leaving the gall, I seek the pleasant fruit
Promised to me by this my faithful Guide;
But to the centre first must sink my foot,"

we are confronted by the same subtle differentiation. The style of the translation is pleasing, harmonious, and dignified, yet it is not the grand style. But we doubt if anyone will ever come nearer than Parsons did to a reproduction in English of the essential qualities of Dante's manner.

Mr. G. A. Greene's volume of translations from the "Italian Lyrist of To-Day" is a work of exceptional value, both on account of its biographical and critical notices of thirty-four among the Italian poets now living, and on account of the remarkable faithfulness and high poetic quality of the translations offered. The work begins where the "Modern Italian Poets" of Mr. Howells leaves off, and there is no name common to the two works. Mr. Greene's lengthy introduction speaks of the decline of Italian literature during the period between 1860 and 1870, and of its remarkable resurgence during the past quarter-century. He accounts for the decline by saying that literature had been so long in politics that, after the achievement of national unity, it had lost the power to deal with anything else. Romanticism, moreover, had spent its force, and the time was not quite ripe for the classical reaction. When that reaction came, with Signor Carducci as its leader, it had things its own way, and "saved literature in Italy." This poet, of course, more than any other, gets attention in Mr. Greene's volume, and his revival of classical metres is discussed with much intelligence. The matter is so important that we quote Mr. Greene's quotation from one of Signor Carducci's disciples: "We have no quantity; but we can render in Italian verse the sound of Latin verses, as it appears to strike our 'barbarous' ears. That is to say: since we, when reading Horace, hear in his odes our own five-syllable, seven-syllable, nine-syllable, and hendecasyllabic metres, so we can construct, by means of these metres, strophes which apparently correspond to his. For instance:

'Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,'

sounds to our Italian ears as though it were composed of two *quinarii*, the first simple, the second *sdrucchiolo*; and therefore for

'Eheu fugaces | Póstume, Póstume,'

Carducci writes

'Oh quei fanáli | cómo s'inséguono,'"

These innovations have had to fight their way, and they have won acceptance—but for what they really pretend to be (as explained above), not for what their opponents have misrepresented them as claiming. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the proof of the poem is in its effect upon the intellectual palate. The following is undoubtedly poetry:

"O deviata verde solitudine
Lungi dal rumor degli uomini!
Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
Vino ed amore O Lidia,"

and it remains little less than poetry in Mr. Greene's

"O now so long desired, thou verdurous solitude,
Far from all rumor of mankind!
Hither we come companioned by two friends divine,
By wine and love, O Lydia."

Here is an example of the translator's Carduccian sapphics:

"Cypresses solemn stand on Monte Mario;
Luminous, quiet is the air around them;
They watch the Tiber through the misty meadows
Wandering voiceless."

The translation from which we make this extract could not easily be equalled. "Stecchetti" and the young Gabriele d'Annunzio are the poets next in importance to the one just discussed, and get a large share of Mr. Greene's attention. His versions of poems by the latter are exquisitely done, and should be reprinted did space permit, as well as the "Prelude" from "Stecchetti's" "Postuma," "The Banquet" of Signor Pascoli, and the "Florentine Memories" of Signor Marradi. But Mr. Greene's book must tell the rest of the story.

Professor Goldwin Smith's "Bay Leaves" is a small volume of translations from ten Latin poets; Lucretius, Catullus, Ovid, Horace, and Martial getting most of the translator's attention. "The translator of Latin poetry," says Professor Smith, "has the comfort of knowing that he is separated from his authors by no chasm of thought and sentiment, such as that which separates the translator from Homer, or even from Æschylus." This is particularly true of the Latin poets of the Empire, and hardly less true of Lucretius. The translations are free, smooth, and tasteful. With Horace, "whom, for some occult reason, one loves the better the older one grows," the translator has been peculiarly happy, as in the *Otium divos rogat*—

"For ease the weary seaman prays
On the wild ocean, tempest tost,
When guiding stars withhold their rays,
When pales the moon in cloud-wrack lost.

"For ease the Median archers sigh,
For ease the Thracian warrior bold;
But ease, my friend, nor gems can buy,
Nor purple robes, nor mighty gold."

Two companion volumes, each of twice the thickness of "Bay Leaves," are devoted to the same translator's experiments with Greek tragedy in English

blank verse. The choruses have, as a rule, been avoided, and a prefatory note displays a curious lack of feeling for the poetic beauty of the lyrical passages in the tragedies. One of the volumes gives extracts from Æschylus and Sophocles, "The Suppliants" being the only play not represented. In the other we have scenes from twelve of the plays of Euripides.

Miss Swanwick, whose translation of the first part of "Faust" was published more than forty years ago, now offers the work to the public in a revised form, changed particularly in the lyrical passages, to many of which the double rhymes have been restored. The work in its present form is highly creditable, although still inferior to Taylor's, as may be illustrated by the Chorus, "Hat der Begrabene," a crucial test. Miss Swanwick gives us:

"He whom we mourned as dead,
Living and glorious,
From the dark grave hath fled,
O'er death victorious;
Almost creative bliss
Waits on his growing powers;
Ah! Him on earth we miss;
Sorrow and grief are ours."

Taylor did much better when he translated:

"Has He victoriously
Burst from the vaulted
Grave, and all-gloriously
Now sits exalted.
Is He, in glow of birth,
Rapture creative near?
Ah! to the woe of earth
Still are we native here."

The Retzsch outline illustrations appear with this volume, and are not a happy addition.

Gottfried Kinkel, whose "Tanagra" has been put into English verse by Mrs. Frances Hellman, was one of the more important literary personalities of his time, and has a peculiar interest for Americans as the friend and fellow-revolutionist of Herr Carl Schurz. Both were combatants on the side of liberty in 1849, and both were captured by the Prussians and imprisoned at Rastatt. Herr Schurz made his escape through a sewer soon after his capture, and fled to Switzerland. Secretly returning in the following year, he aided Kinkel to escape, and both took ship for England. Kinkel remained in England for some fifteen years, visiting the United States in 1851, and, in 1866, accepted a post at Zurich, where he lived until his death in 1882. In an age when Germany has produced only minor poets he was one of the most popular of them all, and the list of his productions is lengthy, including not only poems, but stories and contributions to the literature of æsthetics. "Tanagra," which is an epic-*idyll* upon a Greek theme, was the last and the ripest of his poems. Mrs. Hellman's translation, which is in couplets, produces a slightly pedestrian effect, but is pleasing. It is published in gift-book guise, with illustrations by Mr. E. H. Blashfield, in which the artist does not seem to have been at his happiest.

Of the gift-book type are also the two exquisite booklets which introduce the "Bibelot" series to the public. One of them, "Old World Lyrics," is a selection of translations, mostly from the French, by Mr. Andrew Lang and others. They are translations — such as Mr. Dobson's "Ars Victrix," Mr. Lang's versions of Ronsard, and Rossetti's rendering of Villon's most famous ballad — to be read almost as much for their own sake as for that of the originals. Two or three of the selections are of such a nature that the book cannot well be offered to the Young Person. "Songs of Adieu" is the other of these booklets, and proves to be a tasteful selection of valedictory and mortuary lyrics from a wide range of recent English writers. One American, the late Paul H. Hayne, figures in the collection. The book is particularly acceptable because it brings together a number of charming lyrics otherwise not easily accessible.

We cannot better close this article than with a few words of praise for the new Cambridge edition of Longfellow's poems. The contents of six volumes of the Riverside edition (with some condensation of the notes) are here put into a single volume of nearly seven hundred pages, and the result, from the mechanical point of view, is a masterpiece even among the publications of the house whence it issues. The paper is thin but opaque, the dimensions are excellent, and the cover is in faultless taste. The collection has a biography by Mr. Scudder, more than enough notes for most readers, and a chronological list of the poems. It will doubtless remain for many years to come the standard one-volume edition of our most widely-read poet, and his friends could not have wished for his work a more satisfactory setting. The volume should find its way to every home in the land.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A new and profound study of Goethe.

Most writers, in the minds of most people, act as merely external influences, and are, upon reflection, easily to be differentiated as such. But a few among the very greatest of writers appeal to the inmost consciousness; their thought becomes incorporated with the very framework of the mental structure, woven in the very warp and woof of its fabric. This is particularly true if we make their acquaintance at the early age when introspection does not as yet largely enter into the mental process. Afterwards, we do not give these men their due; their thought has become so indubitably our own that we cannot imagine it ever to have been something external to ourselves. The assimilation of Shakespeare, for example, by many generations of English-speaking people has been so complete that many men will read with mingled wonder and incredulity such a statement as that made by Mr. Ruskin when he says:

"The intellectual measure of every man since born in the domains of creative thought may be assigned to him according to the degree in which he has been taught by Shakespeare." An influence almost comparable with that of Shakespeare has been exerted upon the thought of the present century by Goethe, yet few among those whose thought has been shaped by the author of "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" could balance their account with Goethe off-hand. It is the peculiar merit of Mr. J. R. Seeley's "Goethe Reviewed after Sixty Years" (Roberts) that it helps us to realize the magnitude of our intellectual debt to Goethe, that it shows us how startlingly different some of our ideals might now have been had we not felt the contagion of his spirit, directly or indirectly. Mr. Seeley's book is a small one, but its analysis includes all the essentials. In this respect it reminds us of his "Napoleon the First," which it equals in weightiness. The author strikes deep when, for example, he says: "It is the strenuous energy with which Goethe enters into the battle of life, and fights there for a victory into which others may enter, that makes him great, that makes him the teacher of these later ages,—this, and not some foppish pretension of being above it all, of seeing through it and despising it." And allied with the above passage is the following pregnant suggestion, taken from a discussion of Goethe's struggle for self-culture: "Here is the refined form of selfishness of which Goethe has been so often accused; and undoubtedly the phrase is one which will bear a selfish interpretation,—just as a Christian may be selfish when he devotes himself to the salvation of his soul." These are words to be seriously weighed before passing judgment upon Goethe's life, or assuming to set forth its ethical implications. It would be difficult sufficiently to praise Mr. Seeley's essay for its insight, or for its philosophical setting forth of the meaning of Goethe's life and work.

*Private
Book-Marks.*

The use of book-plates, or book-labels, originated with Hans Igler in Germany sometime before the close of the fifteenth century. Albert Dürer engraved a book-plate for one Bilibald Pirekheimer in 1524. Elizabeth Pindar was the first English woman to use a book-plate (1608), and another English woman, a Miss Jenkins, of Bath (1820), is the first known collector of these bibliographical curiosities. These particulars are well worth noting, now that the book-plate has arrived at a position of no small dignity. In France there is an *Ex Libris* Society, and this society publishes a *Journal*. England also has its *Ex Libris* Society, and we understand that America is threatened with a like invasion. It is a harmless mania, this collecting of book-tickets,—at least so long as it does not mean the destruction of books. Sir Leicester Warren (now Lord de Tabley) was the first Englishman to write a book on the subject, we believe, called "A Guide to the Study of Book Plates." We now have a work of liberal proportions, written by Mr. W. J. Hardy,

entitled "Book-Plates," and published in the series of "Books about Books," imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. There are "styles" in book-plates, as in furniture and book-bindings; and to be *au fait* one should know how to discriminate as between the "Armorial," "Jacobean," "Chippendale," and "Allegoric" or "Symbolic." Some awkward blunders have been made, even in England, in the selection of an armorial design; as, for instance, when the Countess-Dowager of Bath, being a widow, should have "borne her arms in a lozenge," but didn't. Mr. Hardy tells us he has aimed at giving in his handbook "an historic sketch, however unpretentious, of the different styles adopted in designing book-plates, from their first introduction" down to the early years of the present century, "after which no distinctive style can be said to exist." In the work of modern designers he finds only a few noteworthy examples, but these form "a refreshing oasis in the desert of wild eccentricity." The chief merit in an old-style plate, it seems to us, is found when the engraver has happened to be a Dürer, a Hogarth, a Vertue, or a Morghen; but detached examples of the more ambitious work of these artists are still obtainable, so in place of the English and Continental armorial book-plates let us have the "wild eccentricities." Examples of these, we believe, are promised in the forthcoming books of Messrs. Castle and Allen.

*American life
and character
a century ago.*

"Travels in America 100 Years Ago"
(Harper's "Black and White" series)
is the record of the American impres-

sions of one Thomas Twining, an intelligent Anglo-Indian who visited the United States almost at the beginning of our national existence. As Mr. Twining was, the time and his nationality considered, a singularly liberal and unbiassed observer, his jottings are of value. Sailing from Calcutta Dec. 9, 1795, in the American ship "India," of three hundred tons burthen, he reached Philadelphia April 7, where, he records, "I stepped ashore without even the aid of a plank," and was at once greeted with, "How dost thou do, friend? I am glad to see thee." Mr. Twining visited the chief cities during his stay, and met many people of note. Especially interesting is his account of a visit to General Washington, who was then living at Philadelphia "in a small red brick house on the left side of High Street, not much higher up than Fourth Street," and next door to a hair-dresser's. Mr. Twining was received by Mrs. Washington, "a middle-sized lady, rather stout; her manner extremely kind and unaffected." Presently "the door opened, and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, 'The President,' and introduced me to him. Never did I feel more interest than at this moment, when I saw the tall, upright, venerable figure of this great man advancing to me to take me by the hand. There was a seriousness in his manner which seemed to contribute to the impressive dignity of his person, without diminishing the confidence and ease which the benevolence of his coun-

tenance and the kindness of his address inspired. There are persons in whose appearance one looks in vain for the qualities they are known to possess, but the appearance of General Washington harmonized in a singular manner with the dignity and modesty of his public life. So completely did he *look* the great man he really was, that I felt rather respect than awe in his presence, and experienced neither the surprise nor disappointment with which a personal introduction to distinguished individuals is often accompanied. . . . In person he was tall, well-proportioned, and upright. His hair was powdered, and tied behind. Although his deportment was that of a general, the expression of his features had rather the calm dignity of a legislator than the severity of a soldier." There is a portrait of the author.

*Shakespeare
portrayed in
modern comedy.*

The writing of a play with the greatest of all play-writers as its central figure and controlling spirit is certainly a novel and adventurous task. This is what has been attempted by Mr. Harry B. Smith in "Will Shakspeare, a Comedy," published in an elegant private edition in Chicago. Writers of historical dramas have usually chosen subjects that afforded them a foundation of attested fact to build upon; but this advantage has not been enjoyed by the writer of this little play, who has had to pick his material bit by bit from the mass of scraps and fragments, partly biography but more largely tradition and conjecture, that constitute about all we know of Shakespeare outside of his own works. Perhaps the meagreness of exact information has in one way been an advantage in this case, as it has left the author greater freedom and independence in following his own insight and working out his own conception of his hero's character. It is to be noted, as a prime merit of this ingenious production, that the author has really succeeded in making Shakespeare real to us as a man and in giving to his character a genuine human interest. We see him as the roystering young fellow about Stratford, joining a party of strolling players and going off with them to London; as a boon companion and reveller among the wits of the Mermaid Tavern, with Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Burbage, and other choice spirits of that time and place; and, lastly, as a player at the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, beginning to concern himself with matters of stage management, and taking the character of Hamlet in the ancient play which he had just re-written for the stage. These scenes and episodes are set forth with sympathy and penetration, and enlivened with much genuine humor. So admirably is the little three-act comedy constructed, with such dramatic skill and so fine and sure a literary touch that it brings the character and environment of Shakespeare more vividly before us than volumes of mere biography or commentary could do. The play has, withal, much vivacity and spirit, with a number of capital situations which can of course be properly estimated only on the stage, to which it manifestly will find its way.

*Dubious doctrines
of college functions.*

"Within College Walls" (The Baker & Taylor Co.) is a collection of ten short papers on matters pertaining to the college. The author is President Charles Franklin Thwing, of Adelbert. The tone of the book is religious and ethical; its real subject, the college as a Christianizing agency. The author is of course right when he dwells on the importance of the college in developing character, on its possible influence in leading to faith and to a sustaining trust in things divine. But just as distinctly he seems wrong when he insists that all this is the underlying principle and definite purpose of the college's existence. Every college, indeed, stands or should stand for the right; but its real aim is to assist in the search for truth. Its religious and moral influence is a means, not an end. This distinction between truth and right as the *first* aim of an institution of learning is not a verbal quibble. Its practical test lies here: build up your college as President Thwing would have it, and you run no end of risks. For instance, in engaging a professor, choose a good religious man who doesn't know his subject, in preference to a scholar who is less holy but more erudite; ask this new professor to make character-building his main work in the classroom: will this, or will it not, approximate toward the ideal college? The author thinks it will. But the fact is that this plan has been tried disastrously over and over again. The scores of small and struggling denominational colleges that have followed the scheme contrast pitifully with the no less struggling state universities to which the plan was impossible. Could the plan be fairly tried, the religious would at once crowd out the scholarly; and in the present system of our great universities the scholarly has never once crowded out the ethical. Lofty, then, as is the author's aim, it is the aim of the man who sees but one side of the question, and that, tested by theory and experience, the unsafe side.

*An Account of
the English
Religious Drama.*

Miss Katharine Lee Bates's work on "The English Religious Drama" (Macmillan & Co.) is one to be commended. Few besides special students know much about this subject, the manuals of English Literature commonly dismissing it with brief mention, as having but little relation to the more important secular drama by which it was followed. Miss Bates does not so regard it, but considers the Miracle Plays to have been the training school of the romantic drama. She finds them, despite crudities, prolixities, and absurdities of detail, to have rendered very important service to the Elizabethan drama. They not only bequeathed to it scope and freedom, large constructive principles, reality of characterization, and intensity of passion, but they paved the way for its reception and recognition. They made England a nation of actors and theatre-lovers, who would be content with no such learned and elegant trifling as amused the court and university, but demanded range, earnestness, life.

Many of these Mystery cycles were probably lost; but four important groups—York, Towneley, Chester, and Coventry—remain in completeness, and to the description of these, with some citations and a critical chapter on their dramatic values, the larger portion of Miss Bates's book is devoted. A concluding chapter on the Moralities is only less interesting because the subject is in itself a dull one. Taken as a whole, the subject is treated with fulness and accuracy, and in a style so pleasing and picturesque that the volume will find many appreciative readers.

*An American poet
in other lands.*

Professor Clinton Scollard's "On Sunny Shores" (Webster), a series of sketchy *Reisebilder*, forms a fitting complement to his previously-published "Under Summer Skies." Starting at the banks of the Wye, the author touches at Ambleside and the Isle of Wight, tramps down the Neckar, tarries a space in the Tyrol, crosses the Splügen, idles a day or so at Bellaggio, Milan, and Verona, thence, touching *en route* at Greece, fares to Syria, and after "doing" the Cave of Adullam, Mar-Saba, and Mt. Hermon, pulls up—rather fagged, one fancies—in "A Damascus Garden." Professor Scollard conveys his impressions of each halting-place with a few rapid touches, and, when the muse proves propitious, drops into poetry, with pleasing results. There are many pen-sketches by Margaret Landers Randolph, and the book is prettily bound in violet cloth, with side-stamp of white and gold.

*The plays of
Ben Jonson.*

The "Mermaid Series" of Elizabethan plays, of which the publication had been discontinued for two or three years, is now resumed with the plays of Ben Jonson (Scribner). Three volumes, edited by Dr. Brinley Nicholson, are to be given to this dramatist; and the first of the three, with an admirable critical essay by Professor C. H. Herford, has just appeared. "Every Man in His Humor," "Every Man out of His Humor," and "The Poetaster" are the plays included. The mechanical execution of this volume is inferior to that of the sixteen volumes previously issued. But we are glad to have the series continued in any form, as it provides a working selection from the Elizabethan drama, at slight cost to the student, and with a full and carefully-edited text.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"The Jews of Angevin England" is published in the very useful series entitled "English History by Contemporary Writers" (Putnam). The contents of these volumes consist of strictly original materials, extracted from the chronicles, state-papers, and other documents of the time, and translated into English. Mr. Joseph Jacobs is the industrious compiler of the present volume, which includes "every scrap of evidence I could find in the English records, whether printed or unedited, that relates to the Jews of England up to the year 1206." Many of the passages are translations from the Hebrew.

In his "Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt" (Crowell), Mr. C. K. Bolton essays the rather hopeless task of writing a Life in the face of an almost entire lack of data; evolving his heroine, as it were, largely from the "vasty deep" of his own inner consciousness. Next to nothing is absolutely known of Saskia, and Mr. Bolton seems to have unearthed no fresh facts concerning her. His little book is, however, readable enough in its modest way, and the copious plates (mostly portraits and studies, more or less plausibly presumed to be Saskia), after Rembrandt, lend it an element of positive interest.

Louise Creighton's "A First History of France" (Longmans), from Cæsar's conquest down to the fall of the Second Empire, is a satisfactory outline sketch for the use of young readers. The little book may be used to advantage as a brief preparatory study to Mrs. Gardiner's capital text-book on the French Revolution, issued by the same house. The work is well printed and judiciously illustrated, and it contains the needful maps.

"The Court of Louis XV." and "The Last Years of Louis XV.," the eighteenth and nineteenth volumes of M. de Saint-Amand's "Famous Women of the French Court" (Scribner), will be welcomed by readers of this extremely readable series. The books are quite unique in their way; and literary workers will find in them a useful storehouse of literally-quoted extracts from memoirs, letters, diaries, etc., of the period covered. The present volumes, embracing the fortunes of those lights of the royal seraglio, Mmes. de Pompadour and Du Barry, should prove popular.

We are glad to note the appearance, in a single volume (Burt), of the selections from Schopenhauer's "Parerga and Paralipomena" which Mr. T. Bailey Saunders made and translated into English about two years ago. The present publication appears in a "Library of the World's Best Books," and, for a wonder, it distinctly belongs in a collection thus named. Mr. Saunders's introduction is readable, but imperfectly sympathetic, and his translation is admirable. The book is full of meat, and one needs no fondness for metaphysics to extract from it both enjoyment and profit. For lack of proper presentation to the English-reading public, Schopenhauer has come to occupy the position of being more talked about and less read than any other modern Continental philosopher of importance. We hope the present volume will cause him to be more read and less talked about.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, January 24, 1894.

Anyone who observes the work done by illustrators, American and foreign, in the periodicals of the time, cannot fail to be impressed with the amount of genius and technical ability which they bring to their task. The immense advance in the art of illustrating which has taken place within the past few years has lately been emphasized by the publication of numerous books treating of illustrators and their designs. But to me the most significant piece of illustration observed in last year's periodicals was an instantaneous photographic view of the sinking of H. M. S. Victoria, reproduced by process in one of the London illustrated weeklies. This photograph was taken by a British officer on board one of the accompanying vessels, and, while small in size and not

very distinct, conveys a striking impression of the event. There can be no question that it was the great and increasing interest in amateur photography which made it possible for this officer to have his camera at hand, to understand its use, and to grasp the occasion on the moment. Possibly fifty imaginative pictures of this disaster have been drawn for the periodical press, but none of them has appealed so strongly to the imagination as this actual view of the event itself.

These suggestions came to mind in looking over a copy of Mr. Alexander Black's "Photography Indoors and Out," just published by Messrs. Houghton, and bearing for its sub-title "A Book for Amateurs." The little volume has met with exceeding favor in the press, and is likely to prove a valuable manual for all beginners in photography. Mr. Black has been for some years the literary editor of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) "Times." He devotes a great part of his spare time to the study and practice of photography as a fine art, and frequently lectures on the relations of photography to its sister arts.

The announcement of an article on Nikola Tesla, by T. C. Martin, in the February number of "The Century Magazine," calls attention to the fact that Tesla is already acknowledged in the electrical world as a sort of junior Edison. Mr. Martin recently issued a volume entitled "The Inventions, Researches, and Writings of Nikola Tesla," which contains a description of the inventor's discoveries and his principal lectures delivered before electrical societies. Mr. Tesla is a native of Servia, and has, I believe, received from that country a decoration in recognition of his achievements.

The article in the last number of THE DIAL entitled "The 'Star' System in Periodicals" comes very appropriately at a time when this system, having been "worked" to the furthest possible point, seems to show signs of an early death. One amusing phase of the system is its adoption by the advertising fraternity. So it caused no great surprise to pick up in some little shop a pamphlet entitled "The Story of My First Watch: Told by Eminent Americans." Surely, thought I, this is the latest venture in the composite-article field; but on turning over the leaves I found that it was nothing more or less than the advertising device of a shrewd manufacturer of watches, who had induced fifteen or twenty of the public men and women whose names appear most prominently in "The 'Star' System in Periodicals" to write from a quarter to half a page descriptive of how they came in possession of their first watches, the whole made up into a pamphlet, with portraits of the writers, some of whose stories were extremely interesting. The advertisers of the day are indeed quick to seize upon new ideas, but it appears to me that their adoption of the "star system" in vogue among various periodicals will compel the latter, in turn, to seek for some other novelty. Nevertheless, for a while it has seemed as if the great American public was more deeply interested in how our leading authors wrote their first books than in the books themselves—an injustice to the books in a majority of cases.

Mr. William Young, the poet and dramatist, whose comedy, "The Rajah," made such a successful run at the Old Madison Square Theatre, and whose blank verse tragedies, "Pendragon" and "Ganelon," were so artistically produced by the late Lawrence Barrett, is spending the winter in Washington, engaged in perfecting arrangements for the production of his new comedy dealing with Revolutionary times. He has written for the forthcoming number of "The Cosmopolitan" a little poem entitled "The Beggars," which deals with the

quarrel between the rich man and the poor man from a socialistic point of view.

Talking with Dr. Edward Eggleston the other day, I was interested to learn that the old straw chair in his library at "Joshua's Rock," Lake George, was woven by an ex-slave of John Randolph, when about ninety years of age. The chair has been in use for more than twenty years, and in it the Doctor has written all his novels, from "The Hoosier Schoolmaster" to "The Faith Doctor." The desk in the same room is one that belonged to Dr. Eggleston's great-grandfather in Colonial times.

Much interest is taken in the authors' reading, or *matinée*, soon to be given in Boston. The proceeds will be devoted to the relief of the suffering poor. The list of patronesses includes both prominent society ladies and ladies prominent in the literary world—a combination, perhaps, devoutly to be desired, but not yet consummated, in New York. Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, and others have promised to read, and a large sum of money will be obtained for the charitable purposes of those concerned in managing the affair. From Boston also comes news of the death in Rome of Mrs. William Wetmore Story, the wife of the sculptor-poet. She was a Miss Eldredge, of Boston, and her son, who married Emma Eames, is Julian Story. Mrs. Story, it is said, was a woman of uncommon intellectual attainments, of lovely character, of high social distinction, and in her early years was considered a great beauty.

By the death of Prof. Edward T. McLaughlin, Yale University suffered as great a loss in her professorial staff as she has met with in recent years. The university has always been greatly hampered in its literary department by financial inability to provide a sufficient number of instructors. The incumbent professors, with Mr. McLaughlin, have accomplished what they could, but the latter's youthful enthusiasm will be greatly missed by them. One of his specialties was the study of mediæval life and literature, and a volume on these subjects, the manuscript of which he had completed, will shortly be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

On February 6, Professor Haeckel will reach his sixtieth birthday, and it is proposed to celebrate the occasion by placing a marble bust of him in the Zoölogical Institute at Jena.

Mr. Frederick Douglass has written an introduction for a translation of the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture by the late M. Victor Schœlcher. The translation will be by Mr. Theodore Stanton.

Renan's library, we are told, will be sold in a few weeks. The catalogue, now in preparation, will contain about 7,000 titles, being the pick of the collection. The unimportant books have already been weeded out and disposed of.

M. Emile Terquem, who represented the French publishers at the Columbian Exposition, sends us a copy of the report made by him to the *Paris Cercle de la Librairie*. He expresses great satisfaction with the success of the exhibit, even from the point of view of sales actually made, since he found it necessary to take back only

twenty out of the sixty-five cases of books placed on exhibition. Of the very attractive catalogue issued by him 1500 copies were distributed.

The following words have a melancholy interest as being the last written for publication by Professor Tyn-dall, and the fact that they were written as a Christmas message to his friends in America doubles their interest for us on this side of the Atlantic: "I choose the nobler part of Emerson, when, after various disenchantments, he exclaims, 'I covet *truth*!' The gladness of true heroism visits the heart of him who is really competent to say this." One cannot help thinking of the motto—*veritatem dilexi*—that Renan desired should be engraved upon his tombstone.

The report of Commissioner Harris on the Common Schools of the United States shows an enrollment for 1891-92 of over thirteen millions of pupils, the average daily attendance being about eight and a half millions. A quarter of a million women and half that number of men were engaged in teaching these children for an average of 137 days in the year. The total expenditure was in excess of one hundred and fifty millions. The school term is slowly lengthening and the annual expenditure is increasing. The noticeable replacement of men by women as teachers is an unfortunate symptom in view of the great disproportion already existing.

The University of Chicago has recently purchased what is claimed to be the most complete collection in existence of the public documents of the United States. There are from four to five thousand volumes. The purchase includes, besides nearly three thousand volumes of Senate and House executive documents, complete sets of the American Archives from 1774 to 1776, American State Papers from 1789 to 1828, Journals of Congress from the first in 1789 to 1891, Executive Journals from 1789 to 1869, the Annals of Congress from 1789 to 1822, the Congressional Debates from 1822 to 1837, the Congressional Globe from 1833 to 1873, and the Congressional Record from 1873 to 1892.

The following particulars concerning the new French review are taken from the "Athenæum": "Although a fortnightly review, of the external type of the 'Revue des deux Mondes,' in some respects the 'Revue de Paris' will be more akin to our great English monthlies. There will be no chronicle of art, literature, music, the drama, contributed by an established staff; but on all questions of the hour the 'Revue de Paris' will address itself directly to the writers, French or foreign, most capable of treating them. It will have no definite bias, religious or political; the names of Prince Henri d'Orléans, Prince Roland Bonaparte, and M. Godfrey Cavaignac are a guarantee of its political independence. Historical articles are promised for the forthcoming numbers, from the pens of MM. Sorel, Gaston Paris, Jusserand, A. Vandal, and others. M. Sully Prudhomme will write on Pascal's method, M. Pierre Loti on Loyola, Arvède Barine will discuss the ethics of Ibsen, M. Emile Faguet the talent of M. Brunetière, M. Jules Lemaitre 'La Chanson au XIX. Siècle.' M. Jules Simon will contribute his *souvenirs* of M. Ernest Renan, while the review has secured an unpublished chapter of M. Ernest Renan's on Philo of Alexandria. It is not less fortunate in fiction. It will open with a novel by M. Anatole France ('*Scruples de Femmes*') to be followed by 'Deux Jeunes Filles' by M. Ludovic Halévy, and 'Idylle Tragique' by M. Paul Bourget. Gyp will contribute 'Le Mariage de Chiffon,' Alphonse Daudet 'Quinze Ans de Mariage.' The younger nov-

elists, MM. Paul Margueritte, Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Maurice Barrès, and J. Ricard will also be represented. We believe it is an open secret that the editorship will be shared by MM. Louis Gauderax and James Darmesteter, and that the well-known publisher M. Paul Calmann Lévy is the principal shareholder." The initial number is promised for the first of February.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

By the death of Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, which occurred at Venice, Italy, January 24, America lost one of the best of its fiction writers. She wrote a great many short stories and sketches, besides a half dozen or so extended novels; the last of these, "Horace Chase," was lately published as a serial in "Harper's Monthly," and will soon appear in book form. Miss Woolson was born at Claremont, N. H., in 1845, her mother being a niece of Fenimore Cooper. From an authentic sketch of her life, written by Mr. Arthur Stedman, and published in "The Book Buyer" for October, 1889, we make the following extracts:

"While yet a child, Miss Woolson was taken by her parents to Cleveland, Ohio, her father's business interests having become centred there. She was educated at a Cleveland young ladies' seminary and at the famous French school of Madame Chegaray in New York. Her summers were chiefly spent, while a girl, on the island of Mackinac, in the straits connecting Lakes Huron and Michigan. She often, however, accompanied her father on his business trips to the shores of Lake Superior, through the farming districts of the Western Reserve, and up and down the Ohio Valley, until she became familiar with a great part of the country that includes the great lakes and the Central States.

"Her father's death, in 1869, and the consequent breaking up of the family, cast a shadow on her life, and urged her to serious pursuits. She had been brought up strictly in the Episcopal faith, and at this time had published a number of articles in periodicals of that denomination. . . . Her literary field soon extended, and stories, sketches, and poems appeared in profusion in 'Harper's' and other leading magazines. Selected stories relating to the region of the great lakes were published as Miss Woolson's first book, in 1875, with the title, 'Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches.'

"In the fall of 1873, her mother's failing health necessitated a trip to Florida. There, at St. Augustine and on an island in the St. John's River, Mrs. and Miss Woolson remained for five winters, the summers being spent in the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia, in South Carolina and Georgia, and later with their relatives at Cooperstown. The literary results of this long stay in the South are readily to be discerned.

"The death of her mother in February, 1879, caused a complete change in Miss Woolson's plans, and the same year she sailed for England. Since then she has been in America but once, and for a very short time. Her winters have been passed chiefly at Florence, though she has resided for long periods at Rome and Sorrento. In summer she has lived at Venice, and at various resorts in Switzerland and Germany. . . . Since the beginning of 1887 Miss Woolson has lived at the Villa Bricchieri, just outside the Roman gate of Florence, the same locality that is mentioned in Mrs. Browning's 'Aurora Leigh,'—

"'I found a house at Florence on the hill of Bellosguardo.'

"Miss Woolson is not a rapid composer. Her novel,

'Anne,' was nearly three years in the writing, a worthy example to novelists of the day. Her first book, and the second collection of stories, 'Rodman the Keeper: Southern Sketches,' published in 1880, had attracted attention to the new author, but the appearance of 'Anne' in book form, in 1882, placed her at once in the front rank of American prose writers. This volume has been followed by 'For the Major,' 1883; 'East Angels,' 1886; and 'Jupiter Lights,' 1889, the last of which, the 'London Spectator' thinks, bids fair to rival 'Anne,' which it calls 'one of the best novels America has produced for the last quarter of a century.' Our novelist is intensely American. All of these books deal with the life and adventures of Americans in their own country, though of widely differing types, and in widely separated districts."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1894 (First List).

Alma-Tadema. Illus. Ellen Gosse. *Century*.
Americans, Great. Woodrow Wilson. *Forum*.
Banana, The. Illus. J. E. Humphrey. *Pop. Science*.
Birch, Charles Bell. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
Byron and the Greek Patriots. Illus. *Harper*.
Charity, Personal Problem of. Lyman Abbott. *Forum*.
Child Study. Oscar Chrisman. *Forum*.
Chimney-tops, Italian. Illus. H. E. Tidmarsh. *Mag. of Art*.
Consumption. H. M. Biggs. *Forum*.
Criticism and Culture. James Russell Lowell. *Century*.
Deep Sea, Physical Conditions of the. Illus. *Pop. Science*.
Dog, Psychology of a. John Monteith. *Popular Science*.
Dramatic Expression. Alice W. Rollins. *Lippincott*.
English at Yale University. Albert S. Cook. *Dial*.
English Literature of the Victorian Age. *Forum*.
Evolution and Political Economy. C. S. Ashley. *Pop. Sci*.
Fish, Hamilton. J. C. Bancroft Davis. *Atlantic*.
Freaks. Charles Robinson. *Lippincott*.
Genius, Transplanted. S. R. Elliott. *Dial*.
Geology, The Position of. Joseph Prestwich. *Pop. Science*.
Gold Supply, The. J. E. Fraenkel. *Forum*.
Hawaiian Controversy, The. James Schouler. *Forum*.
Heredity and Education. W. Mills. *Popular Science*.
Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
Indian Music. John C. Fillmore. *Century*.
Indians, Origin of the. Cyrus Thomas. *Am. Antiquarian*.
Iron, A Bar of. Illus. R. R. Bowker. *Harper*.
Jackson, Stonewall, The Real. D. H. Hill. *Century*.
Land-Bill Allen, Myth of. Washington Gladden. *Century*.
Lewis and Clark Expedition, The. F. J. Turner. *Dial*.
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. John G. Nicolay. *Century*.
Lincoln's Place in History. J. C. Adams. *Century*.
Literature to Music. B. J. Lang. *Atlantic*.
Marine Biological Laboratory, A. Illus. *Pop. Science*.
Massachusetts: An Object Lesson. W. F. Poole. *Dial*.
Nicaragua Canal, The. C. De Kalb. *Forum*.
Norwegian Hospitality. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. *Lippincott*.
Pawnbrokers, Study of. Champion Bissell. *Lippincott*.
Poetry, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
Reading and Writing. H. E. Scudder. *Atlantic*.
Religion in the Schools. J. H. Hyslop. *Forum*.
Serpent Symbol, The. S. D. Peet. *Am. Antiquarian*.
Stanton under Lincoln, Recollections of. H. L. Dawes. *Atlantic*.
Tammany Hall. Henry C. Merwin. *Atlantic*.
Tao. William Davies. *Atlantic*.
Tax on English Books. *Dial*.
Tesla, Nikola. Illus. T. C. Martin. *Century*.
Tramp at Home, The. Illus. Josiah Flint. *Century*.
Tyndall and his American Visit. *Popular Science*.
Unemployed, Relief of the. Josephine S. Lowell. *Forum*.
Walking Sticks. Illus. S. H. Scudder. *Harper*.
Wilson Tariff, The. Albert Clark. *Forum*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 45 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. By Robert Burton. Edited by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A., with introduction by A. H. Bullen. In 3 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt top, rough edges. Macmillan & Co. \$12.50.
St. Andrews. By Andrew Lang. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 350, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
The Philosophy of History. By Robert Flint. Large 8vo, pp. 700. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$4.
A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy. Taken from the work of J. A. Symonds, by Lt.-Col. Alfred Pearson. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 335. H. Holt & Co. \$1.75.
The House of Life. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Being now for the first time given in its full text. 8vo, pp. 120, uncut. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
A Random Itinerary. By John Davidson. With frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 204, gilt top, rough edges. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
Wah-Kee-Nah, and Her People: The Curious Customs, Traditions, etc., of the North American Indians. By James C. Strong. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 275. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
The Religion of a Literary Man (Religio Scriptoris). By Richard Le Gallienne. 16mo, pp. 120, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Essays about Men, Women, and Books. By Augustine Birrell, author of "Obiter Dicta." 18mo, pp. 234, gilt top, rough edges. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.
The Aim of Life: Plain Talks to Young Men and Women. By Phillip Stafford Maxam. 12mo, pp. 300. Roberts Bros. \$1.
The Spirit of the Age. By William Hazlitt; with introduction by R. B. Johnson. 32mo, pp. 337, gilt top. Putnam's "Knickerbocker Nuggets." \$1.
Deutsch in Amerika: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Deutsch-amerikanischen Literatur. Von Dr. G. A. Zimmermann. Part I., Epic and Lyric Poetry. New revised edition, large 8vo, pp. 325, gilt edges. Chicago: Eyler & Co. \$3.
The Writings of Thoreau. New Riverside Edition, Vols., 5, 9, 10: Spring, Excursions, Miscellany. Edited by H. G. O. Blake. 12mo, gilt tops. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Per vol., \$1.50.
The Ariel Shakespeare, Third Group: Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Othello, Hamlet, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet. Each 1 vol., 32mo, illus., by Frank Howard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Per vol., 75 cts.

HISTORY.

Civilization during the Middle Ages, especially in Relation to Modern Civilization. By George Burton Adams. 8vo, pp. 463. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
The Story of Japan. By David Murray, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 431. Putnam's "Story of the Nations" series. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Romance of an Empress: Catherine II. of Russia. Translated from the French of R. Waliszewski. Illus., 12mo, pp. 458, gilt tops. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.
Early Sketches of George Washington. Reprinted, with notes, by William S. Baker, author of "The Engraved Portraits of Washington." Illus., 8vo, pp. 150, uncut. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.

POETRY.

Allegretto. By Gertrude Hall. Illus., sq. 16mo, pp. 112. Roberts Bros. \$1.50.

FICTION.

A Protégée of Jack Hamlin's, and Other Stories. By Bret Harte. 16mo, pp. 292. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle: A Story of Two Border Towns. By Rosa Mackenzie Kettle. 12mo, pp. 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.
The Rousing of Mrs. Potter, and Other Stories. By Gertrude Smith. 16mo, pp. 232. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

- Two Offenders. By Ouida. 16mo, pp. 265. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.
 Christina Chard. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed, author of "December Roses." 16mo, pp. 319. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 A Gray Eye or So. By Frank Frankfort Moore, author of "Daireen." 16mo, pp. 362. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 A Bundle of Life. By John Oliver Hobbes. 16mo, pp. 159, gilt top. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. 50 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Rand, McNally Rialto Series: The Heir of Radclyffe, by Charlotte M. Yonge; illus., 12mo, pp. 475. 50 cts.

TRAVEL.

- The South Sea Islanders, and the Queensland Labour Trade. By William T. Wawn. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 440. Macmillan & Co. \$4.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY.

- The Dawn of Astronomy: A Study of the Temple-Worship and Mythology of the Ancient Egyptians. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. Illus., 4to, pp. 432, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. \$5.
 Darwiniana: Essays. By Thomas Huxley. 12mo, uncut, pp. 475. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
 The Diseases of Personality. By Th. Ribet. Authorized translation, 12mo, pp. 157. Open Court Pub'g Co. Paper, 25 cts.
 The Partridge. Natural History, by the Rev. H. A. Macpherson; Shooting, by A. J. Stuart-Wortley; Cookery, by George Saintsbury. Illus., 12mo, pp. 276, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.

EDUCATION.—BOOKS FOR SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

- Science and Education: Essays. By Thomas H. Huxley. 12mo, pp. 451. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.
 Lectures on Mathematics delivered at Northwestern University, Aug. 28 to Sept. 9, 1893, by Felix Klein. Reported by Alexander Ziwet. 8vo, pp. 109, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
 School Management: A Practical Treatise. By Emerson E. White, A.M. 12mo, pp. 320. Am. Book Co. \$1.
 Morceaux Choisis d'Alphonse Daudet. Edited by Frank W. Freeborn. 16mo, pp. 227. Ginn & Co. 85 cts.
 Practical Business Book-Keeping by Double Entry. By Manson Seavy, A.M. Illus., 4to, pp. 240. D. C. Heath & Co. \$1.55.

RELIGION.

- Review of the Congress of Religions, Chicago, 1893. By Rev. L. P. Mercer. Illus., 12mo, pp. 334. Rand, McNally & Co. Paper, 50 cts.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

- Hazell's Annual for 1894: Men and Topics of the Day. With maps, 12mo, pp. 676. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 Appletons' Handbook of Winter Resorts. Illus., 16mo, pp. 168. Paper, 50 cts.
 The Gist of Whist: Being a Concise Guide. By Charles E. Coffin. To which is added the Laws of Whist. 18mo, pp. 100. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. 75 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- The Book of the Fair: An Historical and Descriptive Presentation. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. Parts 6 to 11, 4to, fully illus. Chicago: Bancroft Co. Per part, \$1.
 Mrs. John G. Carlisle's Kentucky Cook Book: Containing Original Recipes Never Before Published. By Mrs. John G. Carlisle and others. 12mo, pp. 249. Chicago: F. T. Neely. \$2.50.
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THE USES OF BOOKS.

Those who have written in the praise of books, from Richard de Bury and Petrarch to Emerson and Carlyle, have mostly been content with the assumption that books are meant to be read. The other use of books, that made by the student, who considers them as the implements or apparatus of his work, has been largely ignored by such eloquent panegyrists of literature as those above named. In spite of an occasional suggestion, such as that made by Bacon when he tells us that "some books are to be read only in parts," the second function of literature has been left for the modern bibliographer fully to recognize, and even he has by no means reached as yet the general consciousness of the intelligent public. Dr. William Frederick Poole, the veteran librarian, whose faith and works have gone hand in hand for nearly half a century, has done as much as anyone among modern bibliographers to call attention to the uses of books for reference rather than for reading, to their employment as intellectual tools rather than as means of mere gratification. The subject has been recalled to us by a little book just published by Dr. Poole, and a few remarks upon so interesting a theme may not be inappropriate.

Dr. Poole's book is a university address, and has to do with the relations of the library to educational work. Its essential plea is thus stated: "I wished to show that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and professional bibliographer should be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that the library should be his classroom, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have such an intelligent and practical knowledge of books as will aid them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment." All this is admirably put, and we give it the most cordial assent. But possibly the author does not quite realize the extent to which the aims which he thus outlines have already reached fulfilment. Although he gives due credit to the bibliographical work done in some half a dozen of our leading universities, he is

evidently still haunted by recollections of his own student years, when "Yale College Library might as well have been in Weathersfield or Bridgeport as in New Haven, as far as the students in those days were concerned." Certainly the state of things in which "books, outside of the text-books used, had no part in our education" no longer exists in any American college having any standing at all. At that time, we read, books "were never quoted, recommended, nor mentioned by the instructors in the class-room." To-day, it is safe enough to say that in our higher institutions of a progressive sort, books of reference are mentioned, quoted, and recommended to an extent that must help compliant students to enter into the feelings of a Strasburg goose. And in the *Seminar*, rapidly becoming naturalized in our better universities, the work done is almost wholly of the sort that Dr. Poole pleads for.

Yet it would be possible to progress one step further in this direction, and the gist of Dr. Poole's address may be found in what he says upon this point. The class-room lecture, with its frequent references to the literature of the subject dealt with, and the graduate *Seminar*, which brings the student into actual contact with that literature, and sets him to delving in it, are praiseworthy as far as they go, but their effect (from the bibliographical standpoint) remains special, and therefore incomplete. Dr. Poole dreams of a time when the student may be given the keys, not only of his own subjects, but of all others that he may possibly at some time in the future wish to make his own. Not, we are told, "that he should learn the contents of the most useful books," but "that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him." And the author goes on to say: "He should know what are the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less-favored associates who regard him as an educated man. If a question arises as to the existence, authorship, or subject of a book, an educated man should know the catalogues or bibliographies by which he can readily clear up the doubt. The words Watt, Larousse, Graesse, Quérard, Hoefer, Kayser, Hinrichs, Meyer, Hain, and Vapereau should not be unmeaning sounds to him. He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects."

There is no doubt that a certain amount of this sort of knowledge would prove a useful

equipment to the educated man, whatever his specialty; and there is likewise no doubt that the process of getting it for one's self unaided is a laborious task. We believe, with Dr. Poole, that every university having a library should also have a librarian, and that cataloguing and custodianship should be but a part of his duties. His rank as a member of the faculty of instruction should be undisputed, and he should act not only as a general adviser to students, but also as the teacher of his specific subject. He should be both a competent professional bibliographer and a man of the broadest general culture, familiar with the outlines of many subjects, and conversant with the literature of the languages of culture. From such an instructor the student might get a knowledge of the resources of the general library sure to stand him in good stead upon many occasions, and by such a colleague even the department professor might often be directed to sources of information that would have escaped his own search. The true function of the university librarian has already been apprehended in some of our higher institutions of learning, but he claims a far more general recognition than has yet been accorded him, and we are glad that Dr. Poole has given us this opportunity to supplement his own vigorous and convincing appeal made in behalf of the bibliographical educator.

MAXIME DUCAMP, member of the French Academy, died in Paris on the ninth of this month. He was born in Paris February 8, 1822. When a young man, he made a journey in the East, which he described in his "*Souvenirs et Paysage d'Orient*" (1848). In the insurrection of 1848 he fought in the ranks of the National Guard and was decorated. Sent by the government upon a second Eastern journey, which occupied the period 1849-51, he returned to write of his experiences in "*Egypte, Nubie, Palestine, et Syrie*" (1852), and "*Le Nil, Egypte, et Nubie*" (1854). He devoted the following years to the composition of poems and novels. In 1860, the conservative of 1848 had become radical enough to take part in the Sicilian expedition of Garibaldi and the Thousand. This was written up in his "*Expédition des Deux-Siciles*." Another volume of travel, "*Orient et Italie*," appeared in 1868. His greatest work, "*Paris, Ses Organes, Ses Functions, et Sa Vie*" (1869-75) fills six volumes. Next in importance is "*Les Convulsions de Paris*," a history of the Commune, in which he again figured as a conservative, and earned the hatred of the radicals. He was a realist in art, and as a student of history and society had pronounced affiliations with Taine, who held him in high regard.

ENGLISH AT COLUMBIA COLLEGE.*

In a small college a professor of English is called upon to give instruction in three or four distinct subjects,—in the use of the English language, ordinarily termed rhetoric, in the history of the English language, in the history of English literature, and often also (if he should happen to be ambitious) in the history of the development of the more important literary forms (the drama, for example, and the novel) in other literatures as well as in English. In a large college, and in a university where much graduate work is carried on, these four subjects are divided among different professors, each of whom, whatever the title of his chair, in reality gives instruction in those divisions of the subject in which he takes most interest. At Columbia College we have a Professor of Rhetoric and English Composition, Mr. George R. Carpenter, with several assistants. We have a Professor of English Language and Literature, Mr. Thomas R. Price, and an Adjunct Professor of English, Mr. A. V. Williams Jackson. We have also two Professors of Literature, Mr. George E. Woodberry and myself.

In the department of rhetoric, Prof. G. R. Carpenter and his chief assistant, Mr. Baldwin, lecture to the lower classes on the principles of English composition. As the best way to teach students to write is to have them write freely and frequently, they are called upon to express themselves on topics in which they are interested and often of their own choice. Their written work for other professors is often submitted also to the instructors in rhetoric. These essays are criticised by the instructors in private talks with every individual student. The general tendency of the instruction is affirmative rather than negative. In other words, instead of telling the student what he must not do and of dwelling on the faults he should avoid, the aim of the instructors is to show him how to express himself easily and vigorously. As this is Professor Carpenter's first year at Columbia, the courses in rhetoric are not yet fully developed; next year they will be enlarged and increased. Certain courses given by other professors really belong in the department of rhetoric. One of these is Professor Price's course (two hours a week throughout the year) on the "Laws of Prose Composition in English." Another is my own (one hour a week throughout the year) on "The Art of English Versification," an attempt to give practical instruction in metrical composition.

The instruction in the history of the English language is as distinct as may be from the instruction in the history of English literature. In the depart-

ment of the Germanic languages, of which Prof. H. H. Boyesen is the head, he and Prof. W. H. Carpenter offer courses in Icelandic, in Gothic, in Middle High German and in Old High German,—all of which would be useful to a student of English philology. Professor Jackson has one course (two hours a week throughout the year) in "Anglo-Saxon Language and Historical English Grammar"; another (two hours a week, half the year only) on "Anglo-Saxon Poetry"; a third (two hours a week, half the year only), on "Early and Middle English from the Twelfth to the Fifteenth Century." Professor Price has a course (two hours a week throughout the year) on "Anglo-Saxon Prose and Historical English Syntax."

In the history of English literature, Professor Price has three courses (each two hours a week throughout the year), one on "Shakespeare: language, versification, and method of dramatic poetry"; another on "Chaucer: language, versification, and method of narrative poetry"; and a third on "The Poetry of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold." A course on the "English drama to the closing of the theatres (1640) exclusive of Shakespeare" (two hours a week throughout the year) is given conjointly by Professors Jackson and Woodberry. Professor Woodberry gives four other courses; two (each one hour a week for half the year) on "Spenser and the Elizabethan poets, exclusive of drama," and on "Milton and the Caroline poets"; and two (each two hours a week throughout the year) on "Eighteenth Century Literature" and on "Nineteenth Century Literature." This last course considers only British authors, and therefore it conflicts in no way with my own course (two hours a week throughout the year) on "American Literature."

Perhaps these three divisions, rhetoric, English language, and English literature, include all the courses which can fairly be called English; but closely allied to the first and to the third of these divisions is literature,—literature at large, independent of any given tongue, just as linguistics is independent of any given language, and going from one tongue to another, just as linguistics goes from one language to another. In this sense, the study of literature is the tracing of the evolution of literary form and of the development of criticism as masterpieces came into existence. In this department Professor Woodberry has two courses, one (two hours a week throughout the year) on the "History and Theory of Criticism; Plato, Aristotle, Horace, Quintillian, Sidney, Boileau, Dryden, Lessing, Coleridge"; and another, open only to students who have taken the first, on "The Practice of Criticism," a review of the greater works of literature, with specific original inquiries in particular epochs. And I have two courses also, one (two hours a week throughout the year) on "The Epochs of the Drama: Greek, Latin, Spanish, English, French, German"; and another (one hour a week

* This article is the second of a series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, begun in THE DIAL of February 1, with an article on English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook. The third will be on English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell; and the fourth on English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson.—[EDR. DIAL.]

throughout the year) on "The Development of the Modern Novel," from the *Gesta Romanorum* to *Waverley*. All four of these courses are intended primarily for graduates, and are open only to them and to seniors.

From the foregoing paragraphs the reader can see how fully English is treated at Columbia College, and from how many sides it is approached; and he can judge for himself whether there is any unjust discrimination against either the linguistic half of the subject or the literary. I have to add only that in no course in the history of English literature, or in the history of literature, is any textbook used so far as I am aware. All the professors are agreed in insisting that the student shall get at first hand his knowledge of the authors considered in turn, and that he shall from time to time prepare essays of his own involving individual research.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Columbia College in the City of New York.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDIES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

It would be premature to estimate the influence of the "Report of the Committee on Secondary School Studies," discussed editorially in your issue of January 16, but it is not too soon to indicate some of its characteristics that justify misgivings. Those happy ones who can forget their *securum agere ævum* long enough to become aware of the total depravity of secondary education, and to conceive a missionary zeal for its salvation, should begin by understanding the causes of its present unregenerate condition; yet these causes are just what the Committee and the Conferences ignore. Some of us do not agree that "the most defective part of our education is that of secondary schools"; we believe that it is incomparably the most important and the most unmanageable part, and that we who are engaged in it understand its deficiencies and its difficulties far better than the Committee and the Conferences are ever likely to note them; and we despair of any effectual growth in grace until true causes are recognized and true remedies are applied. Our conviction is that, taking into consideration the relative conditions and proportions—age, maturity, and training on the pupil's side, and independence, facilities, control, incentives, on that of the college—the result in real education as distinguished from technical skill in any given case is more largely due to the secondary school than to the college—a result proceeding from the fact that, in spite of all their peculiar difficulties, from which colleges are exempted, the schools do teach and the colleges do not. In this general connection, the Minority Report of the Committee is very significant as exhibiting the astounding theory of educational values accepted by the Committee and as intimating the haste with which such conclusions were reached.

More potent than defects of method, lack of coordination, and incompetence of teachers, are the "evil times" on which we are fallen. An ever-lessening school-year, multiplying holidays, interrupted health of pupils, "practical" considerations, social distractions,—everything

in the air is against the serious work of schools, public as well as private, provincial as well as metropolitan, with of course some difference in degree.* Comparisons with the systems of foreign countries are irrelevant and misleading, because they are not thorough-going: in fact, as cited they do not necessarily prove their point. In the United States at present, a forty-weeks' programme anchored to abstractions is a very different thing from a forty-weeks' programme dependent on distractions.

Speaking broadly, and with some exception as to strictly graded schools, secondary education is what colleges have begotten or adopted: colleges have brought the schools to do, and now they flout them too. Some comments and suggestions of the Conferences, whether intentionally or not, imply this recognition; but the Committee of Ten, who, as auditors and interpreters, might have been expected to collect and organize these hints, weighing their significance and pointing the appropriate moral, are too scientific for "traces," too dignified for innuendo, too blithe for self-reproach; and we look in vain for the desiderated *nos consales desumus*. Yet it is absolutely just for schools that have long felt the cramping conditions of college requirements, operating as almost the only definite standards of higher (as distinguished from "practical" or technical) education, to insist on having their results criticised in accordance with the number and volume and character of those requirements as used for examination purposes.

This accountability of colleges is amply illustrated in this document. Of the members of the Conferences, forty-eight were college-men and forty-two were school-men. The easy assumption of propriety in this distribution is enough in itself to show that, in the eyes of our Colossi, we must be underlings even in the measure of our authorized aspirations; but our subserviency is far greater. Of the forty-two school-men, almost two-thirds were principals; so that it is fair to assume that not more than half of the total number of school-men have been actual teachers so recently and so largely, or have otherwise lived in such close and unbroken relations with the real work of teaching, as to be teachers in any true sense. The proper ratio would have been far different: there was need of only enough college-men to formulate their special observations from various points of view of weakness in school-work, their expectations for the proper prosecution of college studies as conceived and designed, their remorse for past ignorance and indifference as to the work and the embarrassments of schools, and their acquiescence in a reasonable adaptation of their own crotchets to the possibilities of secondary education at the present time. Decisions and recommendations of practicability should have been left to actual teachers of tried success as such, disposed by education and experiences and sympathy to aspire even when constrained to temporary contentment. Teaching is a practical matter, with conditions of system and sequence and completeness and repetition and illumination, from one or all of which most college-teachers (though not otherwise as excusable as Lowell in Dante) consider themselves exempted by a change of venue never open to actual teachers, who are accountable to tests they can seldom forecast and often consider irrational, and who are to a great extent dependent on success in arbitrary examinations for livelihood and reputation.

* "The Sun" of Feb. 12 represents certain New York physicians as insisting that schools should not begin their daily sessions till 10 o'clock.

It is to be hoped that, at President Baker's recommendation, the National Council will hold itself responsible for further investigation of the data furnished by the Conference. Meantime, these remarks are offered from a private school: if this Report has more specific application to public schools and trustee academies, their condition reflects seriously on the recent argument of that member of the Committee who insists on the public supervision of all institutions of learning.

CASKIE HARRISON.

The Brooklyn Latin School, Feb. 3, 1894.

"THE 'STAR' SYSTEM IN PERIODICALS" AGAIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With the rest of your readers, I greatly enjoyed the article entitled "The 'Star' System in Periodicals," in your issue of Jan. 16. But there is one point waiting to be touched upon, it seems to me; another abnormal development of the "star" system, not referred to in the paper. It wittily describes the contributions of the specialist; but what is to be said when the specialist in one field poaches upon the domain of another? Let the distinguished and erudite Professor Pterodactyl discourse as profoundly and as prosily as he will upon his chosen subject of Paleontology; and let the discussion between himself and the equally distinguished Professor Trilobite wax hot and incomprehensible: there are students of the subject, doubtless, self-disciplined sufficiently to follow on, albeit afar off, with some degree of interest and appreciation. But, sad to relate, some fatal morning the eminent Pterodactyl receives a flattering note from the editor of a prominent Review, containing an urgent invitation to contribute to it a paper upon "The Situation in Hawaii," with an exposition of his views on annexing the Antipodes, and a few practical suggestions relative to queens and the sugar bounty. Upon the self-same evil day the learned Trilobite finds in his morning's mail a polite letter from the editor of a rival Review requesting that he participate in a symposium with three other distinguished gentlemen (they are, it appears, an M. C. from Missouri, a prominent English brewer who happens to be temporarily in this country looking about with an eye to speculation, and a very celebrated major-general who since "the late unpleasantness" has spent most of the time in African travel and exploration) who are to discuss severally and collectively the present attitude towards Realism in Fiction. The editor is certain that the views of such distinguished men upon a subject of so much popular interest cannot fail to suggest much of value to the great reading public of America. These two excellent and, up to this time, entirely respectable professors are at first a trifle shocked by these suggestions; recovering duly, they smile a dreary smile of conscious frailty, ponder, conceive, labor, and are delivered respectively of anomalous and grotesque monstrosities, which, together with similar hapless productions from other sources, disfigure and obscure the pages of the magazines. Now this is very absurd, and should of course be touched upon in any discussion of the "star" system. Many of our periodicals now advertise the name of their contributors rather than the titles of the articles; and the competition of editorship is in some quarters largely a smart rivalry in securing noted names. This is legitimate enough when the author and his work may be identified as related; but to-day, in authorship as in every department of human industry, man's field is *not* the world. Spec-

ulation of course invades the sanctum, and brilliant Napoleons of editing assure us that there is everything in "a name." Is this a phase of development, or is it a *fad*?

WILLIAM EDWARDS.

St. Louis, Feb. 4, 1894.

THE DECUMAN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his recently published letters (Vol. II., pp. 55-56) Mr. Lowell refers to the difficulties of some of his critics in relation to a word occurring in "The Cathedral,"—

"... shocks of surf that clomb and fell,
Spume-sliding down the baffled *decuman*,"

and attempts the genealogy of the word, finding it in several Latin writers (*fluctus decumanus*), but being unable to name any English author who had used it in this sense. "I think I shall probably come across the word somewhere in English again," Mr. Lowell writes, "where I no doubt met with it years ago. A word that cleaves to the memory is always a good word—that's the way to test them."

It will interest readers of Lowell to note that the word *decuman*, meaning the tenth wave, is given in the new "Century Dictionary" with quotations from two minor English writers. The *locus classicus* in English, however, for the discussion of the phenomenon itself, is in that delightful repository of all questions strange and wonderful, the Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors, of Sir Thomas Browne. See his works (ed. Wilkin (London, 1878, II., 269-271), where quotations in illustration of the topic from several more modern writers also are given by the editor. I find elsewhere also a quotation ascribed to Burke:

"At length, tumbling from the Gallic coast, the victorious tenth wave shall ride like the boar over all the rest."

And in Tennyson ("The Coming of Arthur") there is a reference to the ninth wave—a variation doubtless due to the two different methods of enumeration, whether inclusive or exclusive:

"And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame."

But probably the allusion is not an unusual one in English poetry.

FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.

Chicago, Feb. 2, 1894.

A TIME-HONORED MISPRINT.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your issue of Jan. 16 a zealous Scotchman uses the word "willie-waught" in a poem in honor of Burns. Alas! our carelessly-printed editions of Burns have deceived one of the very elect. Cuthbertson's Complete Glossary to Burns knows nothing of the word. Mr. William Scott Douglas says in his edition of Burns (Vol. II., p. 175), at the close of a discussion of this "ghost-word": "In short, 'willie-waught' is nonsense, but 'gude-willie' or 'ill-willie' is a compound adjective in every-day use."

The oft-misprinted line in "Auld Lang Syne" reads in the edition of Mr. Douglas:

"And we'll tak a right gude-willie waught."

A. H. TOLMAN.

The University of Chicago, Jan. 27, 1894.

The New Books.

RECOLLECTIONS AND SKETCHES OF SOME LITERARY FOLK.*

Mr. Francis Espinasse's volume of "Recollections and Sketches" forms an exceedingly entertaining and valuable collection of literary memorabilia — perhaps the freshest and best one, all in all, that has come to our notice of late. The author, a Frenchman by blood, a Scot by birth, and a Londoner by adoption, seems to have had a sort of genius for falling in with people who, as Mrs. Leo Hunter phrased it, "are celebrated for their works and talents." Fortunately, a turn for noting and mentally storing up salient personal traits and pungent odds and ends of talk has enabled him to make the most of his Boswellian opportunities in a Boswellian way. Nearly two-thirds of the book are devoted to "The Carlyles and a Segment of their Circle," the remaining captions being: "The British Museum Library Fifty Years Ago, and After," "Concerning the Organization of Literature," "George Henry Lewes and George Eliot," "James Hannay and his Friends," "Leigh Hunt and his Second Journal," "Literary Journalism," "Lord Beaconsfield and his Minor Biographers," etc. The contents of the volume are based on a series of articles, which appeared monthly in "The Bookman" during the two years from its commencement in 1891. These have been considerably enlarged; and the chapters entitled "Literary Journalism" and "Later Edinburgh Memoirs" are now printed for the first time.

In his opening chapter, which is devoted to Early Reminiscences, the author recounts his boyish impressions of certain celebrities of a past generation, among them Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and Wordsworth. Of Sir Walter he is at least able to say *Virgilium vidi tantum*, having enjoyed a fugitive glimpse of the author of "Waverley" while a pupil at the Melrose preparatory school:

"One day I was out walking with a governess or other female guardian, when an open carriage, with an elderly gentleman sitting in it reading, and a boy on a pony trotting by its side, was seen coming along a bend in the road, so that we had them in full view. 'Look,' said my companion, 'that is Sir Walter Scott and his grandson.' Look I did at the author of my favorite 'Tales of a Grandfather,' and especially at the enviable boy for whom they were written, to whom they were addressed, and who seemed to me more or less deformed."

* LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS AND SKETCHES. By Francis Espinasse. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.]

Of Campbell he obtained a nearer view. It was during the poet's final visit to Edinburgh, where, as a distinguished bard and a "brither Scot," he was much fêted and caressed by the higher order of Amphytrions, as well as by members of the Town Council and the like "bit burgher bodies." One of the latter class, a Bailie, having asked Campbell to dinner, the author, as a lad of known parts and enthusiasm for poetry and poets, was invited to put in an appearance with the dessert, that he might feast his eyes on the Bard of Hope. There seems to have been the usual disparity between the young ideal and the actual:

"The guests were chiefly Edinburgh ministers of the Kirk, one of them being the long-headed, pawky Dr. Lee, then in charge of one of the most important city churches, and afterwards Principal of the University of Edinburgh. Among them, and a striking contrast to his fellow-guests, sat the poet, a spruce little gentleman, with finely-cut features, in a gay and talkative mood, which became more so as he made an end of glass upon glass of brandy and water. He told amusing story after story, to the great delectation of his listeners. Young as I was, I noticed that some of the poet's anecdotes verged on the improper, and that in these cases, Dr. Lee's countenance wore an embarrassed look, as if, while bound to smile, he as a cleric felt it to be his duty to look grave. So the evening wore on until Campbell had told his last story, finished his last glass of brandy and water, and it was time for seniors, much more for juniors, to take their homeward way."

It was during a holiday sojourn at Kendal, in the Lake District, that Mr. Espinasse encountered Wordsworth. He made the usual pilgrimage to Rydal Mount, and was amiably received by the proprietor, whom he describes as being then a man of near seventy, hale and erect, and looking, when he had donned his Tam-o'-Shanter bonnet and plaid, like a Lowland farmer of the better class. Of Wordsworth's features, that which struck the young visitor most was his nose — a member massive enough to have captivated Mr. Walter Shandy himself. Altogether, concludes Mr. Espinasse, "His countenance had not to my mind that refinement which is visible in his portraits. . . . Before we parted, something that I said may have betrayed a hankering after a literary life. At any rate, he warned me against it, and spoke of what he had known of suffering among friends of his drudging for and dependent on 'book-sellers.' He advised me to be a 'surgeon.'"

It was in 1841 that Mr. Espinasse was first drawn, as it were, into the Carlylean orbit. He had read with delight the "French Revolution," "Sartor Resartus," and the more mystical deliverances on the literature of Germany, and had been led thereby into certain mild dabbings in German philosophy. The upshot of it all was that (despite the ministrations of

"long-headed, pawky Dr. Lee" of the Kirk) he became disquieted about his soul. The half-digested Hegelism, Fichteism, Schellingism, assorting ill with his home-bred Calvinism, brought on a fit of spiritual indigestion, and he determined forthwith to consult Mr. Carlyle as the man best fitted to resolve his metaphysical doubts. Surely, he perhaps reflected, one who had written so finely and prophetically of "the Immensities," "the Silences," "the Abysmal Nothingnesses," "the Eternal Veracities," could say much to the purpose; so he indited a note to the Sage of Ecclefechan asking him plumply "for a solution of the mystery of existence." Nor was the oracle silent. Thomas Carlyle was, perhaps, of all men of his time, the one most profoundly and painfully convinced of the hopelessness of the question so artlessly put to him. But the confidence shown by his unknown disciple was flattering, not to say touching; and to the surprise and delight of the petitioner there presently came a letter, kindly and helpful, though scarcely satisfactory as a "solution" of the "mystery" aforesaid. We subjoin what seems to be the pith of the philosopher's reply:

"It is many years since I ceased reading German or any other metaphysics, and gradually came to discern that I had happily got done with that matter altogether. By what steps, series of books, and other influences such result was brought about, it would now be extremely difficult to say. Few books stand prominently with me above the general dimness. . . . I may say further that after all the Fichteisms, Schellingisms, Hegelisms, I still understand *Kant* to be the grand novelty, the prime author of the new spiritual world, of whom all the others are but superficial, transient modifications. If you do decide to penetrate into this matter, what better can you do than vigorously set to the *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, a very attainable book, and resolutely study it and re-study it till you understand it? You will find it actually capable of being understood, rigorously sequent, like a book of mathematics; labor that pays itself; really one of the best metaphysical studies that I know of. Once master of *Kant*, you have attained what I reckon most precious, perhaps alone precious in that multifarious business of German philosophy: namely, deliverance from the fatal incubus of Scotch or French philosophy, with its mechanisms and its Atheisms, and be able perhaps to wend on your way leaving both of them behind you. . . . For the rest, let it be no disappointment if, after all study, you do not learn 'what we are'; nay, if you discover that metaphysics cannot by any possibility teach us *such* a result, or even that metaphysics is a kind of disease, and the inquiry itself a kind of disease. We shall never know 'what we are'; on the other hand, we can always partly know what beautiful and noble things we are fit to do, and that is the grand inquiry for us. The Hebrew Psalmist said, 'I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' No *Kant* or *Hegel*, as I take it, can do much more than say the like, in the wider, complicated dialect we now have."

That Carlyle's estimates of the British men of letters who were his contemporaries did not err on the side of over-appreciation is manifest in Mr. Espinasse's chapter on his "Literary Table-Talk." Some of the most popular of them were poets and novelists, and Carlyle, despite his reverence for Goethe, Schiller, and Jean Paul, waged perpetual war against metre and fiction. So far did he carry this dislike (real or feigned) that the author heard him one day grumbling because the pleasure he had hoped to derive from a translation of some Indian drama, by "a man of strong Hindoo genius," had been "spoilt" by a metrical rendering. "Mainly, perhaps," shrewdly observes Mr. Espinasse, "this aversion from poetry and fiction was due not merely to Carlyle's love of reality, but to his own comparative failure in both."

Carlyle did not, it seems, rate Wordsworth very high as a poet, whatever his opinion of him as a man may have been. "Put *Æschylus* among those hills," he exclaimed, "and he will say something worth listening to!" Mr. Espinasse surmises that his general depreciation of Wordsworth was partly the result of a sonnet of the poet's evidently directed against himself and his "The French Revolution,"* for he adds,—

"Great as was Carlyle's intellectual integrity, his estimates of his contemporaries, literary and unliterary, were often in a perceptible degree colored by personal feeling."

Certainly, however, no inimical feeling of that kind influenced him in his inadequate rating of Tennyson's exquisite verse. For Tennyson, the man, he had a real affection, "though he liked him as a companion chiefly because, he told me, he found 'Alfred'—thus he always spoke of him—'an intelligent listener.'" Patient and much-enduring "listener" were perhaps nearer the mark. Of the fine "Princess," Carlyle said curtly that it "had everything but common-sense" (a stricture, by-the-by, which an eminent Frenchman has since passed on his own "French Revolution"), and our author found him, one forenoon,

"Deep in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and full of the story of the dealings of an early Christian missionary with some Scandinavian and heathen potentate. 'Alfred,' he declared, 'would be much better employed in making such an episode interesting and beautiful than in cobbling his odes,' the occupation in which, when visiting him sometime before, Carlyle had found him en-

* "Portentous change! when History can appear
As the cool Advocate of foul device;
Reckless audacity extol, and jeer
At consciences perplexed with scruples nice," etc.

gaged, and with the futility of which he had then and there reproached him."

Mrs. Browning, it seems, did not take so quietly as Tennyson the philosopher's rather meddlesome protests against verse-making. Having received from him a letter adjuring her to forsake the evil of her poetical ways, she wrote him so touching and sensible a rejoinder that "I had," Carlyle confessed, "to draw in my horns."

For that limb of the "Dandiacal Body," the author of "Pelham," Carlyle evinced much contempt, calling him a "poor fribble," and approving his own plain-spoken spouse's still more vigorous epithet, "a lanthorn-jawed quack." For Dickens, on the other hand, he had much personal liking. He declared that he was the only man of his time in whose writings genuine cheerfulness was to be found, and compared favorably his sunny geniality with the "terrible cynicism" of Thackeray.

Mr. Espinasse notes a curiously characteristic judgment of Carlyle's respecting Ranke—whose elaborate *Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte* he pronounced "a complete failure." He had, it seems, once seen Ranke rummaging among the manuscripts in the British Museum, and had noted, with his usual keen eye for personal defects,

"That something, either congenital or the result of external injury, was so much the matter with an upper section of Ranke's dorsal region that he had to link the peccant parts together with an iron hook."

So, agreeably to a pet theory of his as to the bearing of a man's bodily peculiarities upon his intellect, he at once pronounced the eminent Teuton "a broken-backed man," and proceeded to draw inferences from his physical affliction to his book. "Broken-backed man," *ergo*, weak-backed book, seems to have been the not very sequent enthymeme. Oddly enough, in Mr. Carlyle's own case, a kindred analogy is often drawn, the maligned world professing to have found much of the dyspeptic censor's stomach in his writings. Our author himself rather neatly observes, "Much in Carlyle and what flowed from him was, as Goethe said of Schiller, 'pathological.'"

Carlyle's oral criticism on the opening volumes of Froude's History was curt and pithy: "Meritorious, but too much raw material"; while the impression left upon him by Thiers's "French Revolution" was that its author was "a man without a conscience." That his later-day literary judgments were sometimes at variance with his early enthusiasms is attested

in the case of Fichte—whom he once characterized in his Essays as "a colossal and adamantine spirit, standing erect and clear like a Cato Major among degenerate men, fit to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discovered beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe." Twenty years later, however, says Mr. Espinasse, when

"He had been reading a new volume in a series of translations from Fichte's works, he pronounced, to my great astonishment, the lauded Fichte of earlier years to be 'a thick-skinned fellow!'"

His appreciation of and gratitude to Kant, on the contrary, remained unimpaired. "Kant," he declared, "taught me that I had a soul as well as a body"—a tribute which, to say the least, was not flattering to the logic of his own pre-Kantian spiritual pastors and masters.

Owing to his prophetic character Carlyle was much tormented by counsel-seeking bores, by all sorts of people asking all sorts of questions with all the confidence shown by Captain Cuttle in the oracular Bunsby. The most pestilential pilgrims to the Chelsea tripod were, we regret to learn, Americans, a fact which led their victim to write his famous sentence about the millions of transatlantic bores who had been brought into the world with unexampled rapidity. One American cleric, our author remembers,

"Half-forced his way into the house to insist on Carlyle's explaining to him difficulties which had occurred to him in studying 'the moral character of Goorty'—such, according to Carlyle, was his pronunciation of Goethe's name. All he got out of Carlyle was a recommendation to restudy, in 'Goorty's' own writings, the 'moral character,' the anomalies of which had perplexed him."

Of A. Bronson Alcott's historic visit to Carlyle we find no mention in this unflattering connection; but he certainly must have propounded some "unmitigated staggerers" to the oracle.

From Alcott to Emerson the mental transition is easy; and we shall pass on to our author's capital chapter on "Emerson in England." His manner in the lecture-room, says Mr. Espinasse, was one of perfect serenity:

"To the public success or failure of his lectures he appeared to be profoundly indifferent, a mood to which his experiences in American lecture-rooms had habituated him. He told me, with perfect equanimity, that at home he was accustomed to see hearers, after listening to him a little, walk out of the room, as much as to say that they had had enough of him."

Perhaps the "perfect equanimity" was the fruit of the lecturer's Platonic opinions as to the capacity for higher truth of his vanishing

auditors. Emerson would seem to have chosen, on the whole, rather an odd circle of associates while in England. Before leaving Manchester he gave a dinner party to which he invited

"A strange collection of mystics, poets, prose-rhapsodists, editors, school-masters, ex-Unitarian ministers, and cultivated manufacturers, the only bond of union among them being a common regard and respect for Emerson. . . . After the prandial and post-prandial babblement, to which our host as usual contributed nothing, he gave a serene close to the evening by reading to us his lecture on Plato."

It may be added that one of the guests on this hilarious occasion was a vegetarian,—an apostle of what Carlyle once called the "dom'd potato-gospel,"—for whom a separate dinner of herbs was considerably served. The account of this "function" prepares us for our author's statement that the Englishman in whom Emerson seemed most interested was one Thomas Taylor, Platonist and Neo-pagan, a crack-brained enthusiast whom some visitors once found kneeling before a silver shrine of Mercury!

"Taylor lived in Walworth, whither Emerson told me that he made a pilgrimage—the only literary pilgrimage which I knew him to make in London—in search of memorials of this reviver of the worship of the gods of antiquity."

Carlyle used to relate with much amusement an incident reported to him by a friend who had visited "the seraphic man" at Concord:

"Emerson's little boy being very fretful and tearful, the optimistic parent took the urchin in his arms, and said, caressing him, 'I will love the devil out of him.' Carlyle evidently thought that for such an extrusion a sterner mode of treatment would have been more effective or appropriate."

Possibly something in the way of a sound birching would have been the Ecclefechan mode of exorcism.

Mr. Espinasse had a long talk with Carlyle about one of Emerson's Edward Street lectures. "When I spoke," he says,

"Of the high ethical ideal which Emerson held up to us, Carlyle replied that Emerson's ethics consisted chiefly of 'prohibitions.' . . . Mrs. Carlyle was more dissatisfied than her husband with Emerson's ethics. Dilating in his high-flown optimistic way on the ultimate triumph of good over evil, the lecturer went to the length of saying that even when in a haunt of sensual vice, unmentionable to ears polite (though Emerson called it by its plain English name), 'man is still tending upwards,' or words to that effect. Mrs. Carlyle's moral indignation at this statement knew no bounds, and for some time she could scarcely speak of Emerson with patience."

On the much-discussed, if not very important, relations between Carlyle and his wife our author has little to say, but that little is to the point. Men are rarely heroes to their valets,

or, *a fortiori*, to their wives—who enjoy, it will be admitted, even better opportunities for close observation; and the wife, in the present case, happened to have an unusually keen eye for contrasts between theory and conduct. Mrs. Carlyle did not, in fact, always take her dogmatical spouse as seriously as he liked to be taken; and our author notes her readiness to tell "before company" anecdotes of him which made him appear just a little ridiculous:

"Carlyle was full of inconsistencies, especially in the contrast between his doctrine of the sacredness of silence and his own incessant talk. This gave Mrs. Carlyle a handle, of which, when irritated, she was not slow to avail herself, for comment on the difference between her husband's preaching and his practice. Once when he was declaiming against the love of perpetual locomotion, and insisting on the duty of staying where you are, the little lady bowled him out very neatly by citing two lines from his own translation of a distich in *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*—

"To give room for wandering is fit
That the world was made so wide."

The key to Mrs. Carlyle's occasional petulance, is not, perhaps, far to seek. The author recalls the "emphasis" ("it seemed afterwards a little significant," he adds) with which she once refused his request to sing "Auld Robin Gray."

We have done scant justice to the range and variety of Mr. Espinasse's book, which we once more commend as a capital collection of literary anecdotes and *ana*.

E. G. J.

GREEK POETRY AND LIFE.*

Criticism has long since exhausted the vocabulary of approbation in appraising the successive performances of Professor Jebb. He is the ideal product of the English system of education, and he easily bears away all the first prizes. His faculty of assimilation is unparalleled, and like Mr. Andrew Lang, he has set his mark on everything. He has written the best copy of Greek verses (his Bologna Ode), the best imitation of Tacitean prose, the best book on the Attic Orators, the best Introduction to Homer, the best volume in the "English Men of Letters" series (the Bentley), and the best and only edition of Sophocles. We are waiting to hear that he has given the best University Extension Lecture and made the best speech in Parliament. Meanwhile he sends us a pleasant reminder of his recent visit to this country,

* THE GROWTH AND INFLUENCE OF CLASSICAL GREEK POETRY. By Richard Claverhouse Jebb. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in the shape of the best course of lectures on Greek poetry—the lectures which he delivered in 1892 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. The eight lectures fill one neat little volume. On the fly-leaf the author has set a pretty Greek elegiac stanza, which may be roughly Englished as follows:

Like to a rose that withers in the leaf
Thy death—the ninth spring's threshold not yet crossed.
Now to the Muse each spring thy parents' grief
Offers this wreath in memory of the lost.

A brief preface expresses the desire that this volume may take its place in a series deriving unity from the Turnbull foundation, the series initiated by Mr. Stedman's "Nature and Elements of Poetry," and to be continued next spring by Mr. Norton's eagerly anticipated lectures on Dante.

We have the author's warrant for turning first to the last chapter, on the "Permanent Power of Greek Poetry." It is the lecture which he selected to read before the Twentieth Century Club in Chicago, and for publication in the "Atlantic Monthly." Its leading thought is an idea already illustrated by Professor Jebb in his "Attic Orators." The truth, the variety, the permanent power of Greek poetry and oratory are due in large measure to the fact that they grew up in immediate and vital contact with the life of the people. All other literatures (with the possible exception of the Elizabethan drama) have been produced by a cultivated class, a literary remnant dwelling as sojourners and aliens among toiling millions who knew them not. They have been the expression of schools, cliques, and coteries. The literature of Greece only was truly autochthonous. The poets and orators of Athens could repeat, in respect of the rich soil of human life in which they had their roots, that proud Athenian boast:

"All races but one are as aliens engrafted or sown,
Strange children and changelings, but we, O our mother, thine own."

Let not the heralds of a free untrammelled literature of the Mississippi Valley, broad as our prairies and untamed as our buffaloes, derive comfort from this thought. If literature and life are to meet in fruitful contact, the people must come half-way. The average man whom the Athenian poets and orators addressed surpassed in mental power, according to Mr. Galton's estimates, the average Member of Parliament. When he sat on a jury he did not need to be propitiated by the quaint mixture of slang and "highfalutin" which a distinguished ex-

governor of Massachusetts thought it necessary to employ in a recent celebrated case in order to separate himself from sophistical "literary fellers" in the minds of the twelve good men and true. And to amuse him in the theatre it was not necessary to resort to "Texas Steers," "Holes in the Ground," or "Mr. Barnes of New York." Don't be afraid to make fine points, the chorus cry, in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes; the audience are clever enough.

Thus, as Professor Jebb elsewhere finely says, the poetry of the Greeks was the index of their capacity, and not merely like the poetry of the English-speaking race, the flower of their spirit. It was not only inspired by life, but it was also regulated by life; and to this it owes its immunity from affectation and unreality, and from the false sentiment which "may pass muster in the study, but which is inevitably betrayed by its own unveracity when it is spoken aloud before witnesses whose minds are sane." "In such an art we find lessons which no lapse of time can make obsolete and which no multiplication of modern interests can make superfluous."

In a few brief pregnant paragraphs, Professor Jebb goes on to contrast this quality of classical Greek literature with the artificial product of Alexandria and Rome, pausing only to pay a tribute of warm enthusiasm to Theocritus, the last genuinely inspired poet of Greece. He then touches lightly but suggestively on the Hellenic influences in modern literature, in Goethe, Schiller, Milton, Keats, and Mr. William Morris, and on the too familiar antithesis of Hellenism and Hebraism. Keats, he truly says (after Arnold), is essentially an Elizabethan; "his manner, even in treating Greek themes, was not Greek except occasionally and for brief spaces." One hesitates to differ from Professor Jebb; but it is not easy to accept the dictum that the most Greek thing in Keats is "his vivid spontaneous sympathy with the life of eternal nature" as shown, for example, in the "Ode to a Nightingale." Surely Keats's interpretation of nature is "Celtic," as Arnold would say, rather than Greek. The truly Greek element in Keats's work, I think, is a certain monumental plasticity of style revealed in occasional touches only; the too rare expression of a mood borne in on him when he contemplated the Elgin marbles, and contrasted their everlasting superhuman calm with the breathing human passion that left his own heart high-sorrowful and cloyed. Such lines, I mean, as these:

"And charioting foremost in the envious race
Like a young Jove with calm uneager face."

Or these :

"She would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck,
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel."

Or these :

"What little town by river or sea shore
Or mountain built with peaceful citadel
Is emptied of this folk this pious morn?"

Or the second stanza of the "Ode to Autumn," which, but for a touch of Elizabethan luxuriance, might have been taken directly from Theocritus.

Very admirable, too, is Professor Jebb's sketch, in the introductory lecture, of the "Distinctive qualities of the Greek race as expressed by Homer," shown on a dark background of the pre-Hellenic Egyptian, Assyrian, and Phœnician civilization of the tenth century B.C. The Greek is free, natural, and human, from the moment of his first appearance on the stage of history—a large-eyed Miranda-like child, looking out upon the brave new world that hath such people in it. The free expansion of his spirit was never checked by thralldom to priests, kings, or conventions. And although, as the old Egyptian priest says in the "Timæus," this young people possessed no store of venerable tradition that could vie with the hoary wisdom of the East, they soon bettered their instruction and left their teachers far in the rear.

In reading the six more special chapters that fill up the body of the book, one must confess to a slight sense of disappointment. The feeling is an unjust one. Nowhere is there to be found a clearer or juster statement of the essential facts of the development of Greek poetry from Homer to Euripides. If there are few novelties and little spirit-stirring eloquence, it is because the writer's sober taste and unerring scholarship reject the tinsel of Mr. Symonds's rhetoric and the wilful exaggerations of brilliant partial fancies that enliven the pages of Mr. Ruskin, or Mr. Ernest Myers, or even occasionally of Matthew Arnold.

What, within these limits, could Professor Jebb have told us of Homer that has not already been said by Arnold, or in his own incomparable little introduction to the study of Homer? How could he write of the Greek lyric poets in one chapter more succinctly and soundly than he has done in his excellent primer, or more eloquently than Mr. Symonds in his "Greek Poets"? How could he hope to surpass in one lecture his own admirable paper on Pindar, published in the "Journal of Hellenic

Studies" a few years ago? What could he tell us about Sophocles that is not more adequately expressed in his great edition, and how could he improve on his own model article on Euripides in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"? He is in the position of the orator Isocrates, vainly striving to compete with his own earlier work. "The Panegyricus has beggared him."

Here and there, however, one finds bits of criticism that deserve the emphasis of special notice; as, for example, the spirited portraiture of the character of Achilles—a blending of suggestions taken from Hegel and Mr. Ruskin; the remarks on the exquisite art with which Homer combines the human and divine agencies in the scene where Achilles pursues Hector around the walls of Troy; and the subtle observations on the peculiar instinct for the picturesque which partly compensates in the "Odyssey" for the dramatic force of the "Iliad." The chapter on Pindar, who is naturally one of Professor Jebb's favorites, contains some fine renderings of four or five of the great tonic passages which every student of Greek literature ought to know by heart. Pindar, Professor Jebb beautifully says, shows us the epic heroes under a new light, "neither that far-off though clear light, as of a fair sunset, which the lay of the minstrel shed around them in the palace of Alcinous, nor yet that searching sunshine of noontide which fell upon them in the theatre of Dionysus." The nearest analogue of a Pindaric ode in the manner of affecting the hearer, he tells us, is an oratorio such as the "Messiah" or "Israel in Egypt." We are happy to find one English scholar who does not tell us, like Cicero and Mr. Mahaffy, that we cannot know how the metres of Pindar sounded. The following words should be set up in letters of gold in every class-room where pedants draw out Greek verse by the metronome and the rule of thumb: "For in the higher poetry, especially when it employs the grand style, the movement of every modern language is slower than the Greek."

Professor Jebb has learned much from Matthew Arnold, as all his writings show. Why will he condescend to captious criticism of the great critic? He must know that when Arnold describes Pindar as "the poet on whom above all other poets the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect," he does not in the least intend to imply "a certain absence of due self-restraint." Else how could he have taken Pindar for a type of the grand style in simplicity? And what can a

writer who uses words with Professor Jebb's habitual precision mean by the affirmation that the style of Æschylus is always the grand style? The style of Æschylus is, in passages, as vicious as Shakespeare's:

"Till that Bellona's bridegroom lapped in proof
Confronted him with self-comparisons."

Professor Jebb should leave it to the critics who think Arnold was "running down" Shakespeare to confound grand style and great poet.

The most noteworthy thing in the chapters on the Drama is the acute and sensible summing up of the controversy as to the merits of Euripides. It would perhaps have been more amusing if Professor Jebb had "taken sides," and either rehabilitated Euripides with Browning and Mr. Mahaffy, or denounced his plays as "shapeless abortions" with Mr. Swinburne. Instead of this, he shows us, by an admirable critical analysis, just why Euripides, though he failed as an Hellenic artist, became the ideal poet of the Hellenistic world, and appeals with a legitimate attraction to the troubled romantic modern spirit. He is a "fascinating poet," the author of a "dazzling compromise," and the "peculiar gift which his genius has bequeathed to the modern world" shows a "blending of Hellenic light, though its light is declining, with the incipient promise of Romance." In spite of this scrupulous judicial fairness, it is easy to feel that Professor Jebb is too good a Greek not to prefer for himself the pure "Hellenic light." His private and intimate feeling would, if I mistake not, be that of Professor Jowett, recently communicated by Mr. Swinburne in his "Recollections": "I have been reading Euripides lately, and still retain my old bad opinion of him—sophist, sentimentalist, sensationalist—no Greek in the better sense of the term." Professor Jebb is too urbane to disable the judgment of Euripides' admirers, but it is not difficult to apprehend his real meaning when he writes: "The degree in which a modern enjoys Sophocles is not necessarily a measure of his feeling for poetry; but it may fairly be taken as a measure of his sympathy with the finest qualities of the Athenian genius."

In conclusion, I wish to call attention to one distinctive excellence which this interesting little volume possesses in common with all the work of its author. It will not mislead the English reader. Greek literature is coming to be studied more and more in translations, expositions, compendiums. There is no lack of such aids, and they are multiplying every day. But it is not easy to find books that may safely

be recommended to serious students who desire truth and just opinions as well as entertainment and mild titillation of the intellectual palate. Even when gross inaccuracies as regards external fact are avoided, there is apt to be something limited, arbitrary, fantastic, exaggerated, or wilfully perverse, in the expositions of Greek life and thought written for the general reader. The picture is slightly out of drawing, the objects are out of focus, the values are not rightly given, and there is a haze of false sentiment over all. It is not the least of the many merits of Professor Jebb's work that it is free from these defects. And the English reader may almost employ it as a touchstone by which to test his other helps.

PAUL SHOREY.

ARCHITECTURE, PAST AND FUTURE.*

A very interesting field of study might be found in the principles, if there be any, that should govern the naming of books, or perhaps the variations of fashion in book-naming. If Mr. Van Brunt's book entitled "Greek Lines" had been published a century ago, it would probably have been called "An Inquiry into the Present State of Architecture, especially in the United States; with some Observations upon the Nature of the Architectural Art and its Connection with Poetry." Such, at any rate, are the subjects chiefly considered in his book, which takes its name from the title of the first essay.

"Greek Lines" is a collection of studies on architectural subjects; but not merely a gathering together of separate papers, for the author has collated the essays so as "to form a sequence in which from first to last there should be evident a more or less orderly development." Being, then, the presentation, in a somewhat systematic form, of opinions concerning the present state of architecture and of principles concerning architecture in general, by one of the eminent practical architects of the day, the book certainly commands attention; and it must at once be said that it well repays anyone who is interested in the matter, for it is original and scholarly and refined.

The present state of architecture is a very interesting subject. On the one hand, we have jeremiads on the part of such as point out that we have nowadays no distinctive style; on the other—just at present, at least—we have

* GREEK LINES, and Other Architectural Essays. By Henry Van Brunt. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the joyful pæans occasioned by the successful beauty of the World's Fair buildings. We see every day much that is distressing, and in our mind's eye we look forward on future beauties flushing in the glow of hope. Meanwhile we have an enormous amount of building, especially in the West; a number of young gentlemen in Paris learning how it should be done; and too many other people engaged in doing it.

Mr. Van Brunt is by no means discouraging. His book is in good part an exposition of the motto, "Good Architecture, but not a Style." The motto is perhaps daring,—and yet it seems as though something of the sort were necessary, when we think of the Gothic revival, the Queen Anne revival, even of the Richardsonian Romanesque. Good Architecture, of course; but why not also a Style? Why not an American style (to go, let us say, with our American school in music, painting, literature), or a Western style, or even a World's Fair style? Well, for one thing (I believe I am practically quoting Mr. Van Brunt), because to have a style we must have a national feeling, an artistic tradition, and a comparative ignorance of other styles. And even if the first two of these possessions were ours, the last is practically impossible.

But if we are not to have a style, what then? Mr. Van Brunt's answer to this question is, to a layman at least, exceedingly instructive, both as to what a style is and as to what American architecture can achieve. In his different Essays he treats the question in various ways; he shows the value of an appreciation of the spirit of Greek art, he points out the value of conscience in modern architecture, he insists on the possibility of in some way manipulating the cumbersome knowledge of the present day into work that will be good. His treatment throughout is on a high plane, and one gets ideas even when disagreeing.

In his more general views on architecture, Mr. Van Brunt propounds many opinions which it would be a pleasure to debate with him. The notion of Aphrodite, or the personification of the great creative principle "as lying at the root of all high art," for instance, or the view of architecture as the most human of the arts, — these and other views, did only time and space permit, would in discussion lead to beautiful and interesting variations. To one matter Mr. Van Brunt has devoted more than a passing notice; namely, the analogy between Architecture and Poetry. The analogy between the arts has given rise to various pleasant

fallacies nowadays. Why cannot "the emotions awakened in the mind of an intelligent expert by the contemplation of a work of pure architecture" be awakened, at least in some degree, in other minds by poetry? Mr. Van Brunt cannot see why such a thing should not be natural; he comments upon architecture in the poets, and finally offers an experiment of his own. "The Church Door: a Study in Romanesque," is a sweet and pleasing poem, and it would be somewhat ungracious to take it as offered in proof of the point. I incline to compare it with Sir Edwin Arnold's Introduction to "With Sa'di in the Garden." But that effort to present the impression of the Taj Mahal was by no means the most poetical part of the book; and its two most poetical passages were two that had hardly any reference to architecture.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

SOME RECENT BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

Mr. Frederick Diodati Thompson has given to the world, in his "In the Track of the Sun," the most sumptuous itinerary of travel ever placed before the American public. Gorgeously bound in the colors of the Orient, in scarlet, green, and gold, perfect in typography, exquisite in illustration, the book is a delight to the eye. The first thought in reading it is that, since Mr. Thompson has told his story so well, we wish he had spent a much longer time in each place; for nowhere did "the dust grow old upon his sandal-shoon." He was but seven months in making the entire trip round the world. But we have Biblical authority for the assertion that he who runs may read. When we note Mr. Thompson's cheerfulness, his fresh interest in everything, we recall Byron's lines in "Don Juan":

"There is nothing gives a man such spirits,
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a curry,
As going at full speed — no matter where its
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry."

*IN THE TRACK OF THE SUN. Readings from the Diary of a Globe-Trotter. By Frederick Diodati Thompson. With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE BARBARY COAST. By Henry M. Field. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TEN YEARS' CAPTIVITY IN THE MAHDI'S CAMP. From the Original Manuscripts of Father Joseph Ohrwalder. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ADVENTURES IN MASHONALAND. By two Hospital Nurses, Rose Blennerhasset and Lucy Sleeman. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A WILD SHEEP CHASE. Notes of a Little Philosophic Journey in Corsica. Translated from the French of Emile Bergerat. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan & Co.

MY ARCTIC JOURNAL. A Year among Ice Fields and Eskimos. By Josephine Diebitsch-Peary. Illustrated. New York and Philadelphia: The Contemporary Publishing Co.

Everything seemed to come to this globe-trotter, just as he went to everything; he had a perfect genius for travelling. Earthquakes did not overlook him, nor did he omit being tattooed. He must have been exceptionally vigorous in health and alert of eye to have accomplished so much; but it all would have been as naught, he would have been but one of Lord Bacon's "land-lopers," had he not also such a simple, unaffected, but thoroughly well-poised literary style of telling what he saw, and telling it with point and humor. His good taste is also shown in the illustrations chosen for his volume, which are extremely beautiful, and many of them novel, even to the eye of a traveller. We might especially note the views in Japan and India. For its illustrations alone the book would be eagerly welcomed as offering a method of exhibition of foreign pictures much more convenient than the ordinary burdensome and expensive collection of photographs gathered in travel.

Mr. Thompson says very frankly: "Almost every writer seems to have his own method of spelling not only the Hindoo names, but also other words not entirely relating to India, which is exasperatingly confusing." This may account for some unusual spellings in the book—Knas for Khas, Ledia for Sedia, and Munataz for Mumtaz; or these may be simply errors in printing. One is impressed with Mr. Thompson's care in relating his wondrous tales, his evident intention to give as facts solely what that seventeenth century traveller James Howell called his "owne Optique obseruations." We have the full confidence, too, that the author saw more than he told, but remembered and exemplified Schiller's line, "The artist may be known by what he omits."

But one regret arises in reading the book: it emphasizes the fact that we have now found the day of Seneca's prediction—there is no longer any "Ultima Thule."

A few of the beautiful head and tail pieces throughout the volume are accompanied with no significant description,—notably that of a very good-looking man in a fez, who makes his bow on the last page of the book. Of his personality, we can, to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, hazard a wide solution: he might be Captain Parsell, whose name occurs on that same page; or Abdul-Hamid II., to whom the volume is dedicated. But we hope it is the "counterfeit presentment" of the author, the alert, clear-eyed traveller, to whom we say, as did an admirer to another traveller, Captain John Smith of Virginia, centuries ago:

"Thou to passe the worldes foure parts dost deeme
No more than 't were to goe to bed or dreame."

Some portions of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's wanderings near the Mediterranean followed in the steps of Mr. Thompson; but Mr. Davis's descriptions, in "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," are much fuller, he tells much more of surrounding circumstances and of his own impressions, and with that ease and finish that comes from art, not chance. His chapters relate to "The Rock of Gib-

raltar," "Tangier," "From Gibraltar to Cairo," "Cairo as a Show Place," "The English in Egypt," "Modern Athens," and "Constantinople." The one on "The English in Egypt" is a thoughtful, a powerful exposition of the condition of the government of Egypt to-day, wonderfully concise and pointed in expression, yet perfectly and interestingly explanatory; it is a chapter to set one thinking. The account of Modern Athens is appropriate; the style is suited to the theme. The book is well illustrated.

The steamer that bore Mr. Davis to Gibraltar carried another traveller, a far older one, who had visited the Mediterranean shores four times before, and who was to write a book called "The Barbary Coast,"—the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of "The Evangelist." It affords much amusement to read Dr. Field's chapters on Gibraltar, Tangier, etc., after reading Mr. Davis's. I am bound to say that on the whole the two travellers agree very well in their stories; nor can I wholly decide which gives the better account. I will follow the example of the ambassador of France when asked by Queen Elizabeth which danced the better, the Queen of Scots or herself. He answered, "The Queen of Scots doth indeed dance most gracefully, but your Majesty dances more high and disposedly." Mr. Davis wields certainly a most graceful pen, but the clergyman writes "more high and disposedly," he tells more details of the various subjects. For instance, in his chapter on Gibraltar he devotes eight pages to the history of the Black Watch—becoming, indeed, somewhat discursive thereon.

Howell, in his book on "forreine travail," tells of purblind travellers, whom he compares to Jonah, who travelled much and saw little. Dr. Field is none of these; he saw everything, and with clear and discriminating eye. "The common man," says Richter, "is copious in Narrative, and exiguous in Reflection; only with the cultivated man is it reverse-wise." It may be said of Dr. Field that he is copious *both* in narrative and reflection. He has an almost perfect narrative style; he is a most dispassionate observer of mankind; he has wonderful depth of penetration into the character of men of various nationalities, and much facility in the expression of his observations. His chapter on "Lights and Shadows of African Life" is a profound study; and that on "How the Islams Fast and Pray" is a most sympathetic one. A single sentence of Dr. Field's shows his character and the spirit of his book: "I never condemn a man without afterward trying to clear him from my own condemnation."

The illustrations in Dr. Field's book are very fine; some of them are very remarkable. There is an absolutely unique and deeply interesting portrait of the Sultan of Morocco, showing a noble countenance full of the melancholy so characteristic of the Orientals. A scene in the street of Algiers, a view of an Arab school, one of the lighthouse at Cape Sparte, one entitled "An African pet," are particularly striking.

Books on Northern Africa abound and are widely read, but Father Ohrwalder's "Ten Years' Captivity in the Mahdi's Camp" will scarcely find the circulation in America that it has had in England, where it has been through nine editions within a year. Ninety pages have been struck out for the American public,—for which we are very grateful, for there is enough of the book as it now stands to satisfy each and every reader, no matter what he seeks. But there is much that is interesting in it; many pages also that are dull; still more that are revolting; many that are pathetic; some that are incomprehensible and bewildering. No Arabian Nights tale ever was more romantic, apparently more impossible, than this story of the life of El Mahdi. No martyr of old suffered more or longer than did these Romish missionaries and sisters during those years of captivity; and so long as Gordon and Hicks still live in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen, or rather of the entire world outside of the Soudan, as emblems of patriotic heroes and martyrs, so long will such books as this be of living though gruesome interest. But the book is not "pretty reading," nor soothing to the nerves, nor has it any alluring literary qualities; and for myself I shall rejoice in what Carlyle calls "the triumph of the Decency-principle," when such blood-curdling details are not given to the reading public.

To one who in days of his youth has pored enchanted through many an hour of dim twilight and firelight over what a friend designated as the "million mpalm mtesai massegai-filled pages" of Bruce, Baker, and Burton, of Speke and Livingstone, and of other more or less tergiversating African explorers,—who has in later days greeted with delight even Rider Haggard's fairy tales of the Dark Continent,—the volume of "Adventures in Mashonaland" is as welcome as fresh news from an old friend; and it has also an additional zest of novelty in that the news has an unusual and somewhat feminine cast, albeit a professional one—the view taken by a trained hospital nurse. The book is written in a vigorous, hearty style, with much plainness of speech, though never flippant, and with no flowers of rhetoric, though thoroughly graphic. The authors are, on the whole, not very complimentary to the African clergy. They found the Bishop "young, pleasant, persuasive, with an exceptional talent for getting out of the room well. He evanesced rather than left, and left behind him a little hush." This talent for getting away was displayed by the Bishop on other occasions,—in leaving the sisters in a most critical point on the road; and in promptly, on the day of the death of their first patient, leaving Mashonaland, and then Africa altogether, and going to England to collect money. He seems to have had a fine apostolic presence, with but little else. Of a rowdy ball at Johannesburg, their first African home, they write:

"A Church of England clergyman played the fiddle in the orchestra. He was attired in the usual swallow-tail, and wore tight black knee-breeches, silk stockings,

shoes and buckles. The next day his ungrateful flock commented in the papers on the thinness of his legs."

The Manica pastor they depict thus:

"He wore a helmet, a flannel shirt, and coarse blue trousers much too short, of the type dear to navvies. These were held in place by a large, scarlet handkerchief, which, however, did its work so indifferently that Mr. Sewall was always hitching up his trousers like a comic sailor in a pantomime. I may state here that the following Easter Mr. Sewall, to use his own expression, 'chucked his orders' and went into partnership with a Jew tavern-keeper."

Sociological observations were little noted by these nurses. Living for two years in a land where polygamy and polyandry were practised, and having unusual opportunities of insight into the effect of those institutions on the lives of native women of all stations, from the queen to her slaves, they might have contributed much to our knowledge of primitive marriage customs; yet the pages are barren of these facts. Perhaps they felt as did another woman traveller, two centuries ago, that such things were not "Proper to be Related by a Female pen."

Contrary to the reports of many travellers in Mashonaland (Mr. Bent being one), but confirming the stories of Mr. Selous, these nurses found plenty of lions and wild beasts. At one point of the journey they write:

"The lions, coming down to drink at the swampy pool just in front of the huts, made such a terrific noise that the earth seemed to shake with their roaring. It was a strange sensation to find ourselves so near all these wild creatures, with not even the slenderest door or mat to shut them out of our hut."

Lions were bold enough to make inroads into Umatili, the town, where two were killed, "one in High Street and one near the oven of our friend the baker," and their spoor was found everywhere. The authors tell of the death of many natives through lions; one horrible story of an attack and siege of two Englishmen in their remote hut, and the pitiful death of one Mr. Teal. When the nurses themselves were lying seriously ill with a fever, a great leopard tried to spring in through the upper half of the door, which was open to admit air.

Of their meeting with Mr. Selous, we read:

"We were much afraid we should miss Mr. Selous, but he sent us word that he would come as soon as he could get his shirt washed. When we received this message we felt sure he was a delightful person; and our instincts did not deceive us. Mr. Selous appeared to be a man about eight and thirty, light, active, and giving one an impresson of presence of mind and resource. Of his personal appearance it is impossible to remember anything but his eyes, which are extraordinarily clear and limpid. He is known throughout Africa as the man who never tells a lie. What a splendid reputation to have anywhere, but especially in Africa! He told us he had shot twenty-three lions with his own gun, and helped to put an end to nine others. He said our mode of travelling, sleeping about in the open beside dim fires, was extremely foolhardy, and we should probably have suffered for it had not the country been so well stocked with game."

The chief nursing done by these two heroines was in cases of fever; and we cannot wonder that fevers were so violent and fatal in Mashonaland when we read of the climate, and of the vast amount of bad whiskey that is consumed there. The book shows, without ostentation or demand for sympathy or laudation, the noble life of self-sacrifice led for two years by these devoted Englishwomen among most unwonted and even repulsive surroundings; and proves that women will cheerfully endure, for love of God and their fellow-men, many privations that men will shrink from, even though lured on by the all-powerful love of gold.

The jesting and vivacious account of a visit to Corsica, "A Wild Sheep Chase," sparkles with that ironical French gaiety first made known to us in the writings of Rabelais, and since familiar to us — almost too familiar — in the more or less successful imitations and variations seen in the works of many successive French authors. Though the hero of this tale chases, of course he never catches, or even sees, the wild sheep, the mouflon; but the recounting of the elusions and illusions of the chase affords him a felicitous opportunity to display for our amusement and edification many clever anecdotes and vivid descriptions, and much half-serious information; to give, indeed, as a whole, a most spirited picture of life in Corsica — a life which exhibits a simplicity that will inevitably be soon altered, as there is now a railroad across the island. Doubtless in the Napoleonic renaissance of the day, this account of the birthplace of Napoleon will be much read. The laughing by-play of wit suffers in the translation, as does nearly all humorous writing when rendered into another language than its native one. Somehow the laughter, even in the original, seems a little forced, and the eccentricities of style somewhat monotonous. Pages peppered with exclamation marks and interrogation points abound to satiety; and, altogether, we close the book feeling we are not as amused as we ought to be.

It is a long way from Africa to the Arctic seas, but the same glamour of novelty, of strangeness, hangs around both lands. "My Arctic Journal," the interesting book of Mrs. Peary's life in the Arctic regions, written only after much persuasion, opens with a tender and manly preface from her husband, Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, and ends with an account written by him of "The Great White Journey." Though her publishers announce that the fair traveller has made a valuable contribution to ethnological learning, I think the book is in some points of ethnological study somewhat disappointing; notably so in information about the women of the isolated Eskimo tribe among whom she resided. A year's residence among them should have given her a close insight into their lives; but she seems (and who could blame her?) to have carefully avoided seeing too much of the "huskies." Some of her information is curious, and all that she gives is interesting. She writes:

"The native method of treating the skins of all animals intended for clothing is first to rid them of as much of the fat as can be got off by scraping with a knife; then they are stretched as tight as possible and allowed to become perfectly dry. After this they are taken by the women and chewed and sucked all over in order to get as much of the grease out as possible; then they are again dried and scraped with a dull instrument so as to break the fibres. Chewing the skins is very hard on the women, and all of it is done by them; they cannot chew more than two deerskins per day, and are obliged to rest their jaws every other day."

She tells of hiring a chewer for one seamstress too old to chew for herself. The work is held by the seamstress with her feet and legs. The thread is made by splitting narwhal sinews moistened in the mouth. Mrs. Peary does not describe the thimbles used. I know nothing in the book more fairly pathetic than her description of what she endured through the odor emanating from these seamstresses — who must indeed "smell to heaven" — and her invariable and necessary cleansing of person and room with alcohol and corrosive sublimate, to be rid of the parasites shed by the dirty chewers. The Chicagoized Eskimo wives and their villainous children make one fully believe Mrs. Peary's tale.

The book is illustrated from interesting photographs taken by the Pearys. Some of the prints are half-tinted, and prove very satisfactory in effect; the one entitled "The Sunset Glow" is especially beautiful with its opalescent tints. The chief thought that rises upon reading this book is whether, after all, Mrs. Peary's experience was "worth the while." When the courageous explorer visited one Innuit igloo, she was met by a very aged and oily Eskimo woman, who scrutinized her closely, and then said slowly, "I have lived a great many suns, but I have never seen anything like you." May we live a great many suns ere we see any other woman like her — ere we see any refined, intelligent, gently nurtured woman going unnecessarily upon any exploring expedition, in peril of her health, her comfort, her life; and at the additional peril of being a hindrance, in emergencies, to the success of the exploring party. And yet, what the hospital nurses did in Africa for love of Man, Mrs. Peary did in Greenland also for love of man — for love of her husband!

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Prof. Romanes' Studies in Organic Evolution. Professor Romanes has, perhaps more than any other writer in this country or in England, interested himself in the critical examination of publications relating to the subject of organic evolution. He has written voluminously on all its phases, and is a sort of guardian of the faith, examining and pronouncing on all heresies and schisms. For this function he is eminently fitted by his intimate personal acquaintance with Darwin's modes of thought,

as well as by his wide acquaintance with the literature of the subject and by his experimental knowledge in certain lines. In "An Examination of Weismannism" (The Open Court Publishing Co.) he has attempted only an examination *seriatim* of Professor Weismann's essays on this subject since 1886, including his latest theory of Amphimixis. The work is a keen scrutiny of all the positions taken by the Freiburg Professor, and a testing of these in the light of facts. In a general way we may say that Professor Romanes finds it impossible to assent to the doctrine of the continuity of germ-plasm, and appears to be inclined to advocate in its stead Galton's idea of "Stirp," a continuous but open succession, which does not exclude from time to time new accessions capable of being grafted upon the ancestral stock, though due to the direct action of the environment of the structure of the parent. Though the present work is not an attempt to defend any thesis on the subject, but, rather, merely an examination of the structure reared by another, there is no lack of glimpses of the Darwinian notion of "gemmules," and some defences of the same against the entirely opposite doctrine of germ-plasm continuity. Of this doctrine our author says: "Beautiful though it may be in its imposing elevation, this drawing of the architecture of the germ-plasm must be regarded as a work of the artistic imagination rather than as one of scientific generalization." This position will strike the reader of "The Germ-Plasm" as hardly fair, since the latter work, though highly speculative in its character and in some respects doubtless in error, is nevertheless as genuine an attempt to interpret the hidden facts of nature from the patent ones as are many of the notions passing current in biology and other sciences. Though Professor Weismann shall be proved to be wrong in regard to the absolute stability and perfect continuity of the germ, this will not compel the rejection of his notion of the nuclear structure. The central idea of this theory is the definite structure of the nucleus, whereby it is able to sort and distribute structural units whose development will produce a new organism. This notion, according to Professor Romanes, is not proven. The further position of Professor Weismann is that the nuclear material has been derived from an ovum of the preceding generation which before its own development set this aside as the nuclear material of the succeeding generation. On this conception of the structure and history of the nucleus, heredity is the result of the continuity of nuclear material, or, as Professor Weismann calls it, "germ-plasm." Darwin's idea of the history of the ovum was entirely different. He supposed that all the cells of an adult animal or plant throw off minute particles called by him "gemmules," some of which are attracted together from all cells to constitute the ovum, so that this is a sort of epitome of the body to be developed. This, Professor Weismann also supposes; but he views the egg-cell nucleus, not as a new formation in each generation, but as one car-

ried along continuously from a generation to the next. The final structure, by whichever route attained, may be much as Professor Weismann has formulated it. Professor Romanes, however, does not admit this. But his main contention is upon the absolute stability of the germ-plasm, which notion he considers incompatible with the facts of both heredity and evolution. If the germ-plasm, though very stable, be still capable of alteration through the effects of influences, coming directly to it from the organism, such as gemmules thrown off from various parts, then we should have the substance of Galton's theory of "Stirp." This latter seems more probable; and Professor Weismann seems to be drifting in this direction, without, Professor Romanes contends, sufficiently acknowledging the priority of the theory of Galton. In this work Professor Romanes does not appear sufficiently to appreciate the value of Professor Weismann's efforts to arrive at a notion of the real structure of the nucleus; but he does point out truly the limitations of the germ-plasm theory as held by Professor Weismann in the domain of Evolution.

*Tennysonian
Studies and
Criticisms.*

"Tennyson, Poet, Philosopher, Idealist," by Mr. J. Cuming Walters (imported by Scribner), is the work of an enthusiast, generally in full sympathy with his subject, not exaggerated in its estimates, but possessed of slight critical, as distinguished from expository, value. Although it does not claim to be a biography of Tennyson, it nearly amounts to that, for the history of the poet's works is really the history of his life. A few features of the book are the fine engraved portrait (from one of Mrs. Cameron's photographs), the chapter on Tennyson's literary characteristics, the study of his suppressed and revised poems, the note on Tennysonian volumes and manuscripts, and the careful chronology. The book is also noticeable for the anecdotes which it gathers from out-of-the-way sources, and for its numerous selected passages from the earlier criticism made upon the poems. But why, in this connection, the author should have done Hain Friswell the honor of quotation, as he does upon three or four occasions, passes comprehension. If ever man wrote himself most unmistakably an ass, it was this same Hain Friswell when he set forth the reasons why Tennyson should not, in his estimation, be held a great poet. Mr. Walters has gleaned an occasional new fact, as when he discovered that Thomas Sunderland of Trinity was the subject of "A Character," and has made an occasional mistake, as when he states that Mr. Frederick Tennyson wrote but one of the "Poems by Two Brothers." At least four of them are acknowledged by him. Like many of Tennyson's otherwise intelligent critics, Mr. Walters joins in the cry against the dramas. He calls "Queen Mary" "incomparably ponderous and dull," "The Falcon" "unmeet for serious criticism," and makes other no less inapt observations. But he subsequently bestows so much praise upon

the dramas taken in detail that these preliminary depreciations lose most of their effect. He pretends to praise these details without being "antilogous," but this we cannot admit. And it is difficult to understand how any true Tennysonian could have said that the twenty-three poems of the posthumous volume would not have made any poet's fame. To our mind, almost any single poem of that volume would have won fame for its author had he been hitherto absolutely unknown. To recur to the plays once more, the question of their fitness for the stage has never been fairly tested. "Queen Mary" has been highly successful in Australia; "Becket" and "The Foresters" in both England and America. The fact that "The Cup" and "The Falcon" and "The Promise of May" have been rejected by the public simply shows that they failed to find their proper audience when the first attempt was made. We may say, in conclusion, that, although a better book planned upon the same lines might be easily conceived of, the book that Mr. Walters has made is one that the student of English poetry can hardly go without.

*Pictures of
the Hibernian
at home.*

The saying "better late than never" is well verified in "Seventy Years of Irish Life" (Macmillan), a racy collection of Hiberniana by Mr. W. R. Le Fanu, who now makes his literary *début* at the age of seventy-eight. The author, a brother of J. Sheridan Le Fanu, sketches with a light and rapid hand various phases of life in Erin, fairs, wakes, factions, duels, and what not, the whole agreeably enlivened by the sparkle of the national wit and the whack of the national blackthorn. Touching that popular Hibernian social "function" the faction fight, Mr. Le Fanu declares that the story that the row begins "by one man taking off his coat and trailing it behind him, saying 'who dare tread on that?' is a myth. I have seen many a faction fight, every one of which began in the same way, which was thus: one man 'wheeled,' as they called it, for his party; that is, he marched up and down, flourishing his blackthorn, and shouting the battle-cry of his faction, 'Here is Coffey aboo against Reaskawallahs; here is Coffey aboo—who dar strike a Coffey?' 'I dar,' shouted one of the other party; 'here's Reaskawallah aboo,' at the same instant making a whack with his shillelagh at his opponent's head. In an instant hundreds of sticks were up, hundreds of heads were broken," etc. Once, just after one of these little affairs, the author saw "an elderly man running after a young fellow of two or three and twenty, every time he got near striking him on the head with a heavy blackthorn, and at every blow setting the blood streaming from his head. 'Why,' said I, 'does that young fellow let the old man beat him in that savage way?' 'Ah, sure, your honor,' said he, 'that's only his father that's chastisin' him for fighting.'" Here is a good story of a witty priest—no *rara avis*, by the way, in the Green Isle: "A farmer once asked the well-known Father

Tom Maguire what a miracle was. He gave him a very full explanation, which, however, did not seem to satisfy the farmer, who said—"Now do you think, your reverence, you could give me an example of miracles?" 'Well,' said Father Tom, 'walk on before me, and I'll see what I can do.' As he did so he gave him a tremendous kick behind. 'Did you feel that?' he asked. 'Why wouldn't I feel it?' said the farmer, rubbing the damaged place, 'Begorra, I did feel it, sure enough.' 'Well,' said Father Tom, 'it would have been a miracle if you didn't.'" This demonstration *a posteriori* seems to have proved sufficient. Mr. Le Fanu's book will help to while away an evening or two very pleasantly.

Two more volumes of the "Collected Essays" of Professor Huxley have just been published (Appleton). One of them, "Darwiniana," reproduces the lectures and essays written in defense of "The Origin of Species," beginning with an essay which dates from the very year (1859) of that epoch-making work, and ending with an obituary notice written in 1888 for the Proceedings of the Royal Society. This is now all ancient history, yet not undeserving of preservation. Professor Huxley did yeoman service for the cause of natural selection, and bore, more than any other one man in England (except the Great Discoverer himself), the brunt of the battle. And he must, in collecting these essays for republication, look back with peculiar satisfaction to his share in forcing the general public to its acceptance of the essential Darwinian doctrines. The volume is pieced out by a series of six lectures to workmen "On Our Knowledge of the Causes of the Phenomena of Organic Nature." The lectures date from 1863, but many audiences might still profit by them. "I am not without some grounds for suspecting," says the author, "that there yet remains a fair sprinkling even of 'philosophic thinkers' to whom it may be a profitable, perhaps even a novel, task to descend from the heights of speculation and go over the A B C of the great biological problem as it was set before a body of shrewd artisans at that remote epoch." In "Science and Education," the other volume now published, we have no less than seventeen pieces, most of them relating to the place of science in educational schemes. The author appears in a less favorable light than usual in this volume, for the zeal with which he champions science leads him to say some very indiscreet things about the humanities. We are all glad that, thanks largely to Professor Huxley's efforts, science has obtained ample recognition in the school and the college, but the exaggerated claims made by him (and by Mr. Spencer) in its behalf at a time when it was struggling for recognition will not bear the test of sober examination. Even the Darwinian polemic has more of permanent value than this collection of addresses, however useful they may have been in their time.

*Literary
anecdotes and
reminiscences.*

A readable and commendably concise volume of literary and other reminiscences is Camilla Crosland's "Landmarks of a Literary Life—1820–1892" (Scribner). Mrs. Crosland's pages are well studded with eminent names—Edmund Kean, Malibran, Thomas Moore, Jenny Lind, Leigh Hunt, the Brownings, the Howitts, Charlotte Cushman, Margaret Fuller, etc.—and her stories are mostly fresh and crisply told. She met Hawthorne in 1854, and gives the following impressions of him: "In society he was one of the most painfully shy men I ever knew. I never had the pleasure of an unbroken *tête-à-tête* with him, and am under the impression that with a single listener he must have been a very interesting talker; but in the small social circle in which I first met him it really seemed impossible to draw him out. We were only five or six intimate friends, sitting round the fire, and with a host remarkable for his geniality and tact; but Hawthorne fidgeted on the sofa, seemed really to have little to say, and almost resented the homage that was paid him." Not so reticent was Mrs. Stowe, who "did not ignore the fact that she had done an important piece of work in the world, but showed neither mock humility nor self-laudation on the subject." Notwithstanding "the strong Yankee twang of her dialect," thinks Mrs. Crosland, "there was a very charming simplicity about Mrs. Stowe." Here is an amusing story of her: "She was being entertained at one of the ducal residences, and the occasion was a large dinner-party. In a momentary lull of conversation, Mrs. Stowe, who had been gazing somewhat earnestly at her hostess, exclaimed in a voice that everyone could hear—'Duchess, however do you fix your hair?' 'You must ask Louise,' replied the Duchess of Sutherland, with a smile that in no way betrayed astonishment or rebuked her guest." Apropos of this British analogue of the episode of Ajax and the lightning, Mrs. Crosland is good enough to add, "In glancing at the eccentricity of manners of a past generation of Americans, it is only fair to acknowledge how vastly they have improved of late years"—largely, it seems, through much contemplation of John Bull, the Chesterfield and the "Turveydrop" of national types, whose urbanity and unflinching tact are a byword among nations.

*Old English and
Middle English
in one handbook.*

That the historical study of English is gaining ground in this country is attested by the large number of Old English text-books that have appeared in America in recent years. Prominent among these are Professor Cook's translation of Professor Eduard Sievers's "Grammar of Old English" and Dr. Bright's "Anglo-Saxon Reader." The latest American publication in the department of English philology is Professor MacLean's "Old and Middle English Reader" (Macmillan), which deserves to be ranked with the best of its kind. The book "is primarily an attempt to provide for the learner in Old and Middle English helps similar to those which have

been furnished in the best Greek and Latin text-books." "It is based on Professor Zupitza's *Alt- und Mittelenglisches Übungsbuch zum Gebrauche bei Universitäts-Vorlesungen*," and "like its original, it is emphatically an *Exercise Book*. Like that, it is concise and comprehensive. Unlike its original, in order to meet the requirements of English-speaking teachers and pupils, it is supplied with illustrative etymologies, cognate words, phonological equations, necessary historical and literary introductions, and bibliographical references." The Introduction gives information as to the Old and Middle English dialects, and contains a special introduction to each of the selections, with much valuable bibliographical detail, and critical notes on the text. A chapter on Versification, from the pen of Mr. O. L. Triggs, M.A., of the University of Chicago, gives, in concise and clear form, the most necessary information on this important subject. The Selections are thirty-four in number, fifteen illustrating Old English, and the rest Middle English. For schools in which both the Old and the Middle English periods are to be studied in one year or less, Professor MacLean's book is doubtless the best now available in this country.

*Dr. Murray's
New English
Dictionary.*

Part VIII., Section I., of Dr. Murray's "New English Dictionary" (Macmillan) is a thin quarto of about one hundred pages, and extends from Crouchmas to Czech, thus at once completing the letter C and the second volume of the colossal work. Volume Three will include D and E, Dr. Murray assuming responsibility for the former letter and Mr. Bradley for the latter. The "C" volume complete fills 1308 pages, C being next to S in dictionary dimensions, and including 29,295 main words, nearly as many as belong to S. The ten smallest letters, X, Y, Z, Q, K, J, N, U, V, and O, taken together, might be brought into a volume of hardly greater dimensions than those of the volume now completed, whence we may see that the work will make greater apparent progress in the future than it has up to the present time. Those who wax impatient at the leisurely advance of the work may take comfort from the story of the "Dictionnaire Historique de la Langue Française." That monument of erudition, begun by the Academy nearly fifty years ago, has just completed the letter A. Renan once prophesied that the work might be done in about twelve centuries, whereupon M. Bergerat made the skeptical comment: "M. Renan tells of only twelve centuries as being enough for the purpose, in order to keep up our spirits."

*An elaborate
Memorial of the
World's Fair.*

"The Book of the Fair" (Bancroft) continues to appear in parts, and we have thus far received eleven of them. Beginning with number six, we note the completion of the chapter on the Manufacturers' exhibits, and the first pages of the chapter on the Liberal Arts. This chapter runs well into number seven, and gives an intelligent account of the Educational exhibit.

The Woman's department is next taken up, and gets rather more attention than Education. Machinery takes us well into part nine, where it is succeeded by Agriculture, which runs nearly through the tenth part. Part eleven is devoted to Electricity and Horticulture. These parts of a very attractive work are abundantly supplied with processed illustrations, to which the text is really subordinated. The paper is heavy, smooth of finish, and receives the impression well. There are to be twenty-five instalments of the work, which will form, when complete, a highly satisfactory memorial of the great undertaking to which it is devoted.

BRIEFER MENTION.

There are many editions of Boswell, but for a combination of scholarly editing with inexpensive compactness, the two-volume set just published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. deserves special commendation. Mr. Mowbray Morris is the editor. He has given all of Boswell's notes and a few of his own in addition. The typography is clear and the paper is good, while the price is low enough for most purses.

The "Ariel" Shakespeare (Putnam) has been coming to us in instalments of seven booklets to a box. To the seven "Comedies" and the seven "Histories" previously published must now be added a series of seven "Tragedies" in the same neat form of issue. A second set of seven "Comedies" will soon follow, and the nine plays remaining will appear in due time. The "Poems" will eventually be added to the set, and the "Ariel" Shakespeare will be complete.

We recently noticed the abridgment, by Colonel Alfred Pearson, of the late J. A. Symonds's history of the Italian Renaissance. Our notice had reference to the English edition of that work, and now requires to be supplemented by mention of an American edition (Holt), published in neat form, and at less than half the price of the other. Those who wish to take their Symonds condensed (or perhaps pruned) will do well to possess themselves of this book.

A pretty little volume, of vest-pocket dimensions, with flexible leather covers, of "The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus" in Long's translation, has been edited by Mr. Edwin Ginn, and is published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. The editorial part of the booklet comprises a preface, a biography, an essay on the philosophy of the imperial sage, and an index. The biography and the essay are condensed from Long. A similar edition of Epictetus is promised by Mr. Ginn.

"Hazell's Annual" for 1894 (imported by Scribner) covers the year 1893 up to the close of November, and remains one of the most useful of books for ready reference to topics of current interest. The present issue contains a number of maps, such as Siam, Matabeland, and the Pamirs; a lot of new biographies, such as Messrs. W. W. Astor, T. F. Bayard, W. E. Henley, William Watson, and Miss Ada Rehan; and timely articles upon such subjects as the Behring Sea question, the Home Rule Bill, Bimetallism, Influenza, and the World's Fair.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. have just published Dr. C. A. Buchheim's school edition of the first four books of Goethe's "Dichtung und Wahrheit." The apparatus

of notes is very full and satisfactory. The same publishers also send us a "Complete Graded Arithmetic," in two volumes, by Mr. George E. Attwood; and, in their "Pedagogical Library," a two-volume treatise, by Mr. George Ricks, on "Object Lessons and How to Give Them." The parts of the two works just mentioned are designed, respectively, for primary and grammar schools.

"The Blind as Seen through Blind Eyes" (Putnam), translated from the French of M. Maurice de la Sizeranne by Dr. F. Park Lewis, gives an excellent idea of the intellectual and moral character of those who have lost their sight, an account of the special methods employed in their education, and a suggestion of the various avenues (more numerous than one would suppose) open to such of them as must become self-supporting. A considerable part of the work is devoted to the life and labors of Valentine Haüy, the French founder of schools for the blind.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish an abridged edition of Vigny's "Cinq-Mars" in their series of modern language texts. Mr. Charles Sankey is the editor. The book is cut down to rather less than half-size, and provided with an excellent historical introduction. From Messrs. Ginn & Co. we have "Brigetta," one of Auerbach's "Erzählungen," edited by Dr. J. Howard Gore; and "Popular Science," a volume of French readings edited by Dr. Jules Luquiens. The latter work consists of seven chapters, by such writers as MM. Maxime du Camp, C. Flammarion, and E. Réclus.

"The Significance of Names" (Whittaker), by Mr. Leopold Wagner, is a volume of roughly classified and curious information about the proper and other names comprised under such heads as "Nicknames of American States," "Titles of Honor," "Schools of Philosophy," and "Cordials and Beverages." The information given is sometimes astonishing, as when we read of Chicago: "It is called the White City, from the general aspect of its houses and public buildings, and the Windy City, owing to its exposed situation on the margin of a great lake." Other amusing *trouvailles* await the explorer of these pages.

Mr. E. A. Wallis Budge's "The Mummy: Chapters on Egyptian Funeral Archaeology" (Macmillan) is a handsome volume issued by the Cambridge University Press. Its scope is considerably more comprehensive than the title would indicate, for it includes Egyptian history and chronology, and a full account of the forms of Egyptian writing. The story of the Rosetta Stone is told at length, and the conflicting claims of Champollion and Young to the honor of its decipherment are carefully and dispassionately discussed. The work is abundantly illustrated. There are Egyptian gods, pyramids and other monuments, reproductions of notable inscriptions, and lists of hieroglyphs, scarabs, and royal cartouches. The work is thoroughly scientific and up to date.

Under the title "The Evanston Colloquium," Messrs. Macmillan & Co. publish the "Lectures on Mathematics" delivered last summer at the Northwestern University, by Professor Felix Klein, of Göttingen. This course of lectures was given as a sort of annex to the proceedings of the Mathematical Congress given under the auspices of the World's Congress Auxiliary. The lectures are published from a report made by Professor Alexander Ziwet, and are followed by Professor Klein's historical sketch of "The Development of Mathematics at the German Universities." Among the sub-

jects discussed in the lectures are Clebsch and Sophus Lie, ideal numbers, and recent work in the non-Euclidean geometry.

Since Mr. Stevenson published his "Child's Garden of Verse" there has been no such book of rhymes for the little ones as Miss Rossetti's "Sing-Song" (Macmillan). Here is an example:

"The city mouse lives in a house ; —
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

"The city mouse eats bread and cheese ;
The garden mouse eats what he can ;
We will not grudge him seeds and stalks,
Poor little timid furry man."

The same publishers also send us an illustrated edition of "Goblin Market," Mr. Laurence Housman being the designer. He has happily seized the spirit of that fantastic and remarkable poem.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, Feb. 10, 1894.

Sundry hints have reached me from time to time to the effect that the brief description, in an earlier letter, of the recently published "Liber Scriptorum" was not sufficient for the purposes of THE DIAL, and I have been asked to review the "Book of the Authors Club" for that journal. Probably the makers of this request scarcely realized its formidable nature. To sit in judgment on the work of one hundred and nine writers, and in a single article at that, is something which even Kit North might have shrunk from doing. Then again, if I am rightly informed, the "Liber Scriptorum" has not been offered for review to any periodical whatever, but the committee in charge of its publication, Mr. Rossiter Johnson, Mr. John D. Champlin, and Mr. George Cary Eggleston, have very gladly shown copies to representatives of papers which have wished to print articles about it. Some description of the volume and its contents is all that can be attempted.

It is now nearly two years since the idea of publishing such a book was first proposed to members of the Club. The suggestion met with immediate favor, but it has taken a great deal of time to obtain the articles contributed, to have the sheets printed and signed by the contributors, to have the hand-made paper manufactured in Holland, and to design and prepare the special binding used. Passing over details mentioned in my former letter, it is perhaps well to say that the completed books, in every feature of printing and binding, are the sole work of the De Vinne Press, the managers of which have spent much time and thought in their preparation. The handsome volumes are bound in dark maroon leather, with gilt tops and uncut edges, and are sold at \$100 each. Most of the edition of 250 copies has been disposed of, and Mr. Henry T. Thomas, the publisher, of 13 Astor Place, New York, who is a personal friend of many members of the Club, has taken charge of the sale of the remainder, thereby relieving the committee of their long trusteeship.

Now, the only practical arrangement of the contributions to such a work is alphabetically, according to the names of the writers. This arrangement gave first place to my friend, Mr. Henry Abbey, the poet, of Kingston, N. Y., who would be very loth to seek such

prominence of his own accord. But he responded nobly to the occasion, and, indeed, has written one of the finest things in the book, a sonnet embodying the sentiment of its writers. I take the liberty of quoting it in full.

"TO BAFFLE TIME.

"To baffle time, whose tooth has never rest,
And make the counted line, from page to page,
Compact, fulfilled of what is apt and best,
And vibrant with the key-note of the age,
This is my aim ; and even aims are things ;
They give men value who have won no place.
We pass for what we would be, by some grace,
And our ambitions make us seem like kings.
But never yet has destiny's clear star
For aimless feet shed light upon the way.
So have I hope, since purpose sees no bar,
To write immortally some lyric day,
As Lovelace did when he informed the lay
Inspired by his Lucasta and the war."

Each author being at liberty to write what he pleases, we find Dr. Felix Adler contributing an interesting study of Sir Thomas More, while Mr. Henry M. Alden, of "Harper's Magazine," has prepared a "fireside study," "Flammantia Mœnia Mundi," in his most mystical vein. It is not surprising to find Mr. Poultney Bigelow writing about "Russian Rule as It Is Felt by Ten Millions of the Unorthodox," and no one will look for complimentary references to Russia and the Russians in such an article. It contains some of his interesting personal experiences while in Poland. From San Francisco, Mr. John Vance Cheney sends a dainty little poem, "Noon in the Hills," while Major Joseph Kirkland tells the story of Jean Baptiste Pointe de Sable, whose identity need not be explained to Chicagoans. From England Mr. Harold Frederic and Mr. Henry Harland contribute a story and a poem respectively. Mr. Harland's poem, entitled "The King's Touch," is quite Browningsque in style, and is the first from his pen which I remember to have seen. Poems by Colonel Hay, Mr. Gilder, and Mr. Howells lend to the distinction of the volume, and a pathetic story by Mark Twain, "The Californian's Tale," shows how completely each contributor has followed his own impulse in writing for "Liber Scriptorum," rather than the expectation of the reader.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie gives free play to his delicate fancy in "My Search for the Goddess," following next to Dr. Ludlow's sketch, "Afloat on the Ægean." Prof. Josiah Royce contributes a long and thoughtful essay on "Tolstoi and the Unseen Moral Order." Some of the lighter articles are Mr. Warner's "Literature in a Dress Suit," Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "How to Train Our Wives and Children," and Mr. Stockton's "Pomona's Club." Pomona is made to preach so clever a sermon on a burning literary question of the day that I cannot forbear quoting the most of it.

"The human race [Pomona says] is divided into women and men, and literature is divided into romanticism and realistics. And the great trouble with both of them is that sometimes there is too much of one and not enough of the other. Everybody knows that we can't get along without realistics, — that is, a certain amount of 'em ; but if a boy puts too much rag-tag and bobtail to his kite, he can't make it fly. There's times when you might get a kite up into the air without any tail, though it would be apt to spin about in an uncertain way. But nobody could make a tail fly without any kite.

"In my opinion, the worst thing about facts is that they are too common. Everybody's got 'em piled up around 'em and all over the ground. . . .

"But when the beautiful snows of romantickism come floatin' down and cover up all them facts, and spread a lovely white veil, like the icin' on a pound-cake, over all nature and art, then them facts is of some use; they make a foundation for the snow and keep it from blowin' away. And what was perfectly horrid a little while ago becomes like dazzlin' mounds, and domes, and minarets a-sparklin' in the sun."

Bravo, Pomona! One question is settled at last. I half forget whether your views coincide with those of Mr. Howells or with those of Mr. Quiller-Couch. It must be one or the other, for Pomona never takes middle ground with anyone or anything, be it lightning-rod peddlers or literature. On second thoughts, it must be Quiller-Couch.

It is, then, only possible to mention a few of the contributors to "Liber Scriptorum." They have cheerfully done their part, in the hope that a sufficient fund might be obtained to provide their democratic little organization with permanent quarters. Their expectation is about to be realized. The Authors Club is now in a most flourishing condition, and those who founded it and held to it during its early progress have been rewarded by the great benefits resulting to the writing guild in social and even professional directions.

The original manuscripts of all the articles contributed to "Liber Scriptorum" have been inlaid in uniform sheets, and bound up in three large volumes in crushed Levant morocco. They have been on exhibition all this week in Tiffany's window, Union Square, and have attracted crowds of people all day long, being opened at the autographs of some of the best known writers. The three volumes will be sold, as one lot, to the highest bidder.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Walter Besant is soon to publish two volumes of miscellaneous papers, entitled, respectively, "Literary Essays" and "Social Essays."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Marcella," will appear very soon. The author's recent illness has prevented earlier publication of the work.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish early in March a work by Mr. Edward Porritt, of London, on the various departments of the municipal and national life of England. It bears the comprehensive title of "The Englishman at Home: His Responsibilities and Privileges."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce that they are now printing the seventh thousand of the authorized American edition of Miss Harraden's clever story, "Ships that Pass in the Night." Of the English edition, over 17,000 copies have been sold. To meet the popular demand for the book, Messrs. Putnam propose to issue immediately a railroad edition in paper covers.

The London "Athenæum," summing up the English literature of 1893, remarks that the year has been "given over almost entirely to the younger writers, who have discovered one another throughout its course with unanimous and touching enthusiasm. The older men have been silent, while the juniors have enjoyed the distinction of limited editions and the luxury of large sales."

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. will publish some time in March the first number of a quarterly magazine of bibliography. It will consist of a series of papers by writers of authority on various points of book-lore. A

novel departure has been taken in fixing beforehand that the magazine is only to last for three years, ending, no matter what its success, with the appearance of the twelfth number in December, 1896. Subscribers will thus know from the first when their set will be complete.

It is stated by a correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" that the editorship of the new "Revue de Paris" was offered to M. Brunetière before he was elected by the stockholders of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." His election was opposed by M. Pailleron, who has even threatened legal proceedings to oust him. M. Brunetière was elected by the influence of Mme. Buloz. M. Pailleron, who is a son-in-law of Mme. Buloz, wished the novelist, M. Victor Cherbuliez, to occupy the editorial chair of the great semi-monthly.

According to "The Bookman," there is to be a "Kelmscott" Shelley. Mr. Morris has consented to print an edition of the poet's works, which will be arranged and edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis, whose edition of Keats has just been completed for the press. The "Shelley" is to be issued in three volumes, which will contain the whole of the longer works, together with most of the lyrics and other minor poems. Mr. Ellis intends to omit all the translations and comicalities (such as "Peter Bell" and "Swellfoot the Tyrant"), and also the fragments and unfinished work generally.

The Trustees of the Columbia University Press have made an arrangement with Messrs. Macmillan & Co. of New York and London to act as the publishers of the Press for a term of years. By this arrangement the works which shall bear the imprint of the Columbia University Press will profit by the unusually ample facilities of distribution possessed by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., not only in the United States and Great Britain, but also on the continent of Europe and in the British colonies. It is to be noted also that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have recently published or have now in preparation works by a number of Columbia instructors, including Professor Boyesen, Professor Cattell, Dr. Egbert, Prof. Brander Matthews, Professor Perry, and others.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN ON MATTHEW ARNOLD.

From Mr. Leslie Stephen's recent article on Matthew Arnold, in "The National Review," we make the following pithy extract:

"Putting on a mask, sometimes of levity, sometimes of mere literary dandyism, with an irony which sometimes is a little too elaborate, but which often expresses the keenest intelligence trying to pass itself off as simplicity, he was a skirmisher, but a skirmisher who did more than most heavily-armed warriors against the vast oppressive reign of stupidity and prejudice. He made the old dragon Philistine (to use his phrase) wince at times, and showed the ugliness and clumsiness of the creature; and after all he did it in a spirit as of one who recognized the monster was after all a most kindly monster at bottom. He may be enlisted in useful service if you can only apply the goad successfully; and made effective, in his ponderous way, like the Carthaginian elephant, if only you can mount his neck and goad him in the right direction. No single arm is sufficient for such a task; the dragon shakes himself and goes to sleep again in a stertorous and rather less complacent fashion, let us hope! and we feel that the struggle will too probably endure till we have ceased to be personally interested.

"I cannot, indeed, get it out of my head that we

slow-footed and prosaic persons sometimes make our ground surer; and that, for example, poor Bishop Colenso, whom Arnold ridiculed as the typical Philistine critic, did some good service with his prosaic arithmetic. There are cases in which the four rules are better than the finest critical insight. But there is room for poets as well as for arithmeticians; and Arnold, as at once poet and critic, has the special gift—if I may trust my own experience—of making one feel silly and tasteless when one has uttered a narrow-minded, crude, or ungenerous sentiment; and I dip into his writings to receive a shock, unpleasant at times, but excellent in its effects as an intellectual tonic."

THE DUTY ON BOOKS: A LETTER FROM HON.
WILLIAM EVERETT, M. C.

The House of Representatives having failed to respond to the appeal made by the educated classes for the removal of the stupid duty on imported English books, the missionary efforts of the friends of culture should now be directed upon the Senate, and it is yet quite possible that the reform may be accomplished. Meanwhile, the following letter addressed to President Gates of Amherst College by Dr. William Everett will be found interesting. Dr. Everett took an active part in urging upon the Ways and Means Committee the desirability of the reform, and stood sponsor for a large number of THE DIAL's petitioners, among whom were President Gates and the faculty of Amherst.

President Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., Amherst College, Mass.:

"MY DEAR SIR: I had the honor to present to the House of Representatives, for the consideration of the committee on ways and means, the petition of yourself and your associates for the removal of the duty on books printed wholly or in part in the English language. Similar petitions came in through myself and others, from many universities and colleges, and from individuals of the first consideration who understand the interests of literature and education. I am absolutely in sympathy with the petition. I called the attention of more than one member of the committee on ways and means to the propriety of removing what, with you, I consider an inexcusable burden on a heavily burdened and ill-paid class. I had hoped to see free books in the bill; I dwelt on the subject in my speech; and I duly filed with the chairman of the committee of the whole an amendment in accordance with your petition. I am sorry that this and others could not have been presented at an earlier stage, though I am afraid its success was problematical.

"There was one fortnight devoted to amendments, as the chairman recognized their proposers. Far the greater part of this time was absorbed in lengthy discussions on amendments offered by the committee on ways and means. The rest of the time was given, after eager competition, to the representatives of various important industrial interests, who felt that their constituents were injured by the bill as it stood. The chairman was anxious to be perfectly fair in recognizing the proposers of amendments; but their number was beyond satisfactory arrangement. I found very early that it was almost impossible for me to get in the amendment for free books in time—and so it ultimately proved. Even if I had got it in, it would have been subject to serious opposition from influential quarters. That I should have been willing to try to overcome; but I saw more than one amendment, boldly and skilfully sup-

ported, fall before the simple opposition of the committee on ways and means, who admitted the force of the argument, but declared that after careful consideration they believed the duty should be retained. Under the circumstances, I was obliged, slowly and painfully, to renounce the hope of presenting and advocating the claims of my own guild—a set of quiet modest men and women, scattered all over the country, working under heavy burdens for inadequate pay, and yet with this extra burden on what are for them the tools of trade.

"I trust you will not fail in pressing the objects of your petition in all public and private ways, and I can assure you of my sympathy, which shall take a practical form at every moment that I see a practical opening. Most respectfully yours,
WILLIAM EVERETT."

ELABORATION IN POETIC ART.

A recent critique, by Mr. Theodore Watts, in "The Athenæum," includes the following considerations upon the *labor limæ* of the poet: "The subject of elaboration in poetic art, especially by Rossetti and Tennyson, remains still to be adequately handled by the poetic critic. Improvisatorial poetry, so easy in Italian, is impossible in a language so rich in rhyme-emphasis, and yet so comparatively restricted in rhymes, as English. But while it may be said that in English the warring between the emphasis natural to the rhymed structure and the emphasis natural to the subject-matter of the poem cannot be appeased offhand, it must also be said that the very cause which makes it more difficult to rhyme in English than in Italian is really one of the causes of the superiority of English rhyming over Italian rhyming. In Italian, where so many of the words rhyme with each other, the rhyme lends none of that sting to the thing said which is lent by English rhyme. It was this stinging effect of the rhyme-emphasis of English poetry which gave Chaucer his advantage over Langland's work in the great struggle between the scansion of alliterative bars and the scansion of the rhyme-pause which we have before alluded to. No good rhymed verse can exist in English, however, without more or less elaboration on the part of the poet. It is mainly in their methods of manipulation that poets differ in this matter. And it would be easy to show that in this respect English poets have to be divided into three classes: those who elaborate the material in their own minds, and bring it to perfection, or almost to perfection, before setting down the words on paper; those who jot down their verses in the rough, but begin to change them before ever the ink is dry; and those whose elaborations are mainly effected after the verses have passed into type. To some poets the sight of their verses in manuscript produces that sense of finality which to others only comes by the sight of their verses in type. To others, again, not even type itself produces the sense of finality.

"The nearest approach to improvisatorial work was that of Byron; but then, great as was Byron's poetic energy, his verses are so loose that, as regards the merely artistic qualities, they are not much more than poetry in solution. Judging from what we know of the rarest fruit of the genius of Keats, the 'Ode to a Nightingale,' Keats seems to have belonged to those who have the power of elaborating the verses in the mind and then rolling them over the tongue, so to speak, before setting them down on paper. But spontaneous as seems this glorious ode, no one will contend that it has more apparent spontaneity than Shelley's 'Ode to

the West Wind' or his 'Skylark,' and yet if Shelley were to be judged by the state of some of the manuscript he left behind he would be ranged among the least spontaneous of poets. Dr. Garnett tells us of entire sheets of manuscript so cut about that in some cases one line only would be finally left to stand upon a page. From this it would appear that while in Keats's case the passage of the line or sequence from its first crude form to perfection was partly achieved in the poet's brain before the pen was taken in hand, in Shelley's case this process went on during the very act of writing.

"There is, however, as we have hinted above, a third class of poets to whom neither manuscript nor type has any suggestion of finality, and to this class Rossetti belonged. Although he did undoubtedly make alterations in his verses while in manuscript, it was when they lay before him in the sharpness of type that he saw how far from, or how near to, his ideal of poetic expression he had brought himself. And yet, howsoever great had been the corrections he had introduced in his proofs, the printed page never did suggest finality to him. From the first appearance of 'Sister Helen,' when the poet was not much more than a boy, down to the year preceding that of his death, the ballad was subject to changes. And in this, as in certain other matters, he was like Coleridge, that his changes were almost always improvements."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1894 (Second List).

American Experiences. Emil Frey. *North American*.
Architecture, Past and Future. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Arnold, Matthew, Poetic Characteristics. *Poet-Lore*.
Books, Uses of. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Brazilian Rebellion, The. S. de Mendonça. *No. American*.
Browning, Religion in. M. J. Savage. *Arena*.
Burne-Jones, Edward. Illus. Cosmo Monkhouse. *Scribner*.
Dress for Women. A Symposium. Illus. *Arena*.
Eliot, George, Unpublished Letters of. *Poet-Lore*.
English at Columbia College. Brander Matthews. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Espinasse, Francis, Recollections of. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Gliding Flight. Illus. L. P. Mouillard. *Cosmopolitan*.
Greek Poetry and Life. Paul Shorey. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Income Tax in England. Sir John Lubbock. *No. American*.
Indian Wars and Warriors. Illus. Elaine Eastman. *Cosmop'n*.
Journalism and Literature. Margaret Deland. *No. American*.
Land Question and Other Reforms. J. G. Bellangee. *Arena*.
Lowell on Art-Principles. Ferris Lockwood. *Scribner*.
Lower Animals, Senses of. James Weir, Jr. *No. American*.
Money, Honest and Dishonest. John Davis, M.C. *Arena*.
Municipal Reforms. Dr. Parkhurst, J. W. Goff. *No. American*.
National Budgets. *Review of Reviews*.
New Bible, The. Washington Gladden. *Arena*.
Orchids. Illus. W. A. Stiles. *Scribner*.
Perfume Worship. Illus. Esther Singleton. *Cosmopolitan*.
Piratical Seas, On. Peter A. Grotjan. *Scribner*.
Plutocracy, Are We a? W. D. Howells. *No. American*.
Plutocratic City, A. Illus. W. D. Howells. *Cosmopolitan*.
Poets and Environment. E. Vicars. *Poet-Lore*.
School-Masters. Illus. James Baldwin. *Scribner*.
Sea Island Hurricanes, The. Illus. Joel C. Harris. *Scribner*.
Serinagur, The Adepts of. H. Hensoldt. *Arena*.
Travel, Recent. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial* (Feb. 16).
Tyndall, John. Illus. Grant Allen. *Review of Reviews*.
Unemployed, How to Help. Henry George. *No. American*.
Unemployed, Relief of. Albert Shaw. *Review of Reviews*.
Warship, Building a. Illus. W. A. Dobson. *Cosmopolitan*.
Washington National Park. Illus. Carl Snyder. *Rev. of Rev.*
Whitman and his Art. John Burroughs. *Poet-Lore*.
Wilson Bill. Senator R. Q. Mills. *North American*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 50 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

ART.

Illustrations to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. By Walter Crane; engraved and printed by Duncan C. Dallis. Portfolio, plates 13 x 11. Copeland & Day. \$6.

HISTORY.

A History of Germany from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Bayard Taylor, with an additional chapter by Marie Hansen-Taylor. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 476. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

General Scott. By Gen. Marcus J. Wright. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 349. Appletons' "Great Commanders." \$1.50.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge: A Narrative of the Events of his Life. By James Dykes Campbell. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 319. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Charles Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who Lived about the Time of Shakespeare. Edited anew by Israel Gollancz, M.A. In 2 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$4.

The Skeptics of the French Renaissance. By John Owen, author of "Evenings with the Skeptics." 8vo, pp. 830. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.

The Writings of Thomas Paine. Collected and edited by Moncure D. Conway, author of "The Life of Thomas Paine." Vol. I. 1774-1779. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 445. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

The Longer Prose Works of Landor. Edited by C. G. Crump. Vol. 2, with portrait, 12mo, pp. 360, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

POETRY.

Poems by Richard Garnet. 12mo, pp. 172, uncut. Copeland & Day.

FICTION.

Two Lives. By Richard Fanshawe. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 180. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

The Greater Glory: A Story of High Life. By Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool." 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Earls court: A Novel of Provincial Life. By Alexander Allardyce, author of "Balmoral." 16mo, pp. 357. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

Ships that Pass in the Night. By Beatrice Harraden. 18mo, pp. 235. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

The Woman of the Iron Bracelets. By Frank Barrett, author of "Folly Morrison." 16mo, pp. 433. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. \$1.

A Chronicle of Small Beer. By John Reid. 16mo, pp. 208. New York: Anglo-American Pub'g Co. \$1.

Sylvie and Bruno Concluded. By Louis Carroll. Illus., 12mo, pp. 423. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

Quentin Durward. By Sir Walter Scott. Dryburgh edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 461. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: The Swing of the Pendulum, by Francis Mary Peard. 12mo, pp. 307. 50 cts.

Longman's Paper Library: Keith Deramore, by the author of "Miss Molly." 16mo, pp. 379. 50 cts.

Bonner's Choice Series: Countess Dynar; or, Polish Blood. By Nataly von Eschstruth. Illus., 16mo, pp. 367. 50 cts.

SCIENCE.

Electric Waves: Being Researches on the Propagation of Electric Action with Finite Velocity through Space. By Dr. Heinrich Hertz; trans. by D. E. Jones, B.Sc. 8vo, uncut, pp. 279. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

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RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

The World's Parliament of Religions, held in Connection with the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Barrows, D.D. 2 vols., illus., 8vo. Chicago: Parliament Pub'g Co.

The World's Congress of Religions. With an introduction by Minot J. Savage. 16mo, pp. 428. Arena Pub'g Co. \$1.25.

Theosophy or Christianity? A Contrast. By Rev. I. M. Holdeman. 16mo, pp. 52. Crosseup & Co.

What Do We Stand For? By Felix Adler. 16mo, pp. 15. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. 10 cts.

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Scheffel's Ekkehard. Edited, with notes, by Carla Wenckebach. 16mo, pp. 235. D. C. Heath & Co. 75 cts.

Die Deutschen Heldensagen. Von Gotthold Klee. Edited, with notes, by H. J. Wolstenholme, B.A. 18mo, pp. 172. Macmillan & Co. 70 cts.

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Das Spielmannskind. By Von Wilhelm Heinrich Riehl. Edited, with notes, by Abbie Fiske Eaton. 16mo, pp. 91. D. C. Heath & Co. 25 cts.

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The Annual Spring Announcement Number of THE DIAL will be issued March 16, and will contain the usual classified list of the books to be issued this Spring by the American publishers. This Announcement Number, and a similar one in the Fall, have become a well-known feature of THE DIAL, and proved to be among the most important issues of the year. No pains will be spared to make the forthcoming List of Spring Books as complete and accurate as possible; and to this end publishers are requested to send full and prompt information—which will, of course, be printed without charge. It is desired that all houses in the regular trade shall be represented—the smaller no less than the larger ones; since the former are apt to suffer somewhat from lack of their own advertising announcements, and hence their often meritorious publications are more likely to be overlooked by readers and the trade. It is intended that none shall be excluded from this Spring List save by their own neglect.

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MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING AND *SPRACHMEISTEREI*.

The friends of modern language instruction have reason to congratulate themselves upon the progress made during recent years in that department of education. Nearly every American college of any standing has a corps of trained instructors in French and German at least, if not in Italian and Spanish also. That these instructors take their work seriously is shown by the grammatical and philological manuals, and by the carefully-edited modern language texts that they have been preparing in such numbers since 1880, and that publishers have found it profitable to produce. Twenty years ago, the only manuals available for the use of the instructor in this country were works of the Ahn-Otto-Fasquelle-Ollendorf type, and texts of a very few among the most hackneyed of the classics. Now, the instructor has his choice among many scientific manuals, and among still more attractive and interesting texts. Moreover, those of our teachers who take seriously the work of modern language instruction have now carried on for ten years an association—the Modern Language Association of America—which has been justified by its works, and which stands in the front rank of the learned societies of this country.

The pedagogical section of this Association held a meeting a few weeks ago for the discussion of the important subject of methods of instruction. Mr. E. H. Babbitt reported this meeting for the February "Educational Review," and from his report we extract a passage that we have read with peculiar satisfaction: "Dr. Rambeau made the point that in Germany the *Sprachmeister*, whose business is to impart a practical knowledge of the spoken language, is classified with the music and dancing master, where he belongs, and has no more to do with the work of liberal education than they. There is even more reason why he should be so classified in this country; the *Sprachmeister* and his methods have no more place in our higher schools and colleges than teachers of piano-playing and type-writing. But the fact is, that when a generation ago modern languages were first thought of among us as a factor in a liberal education, the *Sprachmeister*

were the only people in the country who could teach them, and had to be taken to do the work in the colleges. Some of them rose to the occasion and became real educators, with a true sense of the relations of their work, but many more did not, and so the modern language instruction in this country is still tinged with *Sprachmeisterei* to an extent which seriously impairs its usefulness and dignity." In connection with these remarks Dr. Rambeau further stated that "the public, even the educational public, still believes that the only end and aim of studying a modern language is the ability to speak it," and the following surprising note is attached: "In a paper on the educational value of modern languages, read recently before the Middle States Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, the view referred to was taken apparently as a matter of course, and no one challenged it in the discussion which followed."

That the condition of things in the Middle and Western States is not quite as desperate as would appear from the note above quoted may be illustrated by the fact that a similar School and College Conference was held at the University of Chicago last November, and that the paper read upon the subject of modern language teaching (to which subject the Conference was largely given over) expressed views entirely in agreement with those of Dr. Rambeau. These views, while they evoked dissent from a few belated educators (mostly from the country districts), seemed to meet the approval of the majority of those engaged in the Conference. The paper in question has just been published in "The School Review." A pertinent passage in this paper states the difficulty that our modern language instructor (at least below the college) has as yet hardly begun to overcome, and that should be made the object of a persistent and unwearying crusade on the part of all who have at heart the success of this important branch of education. The passage speaks of "that great divergence of educated from common opinion which every educator must squarely face, for the popular verdict says that students of a foreign language should learn to speak it, while the educator as emphatically asserts that they should learn to read it, and that it makes little difference whether they learn to speak it or not." This is the educational, as distinguished from the *Sprachmeister*, view of the question, and it will take a great deal of hammering to get it into the heads of the well-meaning but not highly-intelligent pub-

lie upon which most of our lower schools, and many of our colleges, depend for their support.

There are few departments of our secondary instruction in which reform is more needed than in that now under consideration, for the waste of time and energy at present going on is simply enormous. The serious objects of modern language teaching are being neglected in a vast number of high schools, in order that children may be taught to chatter upon a limited range of useless subjects in a language that nine-tenths of them will never have any real occasion to employ. As long as our schools pretend to be educational institutions, it is their business to educate, and not to encourage merely ornamental accomplishments; to keep in view the needs, not the vanities, of the human soul. The real objects of modern language work are, of course, to get access to a new literature, and to reach a better realization, by translation and comparative study, of the history, the resources, and the force of English speech. The recent report of the Committee of Ten very properly emphasizes these objects, and the influence of the Modern Language Association is almost wholly in the direction of their accomplishment. But the inertia of the public consciousness should be reckoned with, and educational effort must not relax. Every year our universities are sending out young men and women who understand what modern language teaching should be, and who are competent to undertake it. It is the business of our schools to secure these people as teachers, imposing no vexatious restrictions upon their work, and to relegate the *Sprachmeister* to his proper function of coaching people who wish to go abroad or to shine in a society which accepts the gilding for the pure metal. He certainly has no business in the school unless he is willing to abandon the methods demanded of him by his private pupils, and rise to the educational occasion offered by connection with an institution for serious training.

THE SUPPRESSION OF "FOREIGN IDEAS."

The educated opinion of this country is practically unanimous in favoring a removal of the stupid tariff upon English books, but Mr. Henry Carey Baird (of Philadelphia) is "agin it." Some of his objections are stated in a letter to "The Publishers' Weekly," which journal recently placed itself in very distinct terms upon the side of free books. We quote a significant passage from Mr. Baird's letter:

"The idea that taxation is necessary to the very existence of society, and that no productive industry in a country can escape it, seems to be wholly overlooked and ignored by those theorists, like yourself, who would benefit students and others while sacrificing the fundamental rights of domestic producers. . . . In a word, the policy which you advocate is highly unjust, because it would discriminate against the American publisher. As for the student himself, and for the State, it may be said with entire truth that many of these foreign books, which you would allow him the privilege of importing free, would teach him doctrines which are utterly antagonistic to the best interests of American society, such free importation, in that case, thus being against public policy. The fact is, this country, through the medium of the college, is being honeycombed and our civilization is being threatened with destruction, by reason of the absorbing of foreign ideas, especially English, and of an economic character. Rather would I put a prohibitive tariff on books containing such ideas than admit those books free of duty."

Partisans of Mr. Baird's type are not usually as outspoken as this. As a rule, while mentally carrying to its logical conclusion their fundamental assumption that all ideas not in accordance with their own should be suppressed, they contrive to cover their intolerance with the veil of some sort of rhetorical verbiage. But Mr. Baird scorns such subterfuges, and the expression of his fanaticism is refreshingly frank. In spite of his protest, and of his curious notions of "public policy," we imagine that the honeycombing work of enlightenment will go on, whatever superstructure may suffer from the process. The age and country in which he lives must seem sadly out of joint. He should have been born a Chinaman or a Mohammedan. As the latter, he would have gloated over the destruction of all books that did not agree with the Koran; and as the former, he would have occupied the most approved patriotic standpoint in seeking to protect his nation from the deadly invasions of foreign culture. As an American Mr. Baird is distinctly misplaced, and as a modern he is as decidedly out of date. Our tariff laws have been made to accomplish many purposes besides that of providing revenue for the government, but this is the first time, to our knowledge, that anyone has proposed that they should also assume the function of an intellectual censorship.

ENGLISH AT HARVARD.*

During the present year the teachers of English at Harvard are three professors, two assistant professors, three instructors appointed for terms of more than one year, five instructors appointed for

one year, and seven assistants,—a total of twenty. During the present year these teachers have in charge nine courses and seventeen half-courses. A whole course at Harvard meets three hours a week throughout the year; and a half-course either three hours a week for half the year, or once a week for the whole. In addition to the courses actually in progress, one course and seven half-courses announced by the department of English are not given this year, but have been given in the past, and will be given in the future, alternating with some of those now in hand. Statistics as to the number of students enrolled this year are not readily available.

The forthcoming report of the Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences shows that the state of affairs last year, which may be taken as typical, was as follows: In nine full courses, including the English Composition prescribed for Freshmen—which numbered 499—there were 52 Graduate Students, 113 Seniors, 119 Juniors, 136 Sophomores, 377 Freshmen, 88 Special Students, 62 Scientific Students, 1 Divinity Student, and 3 Law Students,—a total of 952 enrollments. In thirteen half-courses—including the courses in English Composition prescribed for Sophomores and for Juniors, which together numbered 648,—there were 58 Graduate Students, 188 Seniors, 382 Juniors, 281 Sophomores, 12 Freshmen, 51 Special Students, 25 Scientific Students, 1 Divinity Student, 3 Law Students, and 1 Student of Agriculture,—a total of 998 enrollments. No statistics are available as to how many of these students were enrolled in more than one of the courses under consideration. These figures, then, are valuable chiefly in showing the amount of teaching, in terms of courses and half-courses, actually demanded from the teachers. It may be added, however, that no Freshman is commonly admitted to an elective course in English, while for the regular half-course in English Composition prescribed for Sophomores there is an alternative elective full course in the same subject, in which last year 122 Sophomores were enrolled. The full course in English Composition prescribed for Freshmen, and the half-courses in the same subject prescribed for the two years following, comprise all the required work in English at Harvard.

In the course prescribed for Freshmen, Professor A. S. Hill's "Principles of Rhetoric" is used as a text-book. Lectures based thereon are given, and also lectures dealing with some aspects of English Literature. Of these lectures students are required to write summaries. Besides this written work, every member of the class writes a composition in the class-room once a week; and these compositions are carefully criticised by the teachers. In the half-course prescribed for Sophomores, lectures are given on Exposition, Argument, Description, and Narration; and during the year the students write twelve themes, of from five hundred to a thousand words. These are carefully criticised by teachers, and generally rewritten by the students, with this criticism in mind. In the half-course prescribed for Juniors

* This article is the third of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, begun in THE DIAL of February 1, with English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook, and continued (February 16) with English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews. The fourth number of the series will be on English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson; and the fifth, on English at Cornell University, by Professor James M. Hart.—[EDR. DIAL.]

there are lectures on Argument; and the students make one formal analysis of a masterpiece of argumentative composition, and write four arguments—known as “forensics”—of from a thousand to fifteen hundred words. Each of these is preceded by a brief, which is criticised by a teacher before the forensic is written. The forensics themselves are also carefully criticised, and frequently rewritten. All teachers engaged in these courses keep frequent office hours for personal conference with their pupils.

Apart from these courses, all the work in English at Harvard is elective. This year the English prescribed for Freshmen is divided into three distinct courses, somewhat differing in detail. This leaves six elective courses and fifteen elective half-courses to be accounted for. Of these, only one—an elementary half-course in Anglo-Saxon—can be called purely linguistic. Three courses and five half-courses may be described as both linguistic and literary. These deal with various specimens of English literature from Beowulf to Milton, in each case attending both to the literary meaning of the matter in hand and to grammatical details in the broadest sense of the term. One full course and five half-courses may be described as literary, demanding a great amount of reading and critical work, but paying no attention to linguistic detail. These deal with various periods of English Literature, from the Sixteenth Century to the present time. In the broader sense of the term, all these courses—linguistic and literary alike—may be called philological. Of the remaining work, two courses and two half-courses are in English Composition; one half-course is in Elocution; and one consists of oral discussion of topics in history and economics.

There is no sharp distinction, then, between literary courses and linguistic. In the past, however, the faculty has held that a full course should generally involve some linguistic study. The single full course given this year in literature apart from linguistics is a division of a very advanced one in special research. Of the teachers, one professor, one assistant professor, and one instructor concern themselves wholly with the work classified as both literary and linguistic. All the remaining teachers concern themselves more or less with Composition, either prescribed or elective. The courses in literature apart from linguistics are this year in charge of four of these teachers—one professor, one assistant professor, and two instructors.

Last year the largest elective courses were in Composition, when the most elementary numbered 154, and the next 148. The largest course among those both linguistic and literary was one in Shakespeare, which numbered 111; the largest half-course in literature, which dealt with the Eighteenth Century, numbered 122. In general, the courses dealing either linguistically or otherwise with the earlier periods of English Literature were small and mature. One, which dealt with Early English Metrical Romances, numbered only six, all graduate students.

In the courses in Composition, prescribed and elective alike, little importance is attached to theoretical knowledge of rhetoric as distinguished from constant practice in writing under the most minute practicable criticism. In the two full elective courses given this year, the students write both daily themes of about a hundred words, and fortnightly themes of from five hundred to a thousand words. This work is frequently discussed in person with the teachers, who for this purpose keep office hours,—quite distinct from regular class-room appointments,—averaging five hours a week. It will be seen, then, that the use of text-books, as distinguished from personal instruction, is reduced to a minimum. The text-books actually in use have been written for the purposes in hand by the teachers who use them.

Of the courses in linguistics and in literature alike it may be said that no text-books are generally used. In linguistics the student must naturally provide himself with a good standard copy of the text under consideration; but the better part of the comments on these texts is supplied by the actual teachers. In literature the student is always sent directly to the works of the writers under consideration. Of these he is often required to read so much as to make the purchase of the works in question impracticable. In such event students commonly read in the college library, where as many copies as possible of the works under consideration are reserved for their use. In no course in literature is any regular text-book employed.

In the matter of methods, it has long been held by the teachers of English at Harvard that each teacher's best method is his own. When a course is given into a man's charge, then, he is absolutely free to conduct it in any way he chooses. The natural result is such wide divergence of method in detail that no valuable generalization concerning such detail can be made. One man finds recitations useful, generally interspersed with frequent comment; another lectures; a third prefers personal conference; a fourth finds the best results coming from properly directed discussions of special topics by his class,—and so on. Furthermore, in certain cases, the methods of the same teacher may greatly vary with different classes and at different times. On only two points, perhaps, may definite agreement among the teachers be asserted: the first is that a candidate for honors in English, in addition to very high proficiency in six elective courses, ought to know at least the elements of Anglo-Saxon, ought to have made some study of pure literature, and ought to write respectably; the second is that the best educational results are attainable by such free and mutually cordial efforts of teachers differing widely in attainment and temperament as we at present enjoy.

It may be added that the Secretary of Harvard University will gladly send to any applicant a pamphlet describing in detail our courses in English; and that any teacher of English at Harvard will

gladly explain his actual methods to any properly accredited inquirer. Persons seriously interested in these methods, then, will probably find a visit to Harvard instructive.

BARRETT WENDELL.

Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE "PURE SAXON" OF BURNS'S "COTTER."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his article on "Transplanted Genius," page 72 of THE DIAL for February 1, Mr. S. R. Elliott writes:

"Certain critics have assumed that Burns was a poet who could write in two languages, and was not, therefore, limited to his original field; and they assume this because the same hand that drew the masterpiece 'Tam-o-Shanter' was also responsible for one of the sweetest idyls in the English language, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' written in the purest Saxon and in the Spenserian stanza. But ah! it was the same Bobby Burns writing of the same people, and trying to show, for once, that his pathos needed no dialect to give verisimilitude. The scenes he describes are everywhere familiar to his boyhood and throughout his brief manhood; in short, he never wrote save of what he knew too well."

The "pure Saxon" of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" is to be found in the dedication, which fills the first stanza, in the reflections that fill stanzas nine and ten, and in the concluding stanzas. The body of the poem, the description of the cotter and of his family, begins with the second stanza, which reads:

"November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose:
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes."

This is very far from being "pure Saxon." If, as some have been wont to assert, the passages composed in pure English are decidedly inferior to the others, the poem furnishes an instance in confirmation of Mr. Elliott's thesis. It shows that, to do his best, Burns must needs use his mother-tongue, as well as handle familiar subjects. This makes Mr. Elliott's paragraph the more inexplicable.

A. C. BARROWS.

Iowa Agricultural College, Feb. 15, 1894.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LATIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading this morning of the burning of the Colonnade at the Fair Grounds, a bright ray of cheer comes over me in the thought that perhaps the Latin inscription on the adjacent obelisk was thereby removed from the public gaze. Here follows the interesting text: ANNIS QVADRINGENTIS POSTEAQVAM CHRISTOPHORVS COLUMBUS INCOGNITUM ANTEA ORBEM TERRARUM AMERICAM CENTIBUS [*sic!*] APERVIT HANC [*sic!*] IN LOCUM CONVENIUNT HOMINES OMNIUM FERE NATIONVM QUID QUISQUE IN ARTIBVS OVID [*sic!!!*] IN INVENTIS REBVS QUID IN AGRICVLTVRA FRAESTITERIT [*sic!*] AMICO CERTAMINE INTER SE COMPARANTES.

If a Freshman student of mine should put up such work as this in a recitation, I should send him out of the room. Is it unseemly to suggest to our honorable Commissioners that, before again setting up a monument to be read by the nations of the earth, they get themselves edited?

JAMES T. HATFIELD.

Northwestern Univ., Evanston, Ill., Feb. 15, 1894.

EDWIN BOOTH IN BERLIN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In Mr. Bispham's deeply-interesting selections from Mr. Booth's letters, published in the December "Century," he refers to the great actor's "meager account of his German experiences." I was in Leipzig during the winter of 1882-3, and can testify to "the wonderful enthusiasm his acting created wherever he went." In my diary for that winter, under date of January 13, 1883, I find the following entry:

"It is a little odd to American eyes to see, in the amusement columns of the Berlin newspapers, advertisements setting forth that 'Mr. Edwin Booth, the American tragedian' is playing 'Hamlet' at the Residenz Theater. But that is just what he is doing; and winning a gratifying triumph. The opening performance of his two weeks' engagement took place last Wednesday evening, and was attended by a large and brilliant audience. The American colony was out in full force, with Minister Sargent and Mrs. Sargent at the head. The Crown Prince was also present, and remained until after the scene with *Ophelia*, when he withdrew, expressing to the manager his regret at not being able to see the rest of a performance 'which had given him such intense pleasure.' But he made it up by coming the next evening and sitting out the play."

"Mr. Booth's conception and rendition of 'Hamlet' (a play, be it remembered, by no means unfamiliar to German audiences) have completely captured the critics and the critical public in Berlin. He was repeatedly recalled during the progress of the play; at the close of the performance he had to appear four times and acknowledge the enthusiastic greetings. As for the press, it is unanimous in its praise. The *Norddeutscher Zeitung* says: 'Mr. Booth's *Hamlet* is a creation of flesh and blood; not such as we have been accustomed to in Germany. What he did last night was sufficient to show that he is fully entitled to the great reputation which has preceded him. The noblesse and retiring modesty with which he received all manifestations of favor made a winning impression.' His repertoire, I hear, will be entirely Shakespearian. He had thought of having 'Riche-lieu' translated, but has been dissuaded therefrom by his friend Friedrich Haase, who convinced him that it would be a mistake."

JOSIAH R. SMITH.

Ohio State University, Columbus, Feb. 6, 1894.

LOWELL'S "BAFFLED DECUMAN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The reference by your correspondent (DIAL, Feb. 16, p. 103) to Lowell's use of the word *decuman* in his poem "The Cathedral," and the puzzlement of his critics on its first appearance twenty years ago, has brought to mind a paragraph in the *facetiæ* department of a prominent periodical of that time, which might have amused Mr. Lowell as a curiosity of criticism, and as such may be worth reprinting:

"The other evening, in returning home, what time our streets and sidewalks were glare with ice, we observed a chap endeavoring to scale an inclined plane, and at the same time he gave evidences of an uneasy stomach. Hailing him, we asked, 'What are you about?' Where-to he replied, in the language of Lowell,—

'Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman.'

He evidently was the first to interpret the line!"

Boston, Feb. 20, 1894.

J. W. F.

The New Books.

AN EARNEST LATITUDINARIAN.*

It is a dozen years since Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, much loved and honored, sank to rest in the Deanery at Westminster. His biography has been delayed by a series of misadventures. His closest friend, Hugh Pearson, who might have written it, followed Stanley within a twelvemonth. His travelling companion and frequent co-worker, Sir George Grove, found the pressure of other duties incompatible with the task which the Dean had hoped that he would undertake. Mr. Walrond, to whom the work fell, died while arranging and assimilating his superabundant materials. Dean Bradley began a Life on so prodigious a scale that he was compelled to abandon it. Finally, Mr. Rowland Prothero was put in possession of Dean Bradley's notes and Dean Stanley's papers, with the result which lies before us. It proves well worth waiting for. At first one is tempted to suspect that less space might have been occupied. The humors of the Tractarian controversy on both sides of it have had unusual publicity, and may fairly be considered to be exhausted. Mr. Prothero's comments upon Stanley's career, elucidative and sympathetic as they are, might sometimes be shortened. A smaller number of Stanley's letters might have as clearly revealed his delightful personality. A reviewer must find fault somewhere, and so it may be said that the board sometimes groans under the profusion of the banquet. That may be taken for an official judgment. But personally the critic has read and rejoiced in every page from title to finis, and holds with the French gourmand who said "Too much is not enough."

It is curious that Stanley, living and dead, should have had almost the first and almost the last word in the long debate between Tractarianism and Broad Churchmanship, between the men who looked backward and those who looked forward for the golden age of the Church. Half a century ago the premature death of Dr. Arnold gave his favorite pupil an opportunity to choose his part and impress his master's mind on the more earnest and thoughtful spirits of the generation which to-day has nearly passed

from the stage. The fifty years are ended, and it is a life of Arnold's biographer which sums up the gains and losses of the long campaign. To be sure, there remains a Memorial of Jowett to be written, and Pusey's Life is incomplete. But we know from the volumes already issued what Dr. Pusey's Life is likely, and unlikely, to give us; and Dr. Jowett, as scholar and educator rather than ecclesiastic or theologian, has been on a side-track rather than the main line. But Stanley all his days was in the thick of everything. Whatever the event or spectacle of his period, he was either on the stage as an actor, or an eager participant as spectator in the front row of seats.

Born in the highest ranks of English society, the son of a clergyman who was to become Bishop of Norwich in Stanley's early youth, from the first Arthur Stanley was an unusual child, of a highly nervous organization and an almost feminine sweetness of nature. He was known at home as "the little sylph" and "Prince Pitiful." Sent to a private school at nine years old, his heart was in his books rather than his play. He read Southey and Dryden and Shakespeare and Plutarch, from copies bought with his pocket-money. He wrote odes to

"The humming-bird bright,
The screech-owl of the night,
And the stork snow-white."

He "screamed with rapture" at the first sight of big waves at sea, and fairly "danced in ecstasy" at the vision of a mountain peak above the clouds. He had an early reputation as a teller of stories, and the gift probably stood him in good stead when he entered Rugby, a slim and delicate boy, at the age of thirteen. Dr. Arnold had just been made Head-Master, and Arthur came at once under his influence. A word from one of Stanley's schoolmates suggests the secret of Arnold's gift as an instructor.

"What struck me was the way in which Arnold referred to 'the upper boys' on matters of criticism, or points of history. 'Stanley, what do you think about that?' 'Vaughan, how would you construe that?' folding his gown and leaning upon the table and looking towards them with such *respect*, shown in the very tones of his voice."

Happy in such a teacher, Arthur quickly rose in the ranks of the school; prize after prize fell into his hands; and when, having won the Balliol scholarship, he came up for his last award for Greek verses, he had the delight of hearing from his revered master's lips: "Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given, and I cannot let it

*THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, late Dean of Westminster. By Rowland E. Prothero, with the coöperation and sanction of the Very Rev. G. G. Bradley. In two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

pass without thanking you for the honor you have reflected upon the school." The tone of unfeigned "respect" is very audible. Masters like Arnold are very apt to secure pupils like Stanley.

Before going to Oxford, Stanley visited Arnold at Allan Bank, and the Hares, his kinsfolk, at Hurstmonceaux. He saw Wordsworth, an old man, rather untidily dressed, with a face of great mildness, who talked of trees and shrubs, told merry stories, was not dictatorial, and did not engross the conversation. He saw John Sterling, and heard him preach, "very fine, the next best to Arnold." He read Coleridge's "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit," still in manuscript, and judged its merits and defects very wisely. He heard read aloud some verses from a fledgeling poet, just flayed by the "Quarterly,"—Alfred Tennyson. He caught the reforming temper of his hosts at Hurstmonceaux, and wrote to Vaughan:

"Alas, that a church that has so divine a service should keep its long list of Articles. I am strengthened more than ever in my opinion that there is only needed, that there only should be, one, viz., 'I believe that Christ is both God and Man.'"

That was the mood of Arthur Stanley always. On that brief platform he was ready to stand with all believers.

It was in October, 1834, that he went up to Oxford. The first Sunday he heard Dr. Pusey upon the Song of Solomon. "It was very long and disproportioned; most of it learned and clever." The length and the learning and the disproportion are all quite credible. Pusey was already a recognized leader. The Tractarian movement had begun, and the more earnest minds of the University were mainly drawn to it. It attracted Stanley, who respected Pusey, loved to quote Keble, and admired Newman. The spell of Arnold was no longer as dominating as it had been. Stanley was growing in independence, beginning to measure and judge those whom most profoundly he revered. He could disapprove of the temper of Arnold's fierce diatribe upon "The Oxford Malignants." He was becoming less a student of books, more an observer of men. For this reason, perhaps, his university career was less brilliant than that at Rugby had been. It was only on the third trial that he won the Ireland scholarship, though he took his "first-class" and gained a fellowship, not in his own college. It had been hinted to him that his opinions were under suspicion, and that failure there was probable. He was at this time in "a strait

betwixt two" as to his theological position. He was drawn to Newman, he was still held by Arnold. "A magnificent and consistent system" of Sacramentarian teaching appealed to his imagination and historic sense, while "the voice of St. Paul's Epistles" called him, "loud and clear," in the opposite direction. The struggle was brief and decisive. The earliest fathers once for all triumphed over any later authorities. A Tory and High Churchman by his nerves, his affections, his sympathies, Stanley was a liberal in Church and State by virtue of his reason and conscience. When his feelings led one way and his sober judgment another, Stanley knew where to go, however painful the wrench of the decision. But finding, as he said a little later, the character of the Liberals "miserably unsatisfactory," and "to act with the Newmanites impossible," he struck across country for himself, and from the hour of Arnold's death called no man master. That death occurred in June, 1842. Stunned by the awful shock at first, Stanley roused himself to comfort the desolated household. Presently, at their request, he threw himself heart and soul into the work of preparing Arnold's biography. To be entrusted with it had been a dream of his boyhood. He entered on his task with a fine prescience as to what the record of such a life might be. For two years, his toil was great, almost "an agony." The result was adequate. He produced one of the half-dozen best biographies in the English tongue. It is singularly free from the faults of an unpractised writer. It is more reserved and sober in style than any of Stanley's after works. Its author was not yet thirty years old.

Meanwhile, after some scruples as to the damnable clauses of the Athanasian creed and the strictness of clerical subscription, Stanley had been ordained deacon and priest, and appointed college lecturer and tutor at Oxford. The atmosphere of the University was at this time dense with storm and overcharged with electricity. The fall of the Whigs, the issue of "Tract No. 90," the suspension of Dr. Pusey, the publication of Ward's "Ideal Church," the degradation from his doctorate of its author, the stir about Hampden's lectures, the volcanic eruption of party spirit on his nomination to the See of Hereford, the lapsing of Ward and of Newman to Rome, made the life of an Oxford fellow at this period a series of shocks and jars and surprises, most uncongenial to Stanley's pacific temperament. Yet, for all his love of peace, he would not slink out of the field of

contest where only sure and lasting peace was to be won. He was a chivalric champion of most diverse causes. Show him a victim of injustice anywhere, forthwith, sword in hand, though with olive-branch always waving upon his crest, he would spring to his rescue. He stood by Ward and Pusey as gallantly as he stood by Arnold and Hampden. His foes were never men, but falsehoods and cruelties and wrongs in whatever armor. Always he held with those who sought for the widest liberty and the most generous inclusiveness. He would ever strive to make the visible and the invisible Church coterminous. As much as might be, he passed out of the arena of controversy and busied himself with his books and his pupils. He knew how to make the page of his textbook "glow with the light of wisdom and poetry." The charm of his teaching was "simply irresistible." He gave his students "his heart and his best gifts," as well as large pecuniary aid, freely and delicately bestowed upon those who needed it. It is curious to know that the ready and copious writer of after-years at this time shrank from sermonizing, declaring that he "could see his way to twelve sermons and no more." He had not yet discovered, as a *naïve* student once said, "what a surprising number of good texts there are in the Bible!" His flow was a little checked, perhaps, by feeling himself under suspicion from a clerical generation which dreaded German theology in the lump and knew no distinction between Strauss and Ewald. There are men to-day who draw no line between Voltaire and Renan. For his own part, Stanley was "fearless, and could afford to be bold." Assuming no party badge, uttering no clamorous war-cry, fighting with his own sling and stone, he found few to stand beside him. Detesting, as Arnold did and Paul did, the spirit of party, there was danger that he might become "a bigot against intolerance." Mr. Prothero says that he did; but the epigram is not quite just. Stanley would allow no diversities of temper or opinion to sever him from anyone who followed Christ, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. When Dr. Liddon and Dr. Pusey would hardly own that Maurice and Jowett and Stanley were disciples of *their* Christ, still Stanley urgently offered them the pulpit of the Abbey to freely preach their Gospel. His charity could span all chasms of opinion. He had no doubt that truth would prevail.

In 1849 Bishop Stanley died, sincerely mourned throughout his diocese. His son had

learned to honor a father with whom he had not overmuch in common. "The crash, the gloom, the uprooting, and the void" left by the death were at first overwhelming. Stanley for a season was driven forth from his books into practical business cares for his mother and sisters in the breaking up of their home, and learned "to sympathize more than ever before with the working part of the world in everyday life." The burden soon grew heavier. Within three months both his brothers died, and, succeeding to the small family estate, he could no longer hold his fellowship. He had just declined the deanery at Carlisle. He was presently glad to accept the post of Canon at Canterbury, and make his home there for half a dozen years.

Before this, all England was shaken with the Gorham controversy. For Stanley it was not a question of the meaning of baptism, but of the right of his clerical brethren to resist a test imposed by a Bishop without color of law, and the larger question still, should the English Church be rent and a large body of its devoted clergy be driven forth from it. He took his ardent part in the struggle, fighting, as always, for what he believed to be liberty and peace. But he recognized that "no man ever threw himself into controversy without regretting the plunge." "I have had some misgivings," he wrote, "about my article [in the "Edinburgh"]". I fear St. John would hardly have approved of it"; and "I am a real St. John's man," he might have added, in the words of our own Muhlenburg. Yet St. John was at times notably plain of speech. There are junctures when charity does not forbid even an apostle to say "thou fool" or "this is the deceiver and the antichrist." Stanley's conscience was a sensitive organ. How droll his scruples must seem to some modern hammerers of heresy, who, sharing the temper of the Puritans without their convictions, are ready to hew Agag in pieces before the Lord, in the columns of church newspapers! So intense is their zeal for the inspiration of the Bible that they even transmute its warnings into examples, and when it says, as in the ninth commandment for example, "Thou shalt not," reply thankfully "I will, Lord." It were not strange if Stanley's gentle tolerance should supply them a fresh occasion to blaspheme.

From this time on, Stanley's life — at Canterbury from 1851 to 1857, at Oxford as Professor of Ecclesiastical History until 1863, and for the eighteen years that followed at West-

minster,—was mainly that of the ardent student and brilliant writer of Church History. There were frequent episodes of travel, there were dashes into the arena of Convocation, there were the diversions of society. He accompanied the Prince of Wales to Egypt and Palestine. He married the Duke of Edinburgh in the Imperial Chapel at St. Petersburg. He visited America, and was the guest of Phillips Brooks. But mainly he was scholar and author. Having written the best religious biography in our language, he proceeded to write brilliant volumes upon Canterbury as its Canon and upon Westminster as its Dean. He wrote the best volume extant in English upon Sinai and Palestine. He wrote luminous lectures on the Eastern Church and the Scottish Church, and traced the whole course of Hebrew history from Abraham to the Maccabees, treading in Ewald's steps and anticipating some of Renan's conclusions. He made the Old Testament a living book. Men of all schools profit by his labors. His volumes, with their clear, rich, flowing style, and wealth of illustration, have become classics. Everybody helps himself to their contents without shame, knowing that the theft will be recognized, condoned, and imitated. Those who regard their author as anathema still illuminate their sermons with his glowing descriptions, and pay unwilling tribute to his fame.

For a few years the Dean's life at Westminster was brightened by a late but most fortunate marriage. Then the brief blessing was withdrawn, and Stanley, the lonelier for the experience of a perfect companionship, lived on and labored on, somewhat wearily. Loving friends ministered to him. Travel and society more or less dulled his pain. It was after his wife's death that he visited this country, and found a tonic influence in (what Bryce noted afterwards) the special hopefulness of American life. But his work was done. The causes he had championed had won their way. Men spoke their thought with freedom and were tolerant of differences that once had sharply divided them. The progress of the higher criticism had made what had been heresies received opinions. The Bible which he loved, the Hebrew history which he had illuminated, were become more familiar and more precious for his labors. Their inspiration was altogether unimpaired, though he had brushed away the dust and cobwebs from the covers of the sacred volume and recognized the existence of fly-specks on its ancient and precious pages. The

Church of England was the less imperilled because he had done his best to lift its life a little above the moods of party; to interpret its formularies largely, in the spirit rather than the letter; to draw representatives of opposed opinions into a bond of peace; to free churchmen from the overbearing weight of hard ecclesiasticism; to uphold the Living Spirit against spectres evoked from the darkest ages of Christian history; to point courageously forward, not with melancholy backward, for the ideal of the Church.

What a rich life it had been — rich in love and honors, in service and reward! The boy who won all hearts and all the prizes, kept on winning them to the end. The Queen's friend, the favored guest of princes, the cherished companion of scholars and men of letters, won the devotion of the working-men, whom he loved to lead through the aisles of the Abbey, interpreting as they went its monuments and descanting on its history. Did he ever make an enemy? If he did, he probably soon converted him into a friend. Canon Wordsworth protested against his appointment as Dean of Westminster. He avenged himself by paying tribute in his earliest sermon to good work which the protesting Canon had done. His Chapter sometimes opposed him, but they could not make him quarrel with them. He respected their consciences, while asserting firmly the right of his own.

He had his faults, like other men. He bewailed his "fatal irresolution," but it only disturbed himself and his inner circle. He perhaps loved peace even idolatrously, and in his concern for charity risked seeming indifference to truth. He would refuse to see the great gulf fixed between him and those over against him, which narrower eyes saw very well. He too much identified the English Establishment with the Church of Christ. His ministry was more to the Church at large than to individual men. An aristocrat by temper and circumstance, he was more optimistic than if his lot had been less favorably cast. He was curiously dependent upon others in all his minor habits. There was a "quaint, pathetic helplessness" about him, half vexing, half endearing. With all his gentleness he was pugnacious, and thought peace worth seeking at the cannon's mouth. But he enriched the life and literature of his time. In all his encounters he never dodged, nor struck an unfair blow. He spared his enemies, he championed his friends. Those who scarce confessed him a disciple were won by

his works, though they had been frightened by his words. The churches of all English speaking lands are the better for his living. The heresies of the hour become the orthodoxy of the ages. The memory of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley will endure and be precious so long as men love and value tolerance and peace. And some do still.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

THE MYTHICAL WELSH DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.*

¶ The question of the Welsh discovery of America has engaged the attention of the public more or less for the last three hundred years. The theory was first enunciated by Humphrey Lloyd, in the sixteenth century; and since then there have been continually-recurring discussions of the subject, both in the native press of Wales and elsewhere. In the exhaustive bibliography prepared by Mr. Paul Barron Watson and published in the writer's "America not Discovered by Columbus," Mr. Watson gives no less than fifty-one books and essays on "Discovery by the Welsh"; and this list does not include the vast amount of literature on the subject which has appeared from time to time in Wales.

The work of Mr. Stephens was written for competition at the celebrated Llangollen Eisteddfod, held on September 21, 1858, and the three following days. The subject for competition was announced in these terms: "For the best essay upon the Discovery of America in the twelfth century by Prince Madoc ap Owain Gwynedd, prize £20 and a silver star." Six essays were sent in, five of which assumed the truth of the Welsh tradition. In the remaining essay, under the assumed name of "Gweneth Engydlym," Mr. Stephens, after presenting an almost exhaustive summary of the literature of the subject, and marshalling all the evidence usually cited for and against the Cambrian story, subjected them to a rigid criticism, and finally declared himself a disbeliever in the tale,

"How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread
The adventurous sail."

It is this essay which is now given to the public in a sumptuous volume. The Eisteddfod committee to award the prize being aware of the existence of this negative essay, decided that, it being not on the Discovery but on the

Non-discovery of America by Madoc, it was not on the given subject, and must therefore be excluded from the competition. This led to a bitter contest, the echoes of which are still reverberating in the world's press. The most competent member of the committee, the distinguished scholar Silvan Evans, resigned, and disgraceful scenes took place at the Eisteddfod. The fourth centenary celebration in honor of Columbus seemed an opportune time for giving the manuscript of Mr. Stephens to the public; and this has been done through the capable editorship of Mr. Llywarch Reynolds, the author having carefully revised the work before his death.

The book is divided into three parts, the first presenting all the literature of the subject, and leaving the statements, without note or comment, to make their own impression on the reader; the second passing in review the opinions of the various writers who have treated the subject pro and con, and thus exhibiting the impressions produced by the facts upon other minds; and the third giving a critical discussion of the whole subject by the author. By this method there is of course involved no little diffuseness, the same facts being marshalled for three different purposes; but the result is that the subject is discussed in all its bearings, and the treatment made absolutely exhaustive.

A personal reference at this point may be permitted. In 1874, when I prepared my little book on the Norse discovery of America in the tenth and eleventh centuries, I had examined, though rather superficially, some of the writers who held the discovery of Madoc to be a demonstrated fact; and while I had no means of making a thorough study of the question, I came to look upon the Welsh claim as not only possible but even probable, and accordingly stated in that work that "It is generally believed, and not without reason, that the ancestors of the Welsh, under the leadership of Madoc, made a settlement in this country about the year 1170." But after reading Mr. Stephens's exhaustive work, with its overwhelming weight of argument, I am bound to revise my former opinion, and to say that he has not left a single shred of supposed evidence unrefuted. I believe no candid reader can rise from the perusal of "Madoc" with any other impression than that the story is not founded on facts. The supposed discovery is not an historic narrative, but merely a legend which has had its day and must henceforth be put in its proper place in the list with the Welsh "Mabinogion."

* AN ESSAY ON THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA BY MADOC AP OWEN GWYNEDD, in the Twelfth Century. By Thomas Stephens. Edited by Llywarch Reynolds. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Welsh, on whose minds the Madoc story has taken a firm hold and has had all the force of a patriotic sentiment, should not regret that it has at length been effectually relegated to the domain of fiction. Mr. Stephens's work, with all its iconoclasm, shows that the Welsh race possesses men capable of self-analysis and historical criticism. And, indeed, the Welsh have an abundance of other things of which they may well be proud. They speak one of the parent languages of the world, a language which holds an enviable position in comparative philology. They have an ancient literature, which scholars in every land are translating and illustrating. They have an honorable history, much of which yet lies hid in bardic materials. The Welsh furnished the Norman Trouvères with the material for the Arthurian and British romances. Spenser found among the Welsh the materials for "The Faërie Queen"; and without Welsh traditions Shakespeare could not have written his immortal "Lear" or "Cymbeline." While Welshmen can lay no claim to the glories and renown that belong to Leif Erikson and Columbus as discoverers of America, they have secured many a place of honor in the annals of the United States. The clinging to the Madoc legend in the future can only tend to lower Welshmen's reputation as truthful men, and thus injure their credit as a people of sterling worth. Mr. Stephens's verdict must be accepted as final.

RASMUS B. ANDERSON.

REMBRANDT AGAIN.*

The oft-told story of Agassiz reconstructing the skeleton of a rare fish from one small bone brought to him by a fisherman, is applicable to the new life of Rembrandt by Emile Michel. There are only one or two bones in the whole life of Rembrandt, but M. Michel has made a complete skeleton from them, and not only put blood and brains into it, but has clothed it with moral, social, and religious qualities. Unfortunately, M. Michel's historic method is not so satisfying as Agassiz's scientific method; and the reader may indulge in some doubts about the basic statements which start as guesses and finally end up as uncontroverted facts.

"Perhaps" Rembrandt learned a great deal about Bible story from his mother's knee; but

because he painted his mother with a Bible in her hand, in lieu of some other book, is not sufficient proof to warrant any such inference, or to account for the fact that Rembrandt so often painted Bible stories in his pictures. Would M. Michel argue that all painters who painted religious pictures were "pious brought up" at their mothers' knee, we wonder? And if the argument hold good, why was not Rembrandt's mother a pagan Greek teaching Greek mythology to her son, since he painted mythological as well as Biblical subjects? There are a great string of these "perhappes" and "probablys" running through the first volume, which are interesting enough as speculations, — but the pity of them is that the next writer of a Rembrandt life will put them down as absolute facts, and in a few years we shall have a house-of-cards history of Rembrandt that will eventually have to be knocked down just as M. Michel has knocked down the Rembrandt histories of the past. That is the way history and biography are made, and it accounts very well for the continual re-making that has been going on since the world began.

And, after all, what is the use of all this study into the minutiae of a life like Rembrandt's? People are interested in him as a painter, not a man of the world. His was not a life of action, or of any great social or political importance. He was not a Napoleon, a Mirabeau, or even a romantic Antonello da Messina, or a travelled Rubens. His life was quiet, sedate, and thoroughly Dutch, not differing essentially from that of his contemporaries. Born of middle-class parents, at Leyden, in 1606, he was the fifth of six children. We know nothing of his boyhood, and little more of his education. He was sent to the university, but at fifteen he had decided to become a painter and was a pupil of Swanenburch. In 1624 he went to Amsterdam, and for about six months was a pupil of Lastman. This ended his apprenticeship at painting; and as for his skill as an etcher, no one knows who taught it to him or whether he just picked it up through native genius. He returned to Leyden, established himself as an independent artist, and soon rose to fame, money, and some pupils. Then, in 1631, he went back to Amsterdam, to live there permanently and to become the people's painter of the time. In 1634 he married Saskia van Uylenborch, a young woman of better family and more money than he possessed, with whom he lived happily up to the time of her death. In 1639 he bought, and

* REMBRANDT: *His Life, His Work, and His Time*. By Emile Michel. From the French by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

fitted up with many objects of art, the much-talked-about house in the Breestraat. He was then at the height of his fame, making money and spending it lavishly, devoted to his art and his wife, and to all appearance serenely happy. In 1642 Saskia died, leaving Rembrandt a year-old son, Titus, and the bulk of her property, which was considerable. From that time began the decline of his fame and his prosperity, but not of his art. He worked on in the Breestraat house, and took for a mistress and model his house-servant, Hendrickje Stoffels. Carelessness and extravagance in money matters followed, and in 1656 he was declared a bankrupt and sold out of house and home—the art collections going for a song to the Jews and hawkers. He then wandered from pillar to post about Amsterdam, domiciled in various places, and protected from his creditors in a measure by the efforts of Titus and Hendrickje. About 1664 Hendrickje died, and in 1668 Titus too passed away. The painter, outclassed in popular esteem by the peddling little men of the paint-brush who had arisen, steeped in poverty and comparative obscurity, aged and quite forsaken, at last gave up the struggle and died in 1669.

Such are the bare facts of a commonplace life; and the only thing that makes them at all interesting to us is that this life was led by one of the greatest painters of any time or country. Undoubtedly his sorrows and trials had their effect upon his art, for he was a man of much feeling,—and herein lies the answer to our previous question and the chief value of M. Michel's extensive researches. He has followed chronologically Rembrandt's life and work, showing his varying styles of art and their probable origin in the varying circumstances of his life. Some of this is strained in inference to the breaking point, and still more is mere over-subtile conjecture; but it is readable, and often suggestive. There is matter more pertinent in the discussion of dates, and attributions, and all that, because M. Michel had the pictures to work from. Besides this, the author has brought together an exhaustive mass of shrewd criticism reviewing every important work that Rembrandt ever etched or painted, and illuminating it not only by the text, but by a vast number of plates and reproductions. Probably no one was better qualified to do this work than M. Michel. He was in perfect sympathy with his subject before he began to write, had studied it for years, was surrounded and saturated with Rembrandt's

art, and from the art drew the character of the man. If his sympathy has sometimes made him a partisan, it is not to be wondered at, since his cause was a good one.

For Rembrandt was a remarkable man in the annals of art, a superb etcher and a supreme painter, whose like it is not probable we shall see again. Primarily he was a portrait painter. The single figure was more consonant with his art-methods than the composed group. That was probably due to several causes. He was no lover of the traditional or academic, and never followed school formulæ in composition to any extent. His composition was his own, and it was sometimes good and sometimes bad. He had not a particle of what has been called "style," had no care for line as line, and was uniquely individual in the picturesque. With peculiar methods that became dominant in his art and were opposed to classic composition, he often distorted lights and shadows, and built up certain portions of a composition by dragging down other portions; and this, while a forceful method of procedure with the single figure, as his portraits attest, was not perhaps the best method of handling composed groups, as a number of his large figure-pieces attest. His mastery of light-and-shade rather militated against his composition, just as it bleached and often falsified his color. Fine in many instances as a colorist, he was prone to destroy the purity and value of tones by subordination; and, positive as he was in handling, he at times lapsed into heaviness and ineffectual kneading.

Mentally, he was a man keen to observe, assimilate, and synthesize. His conception was localized with his own people and time (he never built up the imaginary or followed Italy), and yet into types taken from the streets and shops of Amsterdam he infused the very largest humanity through his inherent sympathy with man. Dramatic, even tragic, he was at times, and yet showed it less in vehement action than in passionate expression. He had a way of striking universal truths through the human face, a turned head, bent body, or outstretched hand, that was powerful in the extreme. His people have great dignity and character, and we are made to feel that they are types of the Dutch race — people of substantial physique, slow in thought and impulse, yet capable of feeling, comprehending, enjoying, suffering. His landscapes, again, are a synthesis of all Dutch landscape, a grouping of the great truths of light, space, and air.

Whatever he turned his mind upon was treated with that breadth of view that overlooks the little and grasps the great. He painted many subjects, dating from 1627 to the time of his death, and at first was a little sharp in detail and cold in coloring. After 1654 he grew much broader in handling and warmer in coloring; tending, toward the end of his life, to rather hot tones. His domestic troubles served only to heighten and deepen his art, and perhaps his best canvases were painted under stress of circumstances and in sadness of heart. His life is another proof, if needed, that the greatest truths and beauties are to be seen only through tears. Too bad for the man! but the world—the same ungrateful, selfish world that has always lighted its torch at the funeral pyres of genius—is the gainer.

These two quartos are handsomely gotten up in the matter of paper, printing, and binding; and the upwards of three hundred illustrations are a mine in themselves, giving as they do the best of the master's work. Both as a readable book and as a book of reference, no Rembrandt-lover's library can be complete without it. Mr. Frederick Wedmore has edited it, and compiled for it several serviceable indexes, with knowledge and discrimination; and the task of translating from the French seems to have fallen into good hands.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.*

To inaugurate a series of denominational histories illustrative of the religious development of our country, Dr. H. K. Carroll has undertaken to give, in a handsome octavo volume of 440 pages, entitled "The Religious Forces of the United States," some of the results of his investigations on behalf of the Eleventh United States Census. He anticipates to some extent the eleven volumes which are to follow his and give the history of twenty more or less flourishing religious denominations; but, deriving his material wholly from the Census bulletins (not yet published), his purpose is "to describe and classify all denominations so as to give a clear idea of the character and strength of the religious forces of the United States." Thus

*AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY. VOLUME I., THE RELIGIOUS FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES, Enumerated, Classified and Described on the Basis of the Government Census of 1890. With an Introduction on the condition and character of American Christianity. By H. K. Carroll, LL.D., in charge of the Division of Churches, Eleventh Census. New York: The Christian Literature Co.

the author and compiler sets out upon the most interesting portion of his volume, the introduction, embracing fifty-two pages and divided into fourteen sections, wherein, after sketching the effort made, amid the greatest difficulties, to develop the ecclesiastical department of the late Census, he comments upon the "Variety in Religion," "Denominational Titles," and the "Causes of Division." He does this with considerable humor, though he furnishes much food for sober reflection for those whose minds are fixed upon the subject of Christian Unity. It is to lighten the statistician's labors by securing a scientific nomenclature, that Dr. Carroll chiefly favors reunion; and he drolly adds: "And why such reunion has not taken place in scores of instances, I cannot explain, except by the prevalence of the doctrine of the perseverance of saints. It must be that the saints of the sects think they ought to persevere in sectarian division."

One must needs have a well developed sense of humor to deal statistically, and without losing temper, with the difficulties presented in having to classify four distinct bodies of "Brethren," popularly known as, yet disclaiming the name of, "*Plymouth Brethren*" (who can only be distinguished by the Roman numerals I., II., III., IV.), twelve varieties of Presbyterians, thirteen of Baptists, and seventeen of Methodists. And among them all, the only denominational title which Dr. Carroll finds to be really definitive is that of the "Old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists." By reducing the one hundred and forty-three denominations he encounters to "denominational families," he still has forty-two such families on his hands, while we venture to assert that many of the members of these families would repudiate the parentage he has assigned to them. His attempt to create a "Catholic" family to include the Roman Catholics, the Greek Catholics (Uniates), the Russian Orthodox, the Greek Orthodox, the Armenians, the Old Catholics, and the Reformed Catholics, and leaving out the "Protestant Episcopalians" (who daily assert their belief in the Holy Catholic Church, and frankly admit that if their church be not Catholic it has no right to exist), is a curious blunder.

As might be expected, Dr. Carroll brings to light many religious curiosities. He includes in his Census Report one denomination with as few as twenty-five members; and with reluctance excludes one with twenty-one members, because unorganized, its twenty-one members

being in three different States. If the author's ability to maintain such absolute impartiality, in his dealing with the various denominations, as not to betray his sympathy with any particular one, were the grounds upon which the Superintendent of the Eleventh Census made choice of Dr. Carroll to take charge of the Division of Churches, the choice is fully justified by the book before us. But there are other indications of the wisdom of the selection; and while we await the appearance of the Census Report, this summary furnishes some racy as well as some more serious (though always entertaining and instructive) reading.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

THE FRESHEST VOICE AMONG LATIN POETS.*

English students of Catullus have hitherto been dependent chiefly on the two learned and costly volumes of Mr. Robinson Ellis. For class-room use there has been available a severely sifted selection of the most proper verses, with useful notes, by Mr. F. P. Simpson, in the ugly little scarlet covers of Macmillan's Classical Series. There was a strongly-felt need for a complete edition of moderate size and agreeable form. We think Professor Merrill's work will satisfactorily fill this need. It is especially pleasant to welcome an edition of a classic, by an American scholar, which is neither "based on" nor translated from any German book. This pleasure has, unhappily, the added charm of extreme rarity. Mr. Merrill has also the courage of his individuality, and usually prefers to state his own understanding of his author, rather than to compile from earlier editors. Further, he appreciates the fact that Catullus lives as a poet, and as such he interprets him, with sympathy and hearty interest. Of course the requirements of a school-book, and especially of a series, set limits to this latter quality of an editor, but it shines through in frequent brief comments—and especially in the cautious reconstruction of Catullus's life and poetic development, which fills pp. xii.—xxxvi.

It is well known that we are dependent for this poet upon copies of a single old MS. which was discovered early in the fourteenth century, —and subsequently disappeared again. Professor Merrill gives (pp. 227–263) a careful

list of the readings in the two oldest of these copies, from which he evidently believes all others are in turn derived. That will apparently suffice, at least for all who accept this theory as to the younger copies: which theory is, however, vigorously combatted by Mr. Ellis in the last edition of his work. Almost any college student will doubtless be more than satisfied with this much *apparatus criticus*.

The book is, then, timely, attractive, and apparently by a competent hand. It is likely to restore Catullus to college curricula, much more widely than he is now read. This is a pleasant prospect, for his voice is far more direct, genuine, human, so to speak, than any other that has reached us from the Roman world. As has been said of him before, he also represents, more fully than perhaps any other poet, what youth can accomplish—and what it cannot. He arouses in almost every youthful reader a feeling which the other Latin poets rarely call forth: enthusiastic sympathy. All this gives us the better right to qualify our welcome with frank criticism of certain minor details.

We find no statement at all of the relation of this edition to its predecessors. But Ellis, in particular, like Mayor for Juvenal and Munro for Lucretius, has so preëmpted Catullus in a monumental work, that an English editor should at least either acknowledge a heavy indebtedness, or claim independence in explicit words. There are valuable German investigations (like those of Schwabe) which Professor Merrill undoubtedly utilized largely, and also useful school editions (by Riese and others) which he should have consulted. If this silence is a rule of the series, so much the worse.

Certain qualities of Catullus—his audacity, his fiery rebelliousness against authorities and dignitaries, his irrepressible sense of the grotesque, his fury in love and hate,—are so omnipresent that no poem, no line, can be safely interpreted where they are left out of the account. Few among our expounders of the classics are fitted by age and temper to appreciate such qualities fully. Perhaps Professor Merrill does not always give them due weight. Thus, on the famous poem of seven lines devoted to Marcus Cicero (c. 49), we are told with full assurance: "It is, however, mistakenly understood by many critics to be ironical in tone." We venture to assert that every wide-awake lad who reads those seven verses, or has *ever* read them, joins in the grin they were meant to call forth.

* CATULLUS. By Elmer T. Merrill, of Wesleyan University. Boston: Ginn & Co.

And first, *a priori*. Did Catullus ever elsewhere show respect, simple and sincere respect, to anyone? To the greatest generals and political powers—*e. g.*, Pompey and Cæsar? The terrible scars left by the verses of No. 29 are the answer. Or to his dearest friends—and to himself? The foul and extravagant figures of 28 lie close at hand. To the woman that had dominated his life? Here it is surely needless to quote. "*Odi et amo*," he could say, if ever any soul incarnated might. The meaning of "*Diligo*" he never learned. What father can read without something like disgust, remembering what the loves of Catullus and Clodia had really been, his worse than audacious words:

"Then my regard for thee
Was such as is a father's for his sons!"

That Catullus's poems were circulated when written, can be proved, if need be, from Suetonius's statement: "Cæsar, conscious that he was himself indelibly branded by the verses," etc. The "catchy" hendecasyllables of the audacious young Provincial were surely laughed over in clubs, if not set to music and sung in the streets. Thus the poem No. 21 has no other purpose than to call down ridicule upon a rival in love:

"Aurelius, sire of starvelings thou,—
Nor only those existing now,—
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done."

(The rest is abusive words which our speech cannot render.) Shortly after, in a brief poem to the young Juventius, over whose charms the quarrel with Aurelius had arisen, he repeats the refrain:

"Of all Juventii thou'rt the flower:
Nor only of this present hour:—
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done."

(And a rival is assailed, somewhat less coarsely, in the few remaining verses of this poem also.) With another day comes a less reprehensible grievance. "What injury has the great orator done you, Catullus?" "He has tried to patronize the impecunious young Transpadane, a thing no man shall ever do! And the town shall hear me thank him!" To cut off all doubt, the freshest voice among Latin poets chooses to employ a *third* time the tag all Rome knew by heart:

"Most eloquent, Marcus Tullius,
Art thou of the sons of Romulus;
Of all who lived in ages gone,
Or shall until the years are done.
Catullus thanks you heartily:
The wretchedest of poets he;—
As far of poets wretchedest,
As thou'rt of all men patron best."

As evidence that in private, at least, among the enlightened, the absurd side of the Romulus-myth was appreciated and familiarly handled, we need only cite Cicero's own expression (Atticum, act II. 1-8): "Cato talks as though we were living in Plato's Utopia, and not, as we are, in the rogue's asylum of Romulus." (Jeans.)

As to "*pessimus poeta*," our editor says: "Catullus also speaks of himself with excessive modesty in addressing his patron Nepos in I." Well, yes. He makes his bow to his mature, eminent, learned friend (not without a mocking sigh over the learning):

"This dainty little book and new,
Just polished with the pumice, who
Shall now receive?"

—Cornelius, you!

"For these my trifles even then
You counted of some value, when
You only of Italian men

"Into three volumes dared to cast
The story of all ages past:
Learned,—oh Jupiter,—and vast!"

Perhaps there is a touch of Shelley's royal modesty, as he slips the little roll into Nepos' hand,

"So take it, prize it as you may";

but the murmured prayer as he turns,

"And, gracious virgin, this I pray:
That it may live beyond our day!"

is surely a far cry from "*pessimus poeta*." It is less blunt than the assurance of Catullus's distant kinsman,

"Nennt man die grössten Namen,
So wird auch der meine genannt,"

but Catullus, like Heine, sinned little through self-depreciation. Possibly modest Mark Tully smiled indulgently, and thought the compliment not ill-turned; but certainly the bad boys laughed—so loudly, perhaps, that even *pater patriæ* had an uneasy suspicion, as he passed on, that the fast young *cantores Euphorionis* sometimes made game of pompous dignitaries.

But we have a more serious final exception to take. Catullus, of all men, never hesitated to say what he meant. It is perilous for a commentator to assume that he does not mean the thing he says. *Exempli gratia*: the poem in honor of the yacht which had brought her master safe home from the Black Sea is a general favorite. Now this voyage may have been in 56 B. C. Catullus's death is generally set about 54,—though only because no later allusions can be positively cited from his poems. Dean Smith has discussed this poem in "Harvard Studies" (Vol. III.), with great ingenuity and thoroughness. He insists that the craft could not be spoken of as "growing old"

only two or three years after her first voyage. Alas, the Dean surely never owned a yacht, then! Again, the voyage began at Amastris on the Euxine; while in another poem Catullus takes leave of his fellow-officers at Nicæa, two hundred and fifty miles nearer home. This is as if an Englishman returning home from Bangor should take ship at New York! Hence Professor Smith puts the voyage back into the generation before the poet, assigning it to some roving friend of Catullus's father. The chief objection to all this is that it destroys the only sentiment and significance the poem ever had.

Professor Merrill praises, and rejects, this presentation by his editor-in-chief, and puts forth another theory, presumably a new one. The poem, he tells us, is a dedicatory inscription, written not for the real yacht, but for a miniature model thereof, consecrated in a temple of Castor and Pollux, as a thank-offering. Both scholars deny that the poet could have brought his vessel home to his beloved Sermi-one on the Lago di Garda,—because it would have been extravagant, and Catullus came home from Bithynia poor.

As to the sentiment of the matter, I appeal with confidence to lovers of poetry and of yachting. But on matters of fact, we have just one source of information: the verses of Catullus. He does jest elsewhere of his purse-full of cobwebs, of his mean and stingy commander-in-chief in the Orient, etc. But the poverty of this lord of several country-seats, this leader of young Rome, is of the jaunty and gentlemanly sort. Of course his income is narrow. He craves a fortune to fling away on a banquet, an amour, a pearl.

Catullus clung to his Italian promontory—especially when far away from it. He loved that yacht—at least in retrospect. He would have them together. It would be costly, difficult, unheard of, to work her up the Po and Mincio to Garda? Reasons enough, surely, these, why the thing must be done! What old Assian, staid and stout and come to forty year though he be, would not give more than he can afford to see the dear unmanageable old Mezethra rotting at a Yankee wharf-side, instead of by the mole of Mitylene?

But the poet was rarely at home on Sermi-one, rarely at leisure to sail when there; and Garda was but a landlocked millpond to the craft built to brave the Pontus's storms and the cliffs of the Propontis. And so "*Senet quiete*," "In peace she's growing old." If he built a shrine to the Sailors' Friends upon his windy

promontory, and, anchoring under its shadow, dedicated his craft to them, she was so much the safer and fitter to bear the "pious bard." This, we submit, Catullus says plainly enough. Who shall correct him?

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

RECENT FICTION.*

Among the novels accumulated during the past few weeks there is no difficulty in selecting the one that stands out above all the others, and comes as near to being a masterpiece as this degenerate age of English fiction will permit any novel to do. And, strange to say, although written in English, it is not the work of an English novelist at all, but of that genial Dutchman who calls himself "Maarten Maartens," and whose name was absolutely unknown to the literary public of four years ago. "The Greater Glory" is an ambitious work, but in performance it justifies both the scale upon which it was planned and the aims which it sought to accomplish. Let us hasten to say, lest the words just used should be misunderstood, that the story is not didactic in any narrow or obtrusive sense, but that it merely exhibits the moral purpose of all great fiction, and seeks to set the realities of life over against the conventions and the shams, to contrast its superficial aspects with its profound inner significance. Readers of "God's Fool" will remember how effectively the author had already pursued this method, how distinctly he had kept this contrast in view. "The Greater Glory" produces the same general impression, and has the advantage

* THE GREATER GLORY. A Story of High Life. By Maarten Maartens. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CATHARINE FURZE. By Mark Rutherford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A GRAY EYE OR SO. By Frank Frankfort Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A WOMAN OF FORTY. A Monograph. By Esmé Stuart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CHRISTINA CHARD. By Mrs. Campbell-Praed. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A DAUGHTER OF THIS WORLD. By Fletcher Battershall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

APPRENTICES TO DESTINY. By Lily A. Long. New York: Merrill & Baker.

A PROTEGÉE OF JACK HAMLIN'S, AND OTHER STORIES. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MADMOISELLE MISS. By Henry Harland. New York: Lovell, Coryell & Co.

THE WATCHMAKER'S WIFE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Frank R. Stockton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PARISIAN POINTS OF VIEW. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews. New York: Harper & Brothers.

of dealing with more natural conditions. There was a trace of the repulsive in the former story, and the attention of its readers was too much diverted by the curious psychological questionings that could not fail to be suggested by the character of the *reine Thor* who was the hero. The hero of "The Greater Glory" has all five of his senses, and is none the less a hero in the spiritual sense. Lovable in childhood as in manhood, his growth from the one stage to the other is depicted with subtle psychological insight. As for the Baron, with his old-world notions of faith and duty and honor, we pity the reader who can stand by his deathbed with undimmed eyes, or without feeling the better for having lived with him. He is instinctively enshrined in the memory along with Colonel Newcome and the good Bishop of Hugo's best known novel. "The Greater Glory" is far from being a perfect work of fiction—there are few such in the world—and its defects are easily discernible. It is confused in structure, and its architectural analogue would be some irregular Gothic cathedral with unrestrained grotesque ornamentation. In style, also, it is lacking, being over-colloquial and addicted to mannerism. But it gives us such a picture of manners and morals as only the greater novelists are capable of drawing, and it is informed throughout with a nobility of sentiment that makes of it a singularly helpful and wholesome piece of literature.

Is there something in the atmosphere of the Balearic Islands to stimulate the imagination and incite to the spinning of wild and preposterous yarns? Twice within a few months we have read novels having their scene in those islands, and in each case the plot has been something distinctly out of the common. "The Recipe for Diamonds" was, according to Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, formulated by no less distinguished a character than Raymond Lully, and by him intrusted to the keeping of an underground Minorcan vault. To this spot certain modern adventurers, taking their cue from an ancient manuscript, were led, and the secret was caught by a photographic plate. The original inscription being then destroyed, the undeveloped plate remained in sole possession, and this plate, unfortunately, lost the record forever by exposure. So the reader is left none the wiser for it all, and the adventurers get nothing for their pains but a small jar of diamonds, made by the aforesaid Raymond Lully, and buried with the recipe as evidence that it had been a real working formula. This outline of the story gives but a slight notion of its exciting character, and no notion at all of the cleverness with which its characters and its incidents are fitted together. It is as good, in a way, as many of Mr. Kipling's many inventions, and there is not a little art in its elaborate artlessness. It brings one into contact with life itself, which is a more worthy task than that of making reflections, however subtly analytical, about life. The reader may be assured that his interest will not be permitted to flag, if he once takes up the book for the amusement of an idle hour.

"Catharine Furze" is a book written under the stress of religious emotion, and will appeal to the reflective mind. Yet it may hardly be described as a novel with a purpose, unless we admit as a purpose its tacit plea for the importance of the religious motive as a determining factor in everyday life. It is a simple and depressing story of English village people and ways half a century ago. There is something of strength in its delineation of the titular character, and of one or two others, but the book claims more attention for its obvious sincerity than for any artistic quality of structure or characterization.

In reading "A Gray Eye or So" one is struck by the lack of development in the characters. They are absolutely the same from first to last, although the narrative covers time enough to affect their destinies very materially, and although it is the privilege, if not the duty, of the novelist to foreshorten both in time and space. The gravest defect of the story is offered by the hero, who commits an act of unspeakable villainy quite out of keeping with the general tenor of his character. This is bad enough, and that he should have been forgiven for it is worse still. A pervasive element of dry satire contributes not a little to the interest of this book, for it is interesting, although it must be condemned by any exacting standard of literary art. The contrasted types, fixed though they are, supply an excellent diversity, and the conversations are nearly always cleverly managed. If one will forget for an hour his critical standards, he may extract much entertainment from the book.

Miss Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night" is a novel, or rather a *nouvelle*, that is fairly deserving of the success that it has already obtained. It is well-written, and excellent in characterization. There are but few figures on the canvas—only two of any consequence—and they are essentially vital in delineation. In the character of the hero, Miss Harraden has attempted the task so triumphantly performed in Charlotte Brontë's "Villette": that of leading us finally to understand and to admire a man who is at first, and to a superficial observer, almost repellant. Her title is suggested by the quatrain,

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and silence."

And it might almost equally well have taken for a text Matthew Arnold's more beautiful lines:

"Yes! in the sea of life enisled,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless, watery wild,
We mortals million live alone.
The islands feel the encompassing flow,
And then their endless bounds they know."

Readers who can feel the pathos of either passage will understand the motive of Miss Harraden's Engadine idyl without reading it. We should not, however, advise them to take it thus vicariously, for it is well worth an hour's attention.

"A Woman of Forty" is not, *a priori*, the most prepossessing of heroines, but Miss Stuart has made such a heroine interesting, although we are glad that the metal more attractive of a maiden less elderly by half finally wins the day, and carries off the allegiance of the young New Zealander who is given us for a hero. The story is a very slight structure, not unpleasing as a sketch of English social life, but written in a style that is often diffuse and slovenly. On the third page we find such a sentence as, "They demeaned themselves to beg that their special pictures might be one of his exhibited portraits." One does not often trap so inexcusable a vulgarism and so gross a solecism within the limits of one brief phrase.

Mrs. Campbell-Praed's latest novel is an exciting but vastly improbable tale. The characters, from the Australian heroine to the least of her numerous devoted admirers, are stilted and unnatural in most of their actions, and few of them succeed in arousing either sympathy or respect. The padding of the book takes the form of drawing-room and dinner-table conversation, always on tap for the novelist of impoverished ideas; and, considered as mental food, about as satisfactory as sawdust to the physical appetite. Perhaps the best thing in this novel is the sketch of a fashionable London painter, whose conversation is a delightful burlesque of the jargon of his guild.

Mr. Battershall's story, "A Daughter of the World," combines a psychological problem, a study in villainy, and a social sketch, and does not very happily weld together these disparate themes. Its leading motive remotely suggests Tourguénieff's "Faust." The heroine is a young woman who has lost her mother in childhood, and who lives a secluded life with her father, in his country home. The latter, knowing his daughter to have inherited an unusually sensitive and emotional nature, seeks to secure for her a tranquil future by keeping her a child. With this object in view, he entrusts her education to a priest, who is really a disciple of Molinos and a mystic, who becomes her sole teacher and guide, and whose system is directed towards the one end of repressing her natural instincts, and of leading her in the ways of quietism. The plan bids fair to prove successful, when a disturbing element enters her life in the shape of a young man, whom first sympathy, and afterwards love, impels to save her from the consequences of this unnatural discipline. In this effort he is successful, but the outcome is not tragic, as in the Russian masterpiece that has been mentioned. The young woman, after a period of storm and stress, during which she disappears from view, becomes a successful singer, and in this character once more meets the man who stood at the turning-point of her life years before. The end is both natural and commonplace. We think the writer has weakened his story by superadding upon its fundamental structure the stock situations and incidents that mostly make up the

latter half of the book. We could spare both the villainy and the social complications that have been so incongruously attached to the promising central theme. The character of Father Axon, the mystic, is impressively presented, although with a certain tinge of the melodramatic that does not add to its strength. The hero is a somewhat colorless creator, but the heroine is interesting enough to make up for his defects.

One of the minor characters in Miss Long's "Apprentices to Destiny" is a woman who writes novels. Speaking of the problems of her profession, she remarks: "For one thing, there is the little fact that book-reviewers are mostly men and the readers mostly women. If you write with an eye to getting good notices your book isn't read, and if you write for readers the superior critics sniff at you." This is amusing, if exaggerated, but we venture to contribute a trifle towards the disproof of the proposition. For Miss Long's story is clearly written for readers, even for the most feminine of them, yet far from us be the thought of "sniffing" at so clever and genuine a book. There are, indeed, two or three characters that are imperfectly developed, that have not been properly fitted into the economy of the structure, and there are some wordy pages that a more experienced writer would have condensed or omitted; but Miss Long displays so unquestionable a talent for enjoyable and wholesome narrative that we are not disposed to carp at her defects. One of the characters, however, the woman who rejects the man whom she loves to marry him whom she abhors, we find hard to accept. The motives that might impel to such conduct are not distinctly enough displayed to make it seem reasonable. The book toys with socialism to a certain extent—almost enough to make it a novel of tendency,—but the dangerous fascination of that subject for generous and over-emotional minds has not, in the present case, precluded the other interests that are needful for variety's sake, nor has it greatly distorted the writer's sympathies from a just appreciation of the social problem.

A volume of stories by Mr. Bret Harte easily takes precedence over any other collection of fiction in miniature likely to be included in a two months' survey of current novelists' work. There are six stories in Mr. Harte's new volume, five of them Californian, and the other Glaswegian (let us say) in theme. The Californian stories are a little thin, perhaps, but they have the incomparable freshness and interest that the author can give to the simplest sort of a tale. Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill are old friends of ours, and the other characters are of sufficiently familiar type. "The Heir of the McHulishes" is a story in which the author has turned to account his experiences as our consular representative in Scotland, and his light sure touch is shown at its best in this delightful sketch.

The stream of Mr. Harte's stories, we have every reason to expect, may flow on forever, but Dr.

Doyle's stories, as far as they relate to one Sherlock Holmes, appear to have reached an end with the volume of "Memoirs" now published, for the artistic and imaginative detective finds his match at last in the person of a villain bearing the appropriate name of Moriarty. The cliff by the Swiss Falls of Reichenbach are the scene of the closing catastrophe, which ends the careers of both Sherlock Holmes and the only man who ever successfully outwitted him. The story of this disaster is the last of the dozen contained in the new volume, which is quite as thrilling as any of its predecessors. Apropos of this closing story, we notice that Mr. J. M. Barrie has recently published an amusing skit, scare-headed as follows: "The Late Sherlock Holmes. Sensational Arrest. Watson Accused of the Crime." The following is a characteristic extract from Mr. Barrie's *jeu d'esprit*:

"The public cannot have forgotten that Holmes used to amuse himself in this room with pistol practice. He was such a scientific shot that one evening while Watson was writing he fired all round the latter's head, shaving him by the infinitesimal part of an inch. The result is a portrait on the wall in pistol shots of Watson, which is considered an excellent likeness. It is understood that, following the example set in the Ardlamont case, this picture will be produced in court. It is also in contemplation to bring over the Falls of Reichenbach for the same purpose."

We may also hope, after all, that the rumor reported by Mr. Barrie, according to which

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes, at the entreaty of the whole British public, has returned to Baker Street, and is at present solving the problem of 'The Adventure of the Novelist and His Old Man of the Sea,'"

is not wholly without foundation.

Of Mr. Henry Harland's five stories, that which comes first on the title-page, "Mademoiselle Miss," far outranks the others. It is a variation upon the text, to the pure all things are pure, for it tells how an English girl, happily innocent of any other than Ollendorffian French, falls among a set of *étudiants* and *étudiantes* in a most disreputable *pension* of the Latin Quarter, lives with them in a joyous *camaraderie* unsullied by the consciousness of any evil, and by her very artlessness subdues them into as devoted a band of worshippers as ever gathered about a pure girl's shrine. The story is a little impossible, but it is very charming. Of the others, "The Funeral March of a Marionette" is a character study of some subtlety, and "A Sleeveless Errand" a semi-humorous sketch with a sadly cynical moral.

Seven of Mr. Stockton's stories, each having its quota of delicious absurdities and matter-of-fact statements of the unexpected, make up a volume that cannot fail to amuse. The story of "Asaph," the village loafer who works with his head, is irresistibly droll, and hardly less so is that of "The Watchmaker's Wife," who so unexpectedly comes down from the skies, or that of "The Knife that Killed Po Hancy," and afterwards inoculates its

possessor with the predacious instincts of its whilom owner. It would take a reader of unusual alertness to anticipate the twists and turns of Mr. Stockton's fancy, or to forecast the outcome of one of his entertaining inventions.

We have often wondered why the inimitable short stories of M. Ludovic Halévy should have been missed by the busy tribe of translators. With the possible exception of "La Famille Cardinal" (which ought, perhaps, to be left in the original as an incentive to the mastery of the French language, if not for other reasons), they richly deserved putting into English, and we are glad that a selection of them has now been gracefully done by Edith V. B. Matthews. Nine stories are included in this volume, which is one of the "Odd Number" series. We find, among others, "Only a Waltz," "The Most Beautiful Woman in Paris," "The Insurgent," and "In the Express." Professor Brander Matthews supplies a brief introduction, which happily sketches the literary portrait of M. Halévy, placing stress upon his dramatic faculty, his amiable irony, and his gentle optimism. The whole thing, introduction and translation, is exceptionally well done, and the volume ought to prove the most popular of the series to which it belongs.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Ancient authorship as studied by a modern publisher. In these days of contention, perhaps over-contention, about the relations of publishers and authors, and their rights and wrongs as regards each other, it is pleasant to see one who has acquired experience and standing as a publisher essaying also the role of authorship, thus identifying himself, at least in feeling, with both classes, and by his widened range of sympathies and experience helping to bridge the gap that too often separates them or makes their attitudes antagonistic. In the case of Mr. George Haven Putnam, our present instance, there is little enough chance of disagreement, since the author is his own publisher, and the relations are presumably those of entire harmony; yet the gain from broadened experience and standpoint must still be present. Mr. Putnam is already well known as a writer on copyright and other practical literary subjects; and his present volume, "Authors and Their Public in Ancient Times," is the expansion of a monograph by him in the cause of International Copyright, to which he has been much devoted. The work is a complete and compendious history of authorship before the introduction of printing. Beginning with the earliest graphic forms of literature, as traced in the tablets of baked-clay found by Layard in the ruins of the palaces of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus) in ancient Nineveh, he follows its later records in the papyri found in Egyptian tombs and preserved by the

Greeks when they had Egypt under their control, and thence traces its development onward through the more familiar achievements of Greece and Rome. This current of progress he follows step by step, until (the Hebrew and Christian literature intervening) the monkish rule cast its shadow over the stream, and classic glory was all but blotted out by the destroying hand of bigotry—a hand strong, grimy, and relentless in its killing grasp. The record closes with the fifteenth century, when the invention of printing from movable types vanquished priestly hierarchy and put a stop to its avowed policy of suppressing reason in the interests of blind faith; and thus a new literature began its enduring sway, part of its task being to gather up and preserve the scattered fragments of the older writings. In this beneficent task, Mr. Putnam's book takes its modest but indispensable part. It covers a field hitherto unreaped or reaped but scantily, and offers many curious and suggestive results of the author's research. The long struggle for the mere physical materials with which to perpetuate thought forms in itself a most interesting story. The baked-clay was awkward, crude, and cumbersome; hieroglyphs on exposed surfaces are enduring only in the dry unchanging air of Egypt; papyrus has its season of decay, and its insect enemies; parchment will mould, and mice will eat it; brass plates are costly, and will rust at last. Only paper—frail, perishable paper, the dried pulp of vegetable fibres—forms man's true dependence; for its cheapness makes it plentiful, and by its plentifulness the copies of writings become scattered far and wide, so that though one copy a year may perish, an edition of six thousand copies may endure for a period outlasting recorded time. Other chapters in the history are not less interesting. They are often enlivened with anecdotes and pat quotations, of which the following is an illustration: "‘You have not treated me fairly,’ writes Alexander to Aristotle, ‘in including with your published works the papers prepared for my instruction. For if the scholarly writings by means of which I was educated become the common property of the world, in what manner shall I be intellectually distinguished above ordinary mortals?’” How, indeed? might well be echoed by devotees of the modern “limited edition.” The method of treatment renders Mr. Putnam's volume eminently readable, while the story that it tells gives one a new sense of the value of that best and cheapest thing in the world, a printed book.

*The study of books
in college libraries.*

Dr. William Frederick Poole, in accepting the invitation of the Northwestern University to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa address of last June, chose for his subject “The University Library and the University Curriculum.” The address is now published (Revell) in book form, and makes excellent reading, as those acquainted with *THE DIAL* hardly need to be told. Dr. Poole could not write a dull page if he tried, and these particular pages are in his most vigorous

and breezy manner. They open with a plea for the university study of books from a bibliographical point of view, which naturally leads to the question of finding room for such additional work. This gives the author an opportunity to assail existing methods, especially in the teaching of the classical languages. At this point the Mather family are brought in, and their example does yeoman service for the argument. Within eighty years, eight of them were graduated from Harvard, having entered at the average age of less than thirteen. They all had to speak Latin as an entrance condition, and most of them spoke Greek and Hebrew as well. Cotton spoke all three when he entered college at the age of eleven and a half, and besides this “he had composed many Latin treatises, had read Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, and Terence; had finished the Greek New Testament; and had read portions of Homer and Socrates.” More than six hundred books were printed by members of the Mather family, and (here the bibliophile appears) “their cost in the markets of the world exceeds that of the writings of any other five families which have ever lived in America.” The substance of Dr. Poole's charges against the classical instruction of to-day is that Greek and Latin are not taught as living languages, but are made a sort of stalking-horse for the investigation of syntactical complexities and philological niceties. He probably goes too far in assuming that a language (ancient or modern) to be really known must be learned as a spoken language. We believe the speaking of a foreign language to be a mere knack, superadded upon the real knowledge obtained from its study, but hardly bringing a perceptible increment of culture, or of penetration into the meaning of the language in question. But there are many ways of making a language seem dead to its students besides that of getting along without the dubious aid of *viva voce* chatter, and it is against these ways in general that the author invokes the wrath of the Goddess of Common Sense. At all events, Dr. Poole is a stanch defender of the classics, and his reply to those who call them fetiches is, in substance: Begin to study them earlier, and learn them more thoroughly than you now do. One other point in this address calls for a word of comment. The argument against existing college methods is reinforced by some statistics of college attendance, which seem to show a decline in the ratio of students to total population. As far as Dr. Poole's figures go they are substantially correct, but they do not go far enough. He gives figures for the period from 1840 to 1880, showing a decline of nearly fifty per cent in college attendance relative to population. He then adds: “The disparity is doubtless greater now.” But a recent investigation of this subject made by Mr. Merritt Starr shows a remarkable reaction. The decline in (relative) college attendance kept on until 1887, but since then there has been a steady annual gain, and the figures for 1892 bring the record up to the point that had been reached in 1860. In a word, the losses of a

quarter-century have been offset by the gains of five years. Perhaps the moral of all this is that the more vital educational methods championed by Dr. Poole already have a stronger hold upon the colleges than he imagined, and that his attack is made upon a system already moribund, if not defunct.

Compact and readable compendia of European history.

That long-suffering person, the "general reader," does not always have reason to be grateful for the efforts made to supply his shelves with compendia of the world's knowledge. But he should welcome the new series of volumes entitled "Periods of European History" (Macmillan), for they will provide him—if the names of their authors count for anything, and if the volume now published may be taken as a measure of those to follow—with a compact and readable narrative from the fall of the Western Empire to the present time. The volume first published covers the period from 476 to 918; that is, to the accession to the German throne of Henry the Fowler, which marked the turning-point in Teutonic (and consequently European) fortunes or misfortunes. Mr. Charles Oman is the author of this volume, being peculiarly fitted for the task by his previous work as historian of the Byzantine Empire. Its special features are, perhaps, besides the attention paid to Byzantine annals, its account of the Lombard kings, and its story of the Mohammedan invasions of Italy and Sicily in the ninth century. If we may judge from this opening volume, English history is not to come within the scope of the work. At all events, there is hardly any mention of Britain in Mr. Oman's pages. Professor Tout has undertaken the second volume, which will take us to the year 1272. The others are in the hands of scholars almost equally well known.

More essays by Mr. Birrell.

We need scarcely bespeak a welcome for Mr. Augustine Birrell's latest sheaf of essays, "Men, Women, and Books" (Scribner), an alluring little volume, generally similar in form and contents to his "Obiter Dicta" and "Res Judicatæ." We own to a hearty liking for Mr. Birrell—for his wholesome views, for his neat and pointed way of putting them, and for his ability to say a sensible, even a wise, thing in a light and humorous way. In the present volume there are in all nineteen titles, "Dean Swift," "Dr. Johnson," "Sterne," "John Gay," "Hannah More," "Marie Bashkirtseff," "Poets Laureate," etc.; rather hackneyed themes some of them, but one does not mind that with Mr. Birrell. The paper on Hannah More, though a little caustic, is delicious—almost as good as Lamb. The author starts out by saying that Hannah "is one of the most detestable writers that ever held a pen," and that "she flounders like a huge conger-eel in an ocean of dingy morality," after which he proceeds to depict the "class" to which she belonged: "This class may be imperfectly described as 'the well-to-do Christian.' It inhabited snug places in the country,

and kept an excellent, if not dainty, table. The money it saved in a ball-room it spent upon a greenhouse. Its horses were fat, and its coachman invariably present at family prayers. Its pet virtue was church twice on Sunday, and its peculiar horrors theatrical entertainments, dancing, and three-penny points. Outside its garden wall lived the poor, who, if virtuous, were forever curtsying to the ground or wearing neat uniforms, except when expiring upon truckle-beds beseeching God to bless the young ladies of the Grange or the Manor House, as the case might be." In another paper Mr. Birrell says a few sensible words touching the importation of "McKinleyism" into literature: "The fact is, it is a weak point in certain American writers 'of the patriotic school' to be forever dragging in and puffing the native article, just because it is native and for no other reason whatever; as if it mattered an atom whether an author whom, whilst you are discussing literature, you find it convenient to quote was born in Boston, Lincoln, or Boston, Massachusetts. One wearies of it indescribably." One does indeed; and we suspect most of our readers will go on preferring Wordsworth and Tennyson to Joel Barlow, and Holmes and Lowell to the "Sweet Singers" of their own respective townships, national and local patriotism to the contrary notwithstanding.

A study of written constitutions.

M. Charles Bourgeaud's "Etablissement et Revision des Constitutions en Amérique et en Europe" (Paris: Thorin) is a solid piece of work that won in 1892 (and well deserved) the Rossi Prize of the Paris Faculté de Droit. It is now published in a series that includes translations from the English of the principal works of Maine and Sir Frederick Pollock, so that it has no reason to complain of its company. The work is a study of the written constitutions of history, from the Connecticut "Fundamental Orders" of 1639 to the latest experiments of the Latin-American republics, with reference to their establishment and the provisions made for their amendment or revision. After an introductory discussion of the written constitution, mainly illustrated by early American examples, the constitutions of the present century are taken up *seriatim*. The fundamental division made by M. Bourgeaud is between the group of charters or "constitutional facts" and the group of truly popular constitutions; that is, constitutions which start out from popular sovereignty as an admitted principle. Under the first head are discussed the German, Latin, and Scandinavian constitutions; under the second, the constitutions of France, Switzerland, and the United States. The author is to be particularly commended for having made a careful study of State constitutions in this country. Most foreign writers ignore them altogether, although they are in many respects more instructive than the Federal Constitution itself. In connection with his analysis of the American constitutional convention and its functions, the

author quotes from Jameson and from Professor von Holst's criticism of Jameson's work. He adds in a note that Professor von Holst, having accepted a chair in the University of Chicago, "va pouvoir lire ailleurs que dans ses livres." The English Constitution, being unwritten and at any time amendable by mere act of Parliament, does not come within the scope of M. Bourgeaud's work. But the fact that his attention is confined to the written constitution does not blind him to the fact that there are many things, even in the fundamental law of a country, to be sought outside the text of any constitutional document. In a pregnant passage he asserts "que les constitutions écrites ne sont pas l'unique mesure des institutions politiques d'un pays, qu'elles formulent plus qu'elles ne créent, et qu'il ne faut pas chercher dans leurs articles toutes les normes constitutionnelles." And he continues as follows: "La déclaration des droits de l'homme et du citoyen n'est pas inscrite en les lois de 1875. Aucun décret de l'Assemblée de Versailles ne l'a confirmée. Qui oserait soutenir cependant qu'elle ne fait point partie de la constitution actuelle de la République? Ses principes pénètrent la législation, dominant la vie publique des Français."

*A Summer
out-of-doors
in England.*

A captivating little book of English origin, that seems as one reads it to exhale the odors and reflect the hues of the fields and hedgerows, parks and gardens, through which its author leads us, is John Davidson's "A Summer Itinerary" (Boston: Copeland & Day). In it Mr. Davidson presents, with much felicity of phrase and fancy, "some notes and impressions of the remarkable spring and summer of 1893." The "Itinerary" embraces Blackheath, Greenwich, Epping Forest, the parks and rural environs of London in general, the banks of the Lea, Kew Gardens, the Chilterns, etc.; and the volume closes with "A Ballad of a Musician," a production which, like the prose, has a savor quite its own. Mr. Davidson's writing bears throughout the hallmark of originality, and it has a charm, born partly of thought and partly of diction, that is hard to define. There is, perhaps, at times a hint of self-consciousness, of phrasing that is the fruit of repetition and experiment; but we need not quarrel with that. Even I. K. Walton, the type of literary innocence, has been caught, once at least, hammering out his "artless" phrases with all the forethought and deliberation of a Donne. A fair sample of our author's directer descriptions is his picture of a lark—not so poetical, certainly, as Jeremy Taylor's or Walton's, but graphic enough: "Then came a withered heath; and out of it, almost from between the itinerant's feet, a lark with hissing wings shot up like a rocket. Right underneath it he watched its ascent; he had never had such an opportunity before. It wedged its way up spirally; and as distance gradually hid the corkscrew motion, it seemed to be climbing a stair, moving from side to side like a skater. At a certain height the di-

rect ascent changed to an oblique one; the lark had ceased drilling a passage through the air, and, impelled by the momentum acquired in its long involved race up the skies, it slid without effort high into the blue. The descent was a continuation of the ascending slide, its wings remaining motionless, until, near the earth, they were employed as brakes to avoid destruction. And all the while the powerful song went on, filling the air." The passage has a ring of the observant Jefferies, and the reader may profitably compare it with Shelley's and Wordsworth's immortal Odes to this "pilgrim of the skies." The little book is artistically made, and there is a frontispiece fairly rivalling in oddity the quaint eccentricities of Madox Brown and E. Burne-Jones.

*Complete edition
of the writings of
Thomas Paine.*

The first volume of the four in which Mr. Moncure D. Conway intends to publish "The Writings of Thomas Paine" (Putnam) has, after a considerable delay, been published, uniform with the biography of Paine by the same hand. It includes papers written between 1774 and 1779, the most important of them being "Common Sense" and "The Crisis." These are so well known that mere mention of their inclusion is sufficient. Less familiar are the essays reprinted from "The Pennsylvania Magazine" and other periodicals of the time. They include "African Slavery in America," Paine's first essay, claimed by Mr. Conway to give Paine the title of "the first American Abolitionist"; "The Magazine in America," introductory of "The Pennsylvania Magazine," which Paine edited for fifty pounds a year; "The Life and Death of Lord Clive"; "The Forester's Letters"; and Paine's letter of May 16, 1778, to Franklin in Paris. As the editor remarks, "No apology is needed for an edition of Thomas Paine's writings, but rather for the tardiness of their appearance." The work of collecting them has not been easy, and their value, to the student of American history alone, is hardly exaggerated by Mr. Conway when he says that "there was no witness with better opportunities of information, one more sleeplessly vigilant, or more thoroughly representative of public sentiment during the twelve momentous years in which the American government was founded" than Thomas Paine.

*German literature
in America.*

A substantial volume called "Deutsch in Amerika" (Chicago: Eyler) is a first instalment of a "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Literatur," by Dr. G. A. Zimmermann, Superintendent of German in the public schools of Chicago. This volume is devoted to "Episch-Lyrische Poesie." It is really but the beginning of a comprehensive work (undertaken by the Germania Männerchor of Chicago) which is intended to illustrate the achievements of the German-American not only in literature, but in music, painting, sculpture, and architecture as well. Dr. Zimmermann's introductory sketch of German literature in America is very interesting. The

history of the subject begins with 1520, when a German adventurer who came over in the train of Cortez wrote an account of his experiences. The manuscript of this "Zeitung aus Yucatan" was discovered about forty years ago, and published at Amsterdam. The next date recorded is 1532, when Nikolaus Federman described his adventures in Venezuela. This work was actually printed in 1536. Three other sixteenth-century writings are chronicled, all dealing with South America. These facts are curious, but they do not directly concern the subject of the work before us, which deals essentially with the literary production of Germans who have settled in America. In the work proper, three periods are distinguished: a religious, from 1625 to 1825; a political, from 1825 to 1850; and the period of immigration subsequent to the latter date. The religious period was barren, and three names serve to illustrate it. The political period gives us a score of "Vor-achtundvierziger," and half as many more of the "Achtundvierziger" themselves. Franz Lieber, Friedrich Hassaurek, Niklas Müller, and Eduard Dorsch are among the better known names of this period. In the closing period, about a hundred and fifty names are represented. The life of each author is briefly told, and from one to half a dozen of his poems are printed. The work is one of much interest, and its preparation must have required great industry.

Henry IV. and the Huguenots.

The latest volume in the "Heroes of the Nations" series (Putnam) is an excellent account of "Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France," by Mr. P. F. Willert. A pervert and traitor in the eyes of the Protestants and a victim to the knife of a Catholic fanatic, Henry the Fourth presents a character difficult to judge fairly and calmly. Mr. Willert's estimate is just and appreciative. He sees in the great Bourbon neither an impossible hero nor an unprincipled voluptuary, but a coarse vigorous man of action, versatile, daring, and honestly desirous of the welfare of his kingdom, with an openness of manner and an unfeigned humanity that led even his enemies to confess that he had "sublime virtues." "There was that about him which, whatever he did, prevented his appearing mean or hateful, and it is not without reason that, of all kings who have occupied the French throne, Henry of Navarre still retains the first place in the memory and affection of his people."

A new life of Catherine II. of Russia.

Lack of the conventional ingredients of romance will scarcely be predicated of R. Waliszewski's "Romance of an Empress" (Appleton), a Life of Catherine II. of Russia. Materials for a detailed study of the northern Semiramis have only of late years been forthcoming; now, out of the seventy-two volumes of documents published by the Russian Imperial Historical Society, there are scarcely twenty not directly bearing on the history of her reign. The

author, we learn, has availed himself of these and other hitherto unexplored sources with a freedom of selection and expression that has resulted in the prohibition of his book in Russia—from which it would seem that the national ability to digest the political facts of Russian history is in rather a weak and infantile stage as yet. Catherine's personal record would certainly bear fumigating; but we find nothing in M. Waliszewski's book especially provocative of dynamite. Human society presents no more pitiful spectacle than this of a government, secular or religious, slinking perpetually into the shadow, blinking the light of advancing knowledge, and striving to perpetuate its outworn or partly outworn rule by blindfolding the eyes of its dependants to discreditable truths in its past history. M. Waliszewski is a lively and graphic narrator, and he has been acceptably translated. There is an interesting frontispiece portrait of Catherine.

BRIEFER MENTION.

There seems to be no doubt that Thoreau has become an American classic. The fact is emphasized by the "Riverside" edition of his writings, now complete in ten volumes (Houghton.) The last of these volumes to be published are "Excursions in Field and Forest" and "Miscellanies." The former includes "A Yankee in Canada" and one or two pieces not before printed in book form. The latter opens with Emerson's sketch, which is followed by a number of essays representative of "the somewhat less known Thoreau, the student of human life, of literature, and religion." Last of all, the volume presents translations from Æschylus and Pindar, and a few original poems. The index to the entire edition, which appears in this volume, doubles the usefulness of the work to the student.

Mr. William R. Jenkins has published three useful books for teachers of the French language. Perhaps the most valuable of the three is M. A. de Rougemont's "Manuel de la Littérature Française," which covers, cursorily, the last three centuries, and includes extracts, biographies, notes, and questions. M. Paul Bercy's "French Reader" is designed for advanced classes, and is made up of complete stories to the number of thirty, by such nineteenth century authors as Mendès, Maupassant, Coppée, Halévy, Droz, Daudet, and Bourget. The third publication is a "College Preparatory French Grammar," by M. Charles P. Du Croquet. It includes lessons for a year's work, selections, and all sorts of exercises, winding up with a number of specimen college examination papers.

Volume XXXVI. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) opens with an article on Malthus, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, and carries us through the Masons, of whom William, the poet, is also discussed by Mr. Stephen's competent pen. The most noticeable of the literary biographies is Mr. Sidney Lee's "Marlowe," which fills ten pages. Even this liberal measure is exceeded, however, by Mr. T. F. Henderson's "Mary Stuart," which gets no less than eighteen pages, and is much the longest biography in the volume. Volume XXXVII. of the "Dictionary" extends from Masquerier to Millyng. Mr. Robert Boyle writes on Massinger;

Mr. Joseph Knight on Charles Mathews, Charles James Mathews, Lucia Elizabeth Mathews, and Madame Vestris; Dr. Richard Garnett on Charles Robert Maturin; Mr. Leslie Stephen on Frederick Denison Maurice, Conyers Middleton, James Mill, and John Stuart Mill; Mr. R. T. Glazebrook, F.R.S., on James Clerk Maxwell; Mr. Thomas Bayne on William Julius Mickle; and Prof. C. H. Herford on Thomas Middleton, the dramatist.

"Pictures from Greek Life and Story" (Putnam) is the title of the latest of the popular books on ancient history which Mr. A. J. Church continues to send forth with a regularity that would weary a less facile book-maker. In this volume the author succeeds fairly well in the attempt to "present a few picturesque scenes from Greek story" in the period between Solon and Epaminondas, although the picturesqueness is sometimes more apparent in the titles of the sketches than in the narrative itself. There are numerous illustrations after the antique.

It is gratifying to see that the renewed interest in Greek institutions aroused by the discovery of Aristotle's treatise on the Constitution of Athens has again borne fruit in America, this time in a monograph by Dr. George Willis Botsford on "The Development of the Athenian Constitution," recently issued as the fourth number of the Cornell Studies in Classical Philology (Ginn). Taking the patriarchal family as the starting-point of his work, Dr. Botsford describes in detail the constituent elements of Greek society, and traces their development at Athens down to the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. The material is discussed in a careful and scholarly manner, and the study deserves a creditable place in the rapidly growing literature of the subject.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT TORONTO.

The representation of a Greek play in its native dress is not yet so common an event as not to excite unusual interest, though apparently it is becoming a more frequent occurrence in spite of the growth of a tendency to look upon Greek as an obsolescent and useless study. It is less than a year ago that the "Antigone" was brought out at Vassar College; and the recent celebration of the quarter-centennial of the University of Nebraska was made academic by the rendering of scenes from the "Electra" and the "Antigone."

When we saw, a fortnight ago, large placards posted about the streets of Toronto, announcing the performance of the "Antigone" in Greek by students of the University, under the special patronage of the Governor General and the Countess of Aberdeen, we wondered whether the *Zeitgeist* would applauding look on without receiving at least a sop to placate him. The representation, which was given on three successive evenings before large audiences in the Academy of Music, was successful in so many ways, and the concessions to the notions of the modern stage manager were so few, that the University and its friends have good reason for self-gratulation.

Those of us who were from "the States" could not be expected to admire the English sound of the Greek vowels; but this might be regarded as a matter of provincial prejudice. What seemed more strange to us was the peculiar rhythm by which the iambic trimeter was given the effect of the choliambus verse, the last syllable of the line being treated as short, giving the verse an unexpected close as though it were lame. The

scenery was borrowed from the Vassar representation, and the text was furnished by Messrs. Ginn & Company. As at Vassar, the chorus and the actors stood on the same level, the Greek orchestra serving at the same time as the proscenium. No one will claim that the "Antigone" affords a fair test of the soundness of the Dörpfeld theory of the Greek stage as applied to the naturalness and effectiveness of the representation; yet all, we think, will be ready to admit that even in such a play as this, in which chorus and actors do not come into what may be called hand to hand contact, the pathos and power of many of the scenes would be diminished were the hero or heroine to be separated from those who are appealed to for sympathy and counsel by the space required for the Vitruvian stage.

The well-trained Chorus of fifteen elders was aided in the singing by an effective supplementary chorus of forty voices. Mendelssohn's music, written for Donner's German translation and adapted to the Greek by Professor Ramsay Wright, was admirably rendered. The Chorus proper indicated by pantomime the sentiment of the odes perhaps too palpably. How far the Greeks employed pantomime and action in the choric stasima is a matter of conjecture. The hyporchema, in which Dionysus is celebrated as a patron god of Thebes, was a very realistic Bacchic dance; it was well done, possibly too well done, and here more than anywhere else there was an appeal to the modern love of the spectacular.

In the absence of stage directions, there is always room for differences of interpretation; and if we had such directions, would these differences be any the less? Many interpreters make the guard too much of a clown, over-emphasize the wrath and excitement of Teiresias, and make colorless the thrilling narrative of the messenger who announces the self-inflicted death of Eurydice.

The simple dignity and true pathos of this noble drama asserted their power over minds accustomed to the complex and unnatural realism of the sensational drama. Again was proof given of the eternal humanness of "our Sophocles, the royal," who could bring under the spell of his genius a company of "barbarians" to whom the accents of his Attic tongue were as unintelligible as the confused and harsh cries of the birds that flocked about Teiresias on the seat of augury.

MARTIN L. D'OOGHE.

University of Michigan, Feb. 26, 1894.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

The Jowett Memorial Fund now amounts to nearly fifty thousand dollars.

Professor C. H. Herford's translation of "Brand" will soon be published by Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

A new edition, considerably enlarged, of Miss S. H. Killikelly's "Curious Questions" will soon be published by Messrs. Eichbaum & Co., of Pittsburg.

Is it possible that University Extension is of age? It seems so, for Mr. T. J. Lawrence proposes a celebration this year of the twenty-first anniversary of the movement.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a "History of the United States Navy," by Mr. E. S. Maclay; "Benefits Forgotten," by the late Wolcott Balestier; "A Ward in Chancery," by Mrs. Alexander; and "Cleopatra," by Dr. Ebers.

When the decease of Tyndall was announced, no fewer than six editors of magazines telegraphed to Professor Huxley for an article. Mr. Knowles, of "The Nineteenth Century," was slightly quicker than the rest, and secured the prize.

Of 352 cities and towns in the State of Massachusetts, no less than 234 have free public libraries controlled by the municipality. Libraries partly or wholly under private control exist in 74 more of the towns, leaving only 44 with no public libraries at all.

The Converse medals of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts have been awarded to Mr. D. Ridgway Knight and Mr. Alexander Harrison. Messrs. Whistler and Sargent are the fortunate recipients of the Temple medals which were awarded by the same institution.

Mr. Henry Harland will act as literary editor of "The Yellow Book," the new quarterly to be published in London by Messrs. Mathews and Lane. Each number of this magazine will be a 320-page book, having the outward guise of a French novel. Subjects of the day will be expressly excluded from the pages of this enterprise, and only untimely topics will find favor with the editors.

While Hungary was engaged, a few weeks ago, in celebrating the fiftieth year of Jokai's literary productivity, Spain was engaged in bestowing all sorts of honors upon Señor Nuñez de Arce. He was dined by the Sociedad de Escritores y Artistas of Madrid, and toasted by Señor Echegaray. Deputations from all over Spain were sent to him, together with wreaths of gold, silver, and laurel. His early plays were revived in the theatres, and streets in Toledo and Valladolid were rechristened with his name. Altogether, he must have been highly gratified by the numerous evidences of his popularity.

Among the many Spring announcements of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., we notice with peculiar interest Mr. A. W. Pollard's edition of "The Canterbury Tales"; the second volume of Professor Bryce's "American Commonwealth"; "Katharine Lauderdale," a novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford; a two-volume edition of "The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald"; Professor Freeman's Oxford lectures on Western Europe in the fifth and eighth centuries; "Chronological Outlines of American Literature," by Mr. Selden L. Whitcomb; a translation of Wüleker's "History of Anglo-Saxon Literature"; and the nine volumes in the dollar edition of Dickens, making the series complete.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, a young English writer, published not long ago "A Book of Strange Sins," which a great many people bought in the expectation of finding something racy. The contents of the book were, in fact, perfectly inoffensive, but it seems that one of its critics (possibly one who reviewed it by title) described it as unfit for publication. Mr. Kernahan's way of meeting the attack is novel. Instead of bringing suit for libel, he offers to submit his work to the arbitration of six Wesleyan Methodist ministers, agreeing that if two out of six say there is anything in it which "ought never to have seen the light" he will pay £100 to some charitable institution. This shows Mr. Kernahan to be of an exceedingly peaceful and conciliatory disposition; it also shows him to have an eye for a good advertisement.

Mr. Charles S. Peirce, of Milford, Pa., issues a prospectus of a work in twelve volumes (each distinct) en-

titled "The Principles of Philosophy; or, Logic, Physics, and Psychics, considered as a Unity, in the light of the Nineteenth Century." The first volume, now ready for the press, will be "A Review of the Leading Ideas of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Peirce also issues a prospectus of a limited edition, to be printed in two colors, of "The Epistle of Pierre Pelerin de Maricourt to Sygur de Faucaucourt, Soldier, On the Lodestone." The original treatise dates from 1269, and "occupies a unique position in the history of the human mind, being without exception the earliest work of experimental science that has come down to us." The transcript of Peter Peregrinus's text has been made afresh from a contemporary MS. in the Paris Library, and is reproduced in black-letter, together with a translation and notes.

After a private and somewhat vicarious existence of seven years "The Hobby Horse" has been granted a new lease of life, and will continue to be issued quarterly in a limited edition to subscribers only. It will be under the editorship of Mr. Herbert P. Horne, and besides its illustrations the magazine will contain articles upon Literature, Music, Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and the Decorative Arts; Poems; Essays; Fiction; and original designs, choicely printed in quarto form upon handmade paper. In its list of contributors we find such well-known names as Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. Austin Dobson, Sir Frederick Leighton, Messrs. W. M. Rossetti, John Ruskin, J. H. Shorthouse, Frederick Wedmore, and Oscar Wilde. The American market will be supplied by Messrs. Copeland & Day, 69 Cornhill, Boston. Number 1 of the new series contains, among other articles, a short story by Mr. Ernest Dowson; essays "In the Life of Inigo Jones," by the editor, and the "Musical Instruments of the Angels in Early Italian Art," by Mr. A. J. Hipkins; and poems by the editor, Mr. Selwyn Image, and Mr. Laurence Binyon.

EARLY LITERARY DAYS IN CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Bret Harte gives the following example of literary criticism as she was wrote in California some thirty years ago. Mr. Harte had just published a volume of selected verse from Californian writers: "A well-known mining weekly, which I here poetically veil under the title of the Red Dog 'Jay Hawk,' was first to swoop down upon the tuneful and unsuspecting quarry. At this century-end of fastidious and complaisant criticism, it may be interesting to recall the direct style of the Californian 'sixties': 'The hogwash and "purp"-stuff laddled out from the slop-bucket of Messrs. — & Co. of 'Frisco, by some lop-eared Eastern apprentice, and called "A Compilation of Californian Verse," might be passed over, so far as criticism goes. A club in the hands of any able-bodied citizen of Red Dog and a steamboat ticket to the Bay, cheerfully contributed from this office, would be all-sufficient. But when an imported greenhorn dares to call his flapdoodle mixture "Californian," it is an insult to the State that has produced the gifted "Yellow Hammer," whose lofty flights have from time to time dazzled our readers in the columns of the "Jay Hawk." That this complacent editorial jackass, browsing among the dock and thistles which he has served up in this volume, should make no allusion to California's greatest bard, is rather a confession of his idiocy than a slur upon the genius of our esteemed contributor.' I turned hurriedly to my pile of rejected contributions—the *nom de plume* of 'Yellow Hammer'

did *not* appear among them; certainly I had never heard of its existence. Later, when a friend showed me one of that gifted bard's pieces, I was inwardly relieved."

VERSES BY MR. SWINBURNE TO MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Mr. Swinburne's forthcoming volume of poems is inscribed to Mr. William Morris by a copy of verses in the poet's best dedicatory manner. We reprint the closing stanzas, about one-third of the entire poem:

"Truth, winged and enkindled with rapture
And sense of the radiance of yore,
Fulfilled you with power to recapture
What never might singer before —
The life, the delight, and the sorrow
Of troublous and chivalrous years
That knew not of night or of morrow,
Of hopes or of fears.

"But wider the wing and the vision
That quicken the spirit have spread
Since memory beheld with derision
Man's hope to be more than his dead.
From the mists and the snows and the thunders
Your spirit has brought for us forth
Light, music, and joy in the wonders
And charms of the north.

"The wars and the woes and the glories
That quicken and lighten and rain
From the clouds of its chronicled stories,
The passion, the pride, and the pain,
Whose echoes were mute and the token
Was lost of the spells that they spake,
Rise bright at your bidding, unbroken
Of ages that break.

"For you, and for none of us other,
Time is not: the dead that must live
Hold commune with you as a brother
By grace of the life that you give.
The heart that was in them is in you,
Their soul in your spirit endures:
The strength of their song is the sinew
Of this that is yours.

"Hence is it that life, everlasting
As light and as music, abides
In the sound of the surge of it, casting
Sound back to the surge of the tides,
Till sons of the sons of the Norsemen
Watch, hurtling to windward and lee,
Round England, unbacked of her horsemen,
The steeds of the sea."

BROWNING'S "LOST LEADER."

Who was Browning's "Lost Leader"? is a question that crops out as regularly as "Who are the characters in Tennyson's 'Dream of Fair Women'?" Its latest appearance is in the London "Literary World," where it elicits a number of communications, one of which is interesting enough to quote. It is a letter written by Browning in 1875.

"Dear Friends,—Your letter has made a round to reach me, hence the delay in replying to it, which you will, therefore, pardon. I have been asked the question you put to me — though never asked so poetically and so pleasantly — I suppose a score of times, and I can only answer, with something of shame and contrition, that I undoubtedly had Wordsworth in my mind, but simply as a 'model'; you know, an artist takes one or two striking traits in the features of his 'model,' and uses them to start his fancy on a flight which may end far enough from the good man or woman who happens to be 'sitting' for nose and eyes.

"I thought of the great poet's abandonment of Liberalism at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequence that I could ever see. But once call my fancy-portrait Wordsworth, and how much more ought one to say! There is my apology, dear friends, and your acceptance of it will confirm me.—Truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNING."

Since the anxious inquirer in this latest case was particularly troubled by the reference to the "mild and magnificent eye" of the "Lost Leader," and could not reconcile the description with what he knew of Wordsworth, another correspondent contributes this passage from Hazlitt:

"His manner of reading his own poetry is particularly imposing; and in his favourite passages his eye beams with preternatural lustre, and the meaning labours slowly up from his swelling breast."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1894 (First List).

Animals, Industries of. Illus. F. Houssay. *Pop. Science*.
Artists, Some Rising. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
Bees and Buckwheat. Charles C. Abbott. *Lippincott*.
Biology and Ethics. Sir James C. Browne. *Pop. Science*.
Cable Street-Railway, The. Illus. P. G. Hubert, Jr. *Scribner*.
Catullus, The Poetry of. William C. Lawton. *Dial*.
Charilaos Tricoupis. Jeremiah W. Jenks. *Atlantic*.
Child-Study in the Hospital. Dr. H. D. Chapin. *Forum*.
Dramatic Criticism. Bram Stoker. *North American*.
English at Harvard. Barrett Wendell. *Dial*.
Farmer, The Northern. Illus. Octave Thanet. *Scribner*.
Fiction, Recent Books of. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
Florida, Subtropical. Illus. C. R. Dodge. *Scribner*.
Fossil Man. Illus. J. G. Rothermel. *Popular Science*.
Gothenburg System and Our Liquor Traffic. *Forum*.
High Buildings. Illus. Barr Ferree. *Scribner*.
Ibsen, Henrik. Annie Nathan Meyer. *Lippincott*.
Ice Age and Its Work. A. R. Wallace. *Pop. Science*.
Illusions in Art. Illus. T. J. Gullick. *Magazine of Art*.
Income Tax, The. D. A. Wells and U. S. Hall. *Forum*.
Lowell in his Letters. John W. Chadwick. *Forum*.
Massage and the Muscles. D. Graham. *Pop. Science*.
Mayas, Customs and Superstitions of. *Popular Science*.
Milton Visiting Galileo. Illus. P. G. Hamerton. *Scribner*.
Monopolies and the Workingman. R. T. Ely. *No. American*.
Musical Idea, The. Edith Brower. *Atlantic*.
"Nationalism." Edward Bellamy and W. G. Sumner. *Forum*.
Negro, The New England. Jane De F. Shelton. *Harper*.
"Old Masters" at the Royal Academy. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
Prohibitive Liquor Laws. Appleton Morgan. *Pop. Science*.
Public Roads, Evolution of. Chas. McIlvaine. *Lippincott*.
Railroad Failures, Recent. Simon Sterne. *Forum*.
Religions of the U. S., The. A. H. Noll. *Dial*.
Rembrandt. John C. Van Dyke. *Dial*.
Richardson, H. H., Architect. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
Right-Handedness, Origin of. J. Mark Baldwin. *Pop. Sci.*
River and Harbor Improvement. N. C. Blanchard. *No. Am.*
Russian and his Jew, The. Illus. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper*.
Saddle-Horse, Training of a. J. G. Speed. *Lippincott*.
Sapphic Secret, The. Maurice Thompson. *Atlantic*.
Sea-Island Hurricanes. Illus. Joel Chandler Harris. *Scribner*.
Secondary Education in the U. S. N. M. Butler. *Atlantic*.
Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, Life of. *Dial*.
Steel-Working. Illus. R. R. Bowker. *Harper*.
Torture, European Law of. A. W. Barber. *Pop. Science*.
Tuberculosis. T. Mitchell Prudden, M.D. *Harper*.
Tyndall, John. Thomas H. Huxley. *Popular Science*.
War in Europe, Outlook for. Archibald Forbes. *No. Am.*
Welsh Discovery of America. R. B. Anderson. *Dial*.
Woman Question, New Aspect of. Sarah Grand. *No. Amer.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 45 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Christian Recovery of Spain: Being the Story of Spain from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711-1492 A. D.). By Henry Edward Watts. Illus., 12mo, pp. 315. Putnam's "Story of the Nations." \$1.50.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Private Life of Napoleon. By Arthur Levy; trans. by Stephen Louis Simeon. 2 vols., with portraits, 8vo, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$10.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. By Walter Jerrold. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 144. Macmillan & Co. 90 cts.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis. Edited, by Charles Eliot Norton. Vol. II., Address and Reports on the Reform of the Civil Service of the United States. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 527. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin, author of "Old Chelsea." Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 195. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Parisian Points of View. By Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews; introduction by Brander Matthews. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 195. Harper & Bros. \$1.

Selections from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey. Edited with introduction and notes, by Lewis E. Gates. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 213. Ginn's "Athenæum Press Series." \$1.

Lælius: A Dialogue on Friendship. By M. Tullius Cicero. Edited, with notes, etc., by E. S. Shuckburgh, A.M. New edition, 18mo, pp. 190. Macmillan's "Elementary Classics." 40 cts.

POETRY.

The Poems of William Browne of Tavistock. Edited by Gordon Goodwin, with introduction by A. H. Bullen. In 2 vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

The Lyrics and Ballads of Sir Walter Scott. Edited with an introduction by Andrew Lang. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 248. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Book-Song: Poems of Books and Book-Men. Edited by Gleeson White. 18mo, pp. 185, uncut. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$1.25.

The Jacobean Poets. By Edmund Gosse, M.A. 16mo, pp. 226. Scribner's "University Series." \$1.

FICTION.

Horace Chase. By Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of "Jupiter Lights." 16mo, pp. 419. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes. By A. Conan Doyle, author of "The Refugees." Illus., 12mo, pp. 281. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.

The Last Sentence. By Maxwell Gray, author "The Silence of Dean Maitland." Illus., 12mo, pp. 491. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.50.

In Direst Peril. By David Christie Murray, author of "Time's Revenges." 16mo, pp. 303. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

A Marriage Ceremony. By Ada Cambridge, author of "Not All in Vain." 16mo, pp. 271. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

The King of Schnorrers: Grotesques and Fantasies. By I. Zangwill, author of "Children of the Ghetto." Illus., 16mo, pp. 400. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

John Ingerfield, and Other Stories. By Jerome K. Jerome. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 224. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

St. Ronan's Well. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 448. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

The Penance of John Logan, and Two Other Tales. By William Black. New and revised edition, 16mo, pp. 311. Harper & Bros. 80 cts.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Arena Library Series: Earth Revisited, by Byron A. Brooks; 12mo, pp. 318.—An Apocalypse of Life. By W. T. Cheney; 12mo, pp. 312. Each, 50 cents.

MUSIC.

Masters of French Music. By Arthur Hervey. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 290. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

TRAVEL AND EXPLORATION.

Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie: A Narrative of Count Samuel Teleki's Exploring and Hunting Expedition in Eastern Equatorial Africa in 1887 and 1888. By his companion, Lieut. Ludwig Von Höhnelt; trans. by Nancy Bell. In two volumes, illus., 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green & Co. \$12.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Pain, Pleasure, and Aesthetics: An Essay Concerning the Psychology of Pain and Pleasure, with Special Reference to Aesthetics. By Henry Rutgers Marshall, M.A. 8vo, uncut, pp. 364. Macmillan & Co. \$3.

The Study of the Biology of Ferns by the Collodion Method: For advanced and Collegiate Students. By George F. Atkinson, Ph.B. 12mo, uncut, pp. 134. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

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THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

No. 186. MARCH 16, 1894. Vol. XVI.

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WILLIAM FREDERICK POOLE.

In the death of Dr. Poole, which occurred on the first of this month, American history has lost one of its best equipped and most painstaking students, the profession of librarianship one of its foremost exponents, and THE DIAL one of its staunchest friends and most valued contributors. Although he had made his home for some years past in the university suburb of Evanston, a few miles from Chicago, his work

was done in this city, which has for the past twenty years reckoned him among its most distinguished citizens. The number of persons who, in this great community, are identified with intellectual rather than with material interests is still relatively so small that the disappearance from our midst of so commanding a figure as that of Dr. Poole is a public loss more grievous than it would be in many other places. His death leaves a social vacancy not easily to be filled, even from the public point of view; from that of the friends who have loved and honored him for so many years, the mere suggestion of its ever being filled is a mockery.

William Frederick Poole was born at Salem, Massachusetts, December 24, 1821, thus being at the time of his death seventy-two years of age. The annals of his career may be briefly chronicled. He entered Yale College in 1842, and was graduated in 1849. This period includes an interregnum of three years spent in earning the money needed to complete his college education. President Timothy Dwight, of Yale University, was one of his classmates. From the time of graduation from college to the close of his career, the story of his life, viewed externally, is little more than a statement of the various libraries that he was called upon to direct or to organize. He was an assistant librarian in the Boston Athenæum from 1850 to 1852; Librarian of the Boston Mercantile Library from 1852 to 1856; Librarian of the Boston Athenæum from 1856 to 1869; and Librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library from 1869 to 1874. Called, in 1873, to the work of organizing the Chicago Public Library, he entered upon that task early in 1874, and remained at the head of the Chicago institution until 1887, when he was called upon to undertake the task of organizing the reference library endowed by the late Walter L. Newberry, of Chicago, and known by the name of its generous founder. During the nearly seven years that he lived to act as the director of that institution, he collected for its uses nearly one hundred thousand volumes, and superintended, not many weeks ago, their transfer to the magnificent new building which is to be the permanent home of the Library.

Librarianship, in this country, has during the past twenty years become one of the learned professions; that it has become so is due in very great measure to the efforts of Dr. Poole. To secure for his fellow-workers the recognition accorded to the clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician; to substitute the trained bibliographer for the mere custodian of books; to establish professional schools of librarianship; to make the public familiar with the principles of rational library architecture; to facilitate access to collections of books, and to enlarge their usefulness by library helps prepared by the coöperation of bibliographers—these were, briefly stated, the aims towards whose accomplishment he devoted, for a full half-century, an exceptionally active and industrious life. He was a member of the New York Convention of Librarians held in 1853, the first convention of the sort ever held anywhere. He helped organize the American Library Association in 1876, was one of the Presidents of that body, and attended all but one of its annual meetings. He represented this country at the first International Conference of Librarians, held in London in 1877, and was, in 1893, at the head of the World's Congress Auxiliary Literary Congresses, one of which was an International Congress of Librarians. The papers published by him upon professional subjects are very numerous, but are difficult of access. These papers ought to be collected, for they contain much material of permanent value.

As a librarian, Dr. Poole's methods were characterized by sagacious practicality and clear common sense. He mistrusted the elaborate scientific systems now in vogue with our younger bibliographers; systems which are excellent for the uses of the librarian, but sadly perplexing to most of the people for whom libraries are collected. His methods of classification and catalogue-making were to a certain extent empirical, and not a little is to be said on behalf of empiricism in such matters. He never lost sight of the fundamental principle that books are meant to be used; that their chief end is not attained when they are catalogued and shelved. He wanted the public to use the books under his charge, and encouraged such use in many ways. He welcomed the work of University Extension, and tried to make the public library a helpful adjunct to that work. And long before University Extension was talked about in this country, he sought to bring the school into more intimate relations with the library, and

arranged for bibliographical talks to students, illustrated by the literature of the subjects talked about.

Such a collection of Dr. Poole's bibliographical papers as we have suggested would be a worthy monument to his memory. But a still worthier monument already exists in the shape of the great "Index to Periodical Literature." The author began this important work as a student, when he was acting as librarian of a college society. Its first edition was printed in 1848, making an octavo of 154 pages. In 1853 it reappeared in an octavo of more than three times the thickness of the earlier volume. In 1882 (the author having meanwhile secured the coöperation of a number of his fellow-librarians) it made its third and final appearance, again multiplied threefold as to the number of pages, and much more than that as to the quantity of matter. Two supplements have since been published, with the coöperation of Mr. W. I. Fletcher, bringing it down to 1892.

As a student of history, Dr. Poole devoted himself chiefly to subjects connected with the early settlement of this country. His "Anti-Slavery Opinions before 1800" is a valuable contribution to the history of the "peculiar institution" in America. His paper on "The Popham Colony" discussed certain conflicting claims between Maine and Massachusetts as to priority of settlement, deciding in favor of the latter. He investigated the history of the Northwestern Ordinance and the connection therewith of Manasseh Cutler, making himself the recognized authority upon that important subject. He pricked the bubbles of the Pocahontas story and of the Mecklenburg Declaration so effectively that they were relegated to the realm of myth, and are not likely again to find serious defenders. He published valuable studies in the history of the early Northwest. Most important, perhaps, of all his studies were those relating to early Massachusetts history, and especially to the Mathers and the subject of witchcraft. These subjects were assigned to him in "The Memorial History of Boston," and were frequently discussed by him elsewhere. He did much to correct the erroneous popular estimate of Cotton Mather, showing him to have been learned, sagacious, and tolerant, free from responsibility for the witchcraft delusion, and a commanding figure worthy of the respect and admiration of posterity. In this, as in other instances, Dr. Poole, himself a descendant of the Puritans, stoutly defended his ancestors against the misrepresen-

tations under which they have suffered. Another piece of historical work, possibly the most important done by him, was his lengthy historical and critical introduction to the reprint of Captain Edward Johnson's "Wonder-Working Providence of Sion's Saviour in New England." These numerous historical studies, no less than those devoted to the professional work of the librarian, are so scattered as to be difficult of access, and richly deserve collection and publication in permanent form.

Many of Dr. Poole's historical papers were contributed to the journal upon which now devolves the sad task of paying a tribute to his memory, and it was through his good offices that the contents of *THE DIAL* were, from the start, included in the great "Index." The first number of *THE DIAL* appeared in May, 1880, and the first article in that number was a review, by Dr. Poole, of the new edition of Hildreth. His latest contribution, which appeared only last month, and which was probably the last piece of work done by him, was that vigorous defense of the Puritans of which our readers will hardly need to be reminded upon this occasion. Between these two contributions, upwards of thirty others from his pen appeared in the pages of *THE DIAL*; contributions devoted, with a single exception, to subjects in American history. Whatever might be his subject, the forcible and picturesque qualities of his style could not fail to be impressive, and the pages that he wrote, however aggressive and tending to excite opposition, always held the attention, and were never invaded by anything remotely suggestive of dulness.

The bibliographer and the historical student combined in William Frederick Poole were known to the world; something better than these, the man himself, was known to his friends. The brusqueness of his manner, at first a little repellant to those who came into contact with him, was soon seen to be but the outward expression of a mental habit of the rarest sincerity. And upon those who had the privilege of his intimacy was made the impression, dominant above all others, of his absolute integrity, intellectual and moral. They realized that here was a man who simply could not think one thing and say another, or swerve by so much as a finger's breadth from what he believed to be the right course, were the matter in question great or small. Such men are none too common in the world, and when one of them leaves it, his place, for those who have really known him, is not likely to be filled again.

*THE INSTRUCTION IN ENGLISH AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY.**

In order to understand the purposes and methods of the English courses at the Leland Stanford Jr. University, it is necessary to know something about our system of what is technically called "major subjects." At the beginning of his second year in the University every student is expected to elect a specialty, to which he shall devote at least a third of his time throughout his undergraduate course. So soon as the specialty, or major subject, has been chosen, the professor of that subject becomes the student's official adviser, and no degree is granted until the course pursued by the student shall have been in all respects satisfactory to the professor. It will be seen that this system combines the advantages of great freedom of election on the part of the student, with those of direct, close, and friendly supervision on the part of an expert. Thus, for example, if a student upon entering the University chooses English as his major subject, he is expected to report every semester to one of the professors of English, whose approval he is bound to secure for the course he elects. Should the student see fit to elect certain subjects not approved by his major professor, he is perfectly free to do so, the probable result being that his residence at the University is so much the more prolonged. If, therefore, a student is willing either to prolong his residence or to renounce the hope of obtaining a degree, his freedom of election is conditioned only upon his competency to get on in the studies elected. The usual result of the system is simply this: The student takes the five or more hours of work in English (if that be his specialty); several more hours in collateral subjects, such as Latin, French, German, or History, are recommended by the professor; and the student is left free to choose for himself such other subjects as may attract him.

The practical working of this system has hitherto proved very satisfactory. Students elect for the most part only such subjects as they have taste or talent for, and professors have the pleasure and inspiration of working with earnest and enthusiastic men and women. The organic quality of a course thus planned from semester to semester by the interested student, under the advice of his professor, turns out to be far superior to that of the conventional college curriculum. Under the system here described, the graduate finds himself pretty thoroughly grounded in some science, or in some group of related languages, and goes out into the world, not indeed master of a specialty, but at least interested in some branch of rational research, and versed in the apparatus and methods essential to its further pursuit.

* This article is the fourth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in *THE DIAL*: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); and English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1).—[*EDR. DIAL.*]

I can scarcely define the aims of the courses in English better than I have done in the following sentence from the University Register: "(1) To give training in the formulation and expression of thought; (2) to impart a scientific knowledge of the English Language and of literary history, English and European; (3) to acquaint the student with a juster and more liberal method of literary criticism; (4) to introduce him to literature as an art,—to cultivate a refined appreciation of what is best, and thus to reveal unfailing sources of pure enjoyment."

Before proceeding to describe the courses, it may be well to advert briefly to the English preparation exacted for admission to the University. The requirements for admission were at first modelled upon those of the University of California, which are similar to those of the New England Association of Colleges: namely, a play or two of Shakespeare, the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, a story of Thackeray, and a few of the masterpieces of English and American poetry. Under this system the examination consists mainly in a test of the applicant's ability to quote readily, to explain allusions, to write outlines and abstracts, and in various ways to show upon paper that he has read and digested the works in question. While this system is a great advance upon the old practice of requiring an acquaintance with rhetoric and the formal side of grammar and composition, experience shows it to be not quite sufficient. The tendency is to encourage the "getting up" of a certain number of books, and the cramming of a modicum of information about words and etymologies, rather than the attainment of such a practical acquaintance with the vernacular as a student needs in order to take a college course successfully. We have therefore thought it wise to lay more stress upon a student's preparation in composition than has hitherto been customary in our secondary schools. While there has been no nominal increase in the requirements for admission in English, it has become, as a matter of fact, more difficult for the graduates of high schools and other secondary schools to satisfy our requirements. Thus, out of perhaps a hundred and fifty applicants for admission in English at the beginning of the present year, only some forty wrote satisfactory papers. It is hoped that our course in adhering rigidly to the relatively high, but really very moderate, standard of admission in English will have a salutary effect upon secondary instruction in California and elsewhere. All that we really ask on the side of style is that the student be pretty familiar with the mechanical details of composition,—spelling, punctuation, correct sentence structure, paragraphing, and the like,—and that he be able to express himself with some idiomatic fluency.

During the first two years of the short history of the English department here, the professors were worn out with the drudgery of correcting Freshman themes,—work really secondary and preparatory, and in no sense forming a proper subject of colle-

giate instruction. This year, in accordance with the program sketched above, we have absolutely refused to admit to our courses students unprepared to do real collegiate work. The Freshman English course in theme-writing has been eliminated from our program, and has been turned over to approved teachers and to the various secondary schools. Had this salutary innovation not been accomplished, all the literary courses would have been swept away by the rapidly growing inundation of Freshman themes, and all our strength and courage would have been dissipated in preparing our students to do respectable work at more happily equipped Universities. As it is, no student is admitted to the course in English composition until he has acquired the proficiency above indicated. Instead, therefore, of requiring the undivided attention of a half-dozen professors, the work in English composition now occupies most of the time and strength of two. It is plain, however, that one or two additional instructors in this important division of the work will be necessary next year. It would be bad policy to allow any instructor to devote the whole of his attention to the work in English composition; for however great a man's enthusiasm for such work may be, it is incident to human nature that no man can read themes efficiently for more than three hours at a stretch, and that the professor does his theme-reading more intelligently and more humanely when a portion of his time is spent in research preparatory to higher instruction.

At the outset of his University career, the student of English is advised to begin or continue an acquaintance with one or two, at least, of the chief foreign languages, ancient or modern. It is also suggested that he make himself proficient in some one of the natural or physical sciences, in order that he may not remain entirely a stranger to the great currents of positive research and philosophy.

Apart from the advanced work in English composition and forensics, intended to qualify the student to express with idiomatic grace and logical cogency whatever he may have to say or to write, the first work which confronts the student of English at Stanford is a careful study of some of the prose writers of the nineteenth century: such as Macaulay, De Quincey, Carlyle, Savage Landor, Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold. It is a fact that the majority of students enjoy good prose at an earlier stage of their culture than is requisite to the real appreciation of poetry. It is, moreover, observed that such a study of the best prose writers gives the instructor a fine opportunity to become acquainted with his students and to throw out suggestions that may help them to correct or cure their illiteracy. Moreover, this course proves an invaluable adjunct to the course in composition, inasmuch as nothing conduces more to the mastery of a good style than an intimate acquaintance with the best models.

The majority of our students come to the University with little Latin and less Greek; and even those who come to us with thorough training in the

rudiments of one or both of these *Cultur-Sprachen*, come entirely innocent of anything in the nature of a comprehension of their literary masterpieces. It has therefore been thought wise to offer courses in ancient and foreign classics, treated through the medium of translations. Professor Newcomer is now conducting such a course in Homer and Dante, devoting one semester to each of these great poets — whose works, Mr. Lowell has recently told us, count among the five indispensable books of the world. These courses are largely attended by interested and earnest students, some of whom are acquainted with the classical languages, but most of whom are not. I may say that Professor Moulton's *a priori* views as to the advantage of courses like this are fully borne out by our experience so far. If anything like a systematic and thorough reading, even of the five indispensable authors enumerated by Mr. Lowell, is to be secured on the part of the majority of educated men and women in this busy modern world, it must be by some such means as this. At all events, from the standpoint of the English teacher merely, we count the time not lost that is spent in acquainting students, as thoroughly as may be through translations, with at least a few of the masterpieces of the ancient and mediæval world.

Possibly some may find it difficult to understand why authors belonging to such remote times and diverse languages are to be included in courses in English. But how can one study modern poetry without knowing something, for example, of

"Thebes and Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine"?

And how can an acquaintance with these great quarries of imaginative literature be better obtained, on the part of the non-classical student, than by the study of a good translation of Homer and of translations of a few typical masterpieces of the Athenian stage? These last are not neglected. The course in the Ancient Classical Drama, studied from translations, is similar in aim to the course in Homer and Dante, the latter being introductory to Spenser and Milton especially, the former to the general study of Shakespeare. In the succeeding semester an introductory course in Shakespeare is undertaken, which is not only an attempt at an inductive study of methods of dramatic construction, but also a general survey of Shakespeare's life and times, his art and his thought.

In what follows, in order to prevent confusion, I shall designate the courses by the numbers by which they are known to us.

Course 26 is a critical study of a few plays of Shakespeare, involving a collation of such of the quarto and folio editions as may be obtainable in cheap reprints. At present, for example, the class is engaged in the task of constructing a text of Hamlet based upon Vietor's reprints of the first and second quartos and the first folio (1623). Members of this class are advised to make no use of the work of modern editors, but to do their best to form from the original editions such a text as the author him-

self would have approved, thus putting themselves back into a time immediately succeeding the author's death and the publication of the first collected edition of his writings. The value of such work as this for the acquirement of a sense of what Shakespearean scholarship means, and, still better, for the attainment of fine taste and discrimination in matters of textual criticism, should be too obvious to require comment. Of course such a class as this must necessarily be small, both for the attainment of the best results and because only the more advanced undergraduates are capable of profiting by work of such critical character. Indeed, as matters stand at present this course is better suited to the graduate student than to any but the more thoroughly trained undergraduates.

Among the courses preliminary to this more advanced Shakespearean study I should have mentioned Course 16, devoted to the Pre-Shakespearean Drama and to the Contemporaries of Shakespeare, as well as to a more cursory review of the Growth and Development of the Modern European Drama, especially in Spain, Italy, and France. In like manner, Course 17 is in a sense introductory to the study of Milton, being a survey of the Minor Poets of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, from Tottel's Miscellany to the death of Dryden. As at present conducted by Professor Lathrop, this course is, however, by no means elementary, involving as it does the study and the attempted solution of many obscure and vexed questions of literary history.

Course 18 involves a review of the more noteworthy Literary Masters of the English Literature of the Eighteenth Century, together with a somewhat philosophical treatment of the uniquely intimate and extremely interesting relations between literature and life in that time,—a time which more than any other rang out the old and rang in the new.

Courses 19 and 20, given by Professor Hudson in alternate years, are respectively a comparative study of the chief movements and tendencies of contemporary Literature, and a review of the novelists of the present century, together with a brief treatment of the earlier development of the novel.

Courses 24 and 25, given in alternate years, are respectively devoted to the study of Edmund Spenser and of John Milton. In the case of Spenser a critical examination is made of his chief poems, with special reference to their literary and ethical qualities, and to the influence of Spenser upon other poets; and in the case of Milton the additional effort is made to realize his character and the relation of his activity to the time in which he lived.

Course 27 is a reading course, devoted to the somewhat cursory but not necessarily superficial reading and interpretation of characteristic longer and shorter poems by Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge.

Course 21, to which three hours a week through the year are devoted, is a study of the history of American literature and of the most significant works of representative writers. In this, as in all

other courses in literature, students are in every way incited to possess themselves of the complete works of the principal masters studied.

Professor Flügel's undergraduate work consists of one elementary course in Anglo-Saxon, and one in Chaucer, both three hours weekly through the year. The main aim of the former is to introduce the student to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon literature, and to give him facility in translating, less stress being laid upon phonological and grammatical details. Inasmuch as all students who make English their "major" are required to take this course, and as better results may be gained in smaller classes, this first year's class in Anglo-Saxon will be divided into two sections, in charge of two recently appointed assistants.

From the foregoing outline it will be noted that relatively considerable attention is given to the direct study of the texts of the great classic authors who illustrate English literature; and that, although literary history is by no means neglected, it is nearly everywhere made subordinate to the supreme aim of introducing the student largely to the best literature. It seems almost superfluous to add that, while every professor employs his own method of instruction, no one employs the text-book method. Independent first-hand study, and candor in the statement of the results gained by such study, are invariably encouraged.

A word in conclusion with reference to that portion of our work which, from the scholar's standpoint, is most interesting if not most important: namely, the Philological and Literary Seminaries for graduate students. It should be noted that a considerable proportion of the undergraduate courses are adapted to the needs of graduates of other colleges, and of graduates of the University in other courses than English; but for the attainment of the advanced degrees of Master and Doctor in English Literature and Philology, every such student is required to become a member of the two Seminaries. It is impossible here to enter into descriptive details with respect to this branch of the work. At present all of the five professors of English are so largely engrossed with the numerous undergraduate courses that too little time is left to devote to the needs of advanced students; still, the Seminary course is by no means entirely neglected.

The advanced courses in philology consist of lectures on Historical English Grammar, on Old and Middle English Literature, and on Beowulf (Seminary). With these will be given in alternate years a Seminary course on King Alfred and his time (four hours weekly through the year); a course in Early English Lyrical Poetry from the Anglo-Saxon times to the Reformation (three hours through the year); and a History of Early English Metrics.

An additional course is given on Early English Palæography intended as a general introduction to the "Schriftwesen" of Old England, to the reading of English MSS., and to studies in textual criticism. Skeat's Facsimiles, and a number of photographs of

Old English MSS., prepared especially for this class, are placed in the student's hands.

The Literary Seminary is conducted in two divisions: one, under the charge of Professor Hudson, is devoted this year to the development of the modern novel; the other, conducted by myself, is now pursuing a comparative study of the chief works of Tennyson and Browning, and, incidentally, of the predecessors of Tennyson, — that is, of the authors to whom Tennyson seems either stylistically or spiritually most indebted. It should be understood that the subjects of the Seminary courses vary from year to year, and that, even when it seems best to deal with the same subject in two successive years, the method of treatment and the sequence of topics is such that the same individual may continue the study with profit.

I have been requested to add a few statistics. Last year six professors gave instruction in thirty English courses, to a total of seven hundred and seventy students, counting by class registration. The total number of individuals receiving instruction in English was not far from four hundred and fifty. The total number of hours per week occupied by the lectures of these six professors was fifty-one in the first and fifty-six in the second semester. The number of lectures or recitations per week required of each professor varies from eight to ten. The number of students receiving instruction this year is smaller than last year, owing to the severer requirements in English composition. The number of professors is now five: a professor of English Literature, a professor of English Philology, an associate professor of English Literature, and two assistant professors. There are also two "assistants in English," and additional appointments are contemplated.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON.

Professor of English Literature, Stanford University.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"TO PART FROM" AND "TO PART WITH."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On these phrases, referred to below as A and B, I purpose to remark briefly.

With B, denoting relinquishment, A was, for a considerable time, occasionally made one in signification. Of producible proofs of this, here are four followed by a quotation in which "part from" is noticeably archaistic:

"From all parts of the iland the people come unto us, bringing all such things as they had, to wit, sheepe, cockes, etc. (*from hennes they would not part*), and divers sorts of fruits and rootes," etc.—(Sir Richard Hawkins [died 1622], "The Hawkins' Voyages" [1878], p. 228.)

"And, as it [a chain] was giuen mee with a great deale of loue, so did it exceedingly grieue mee that I must shortly part so unkindly with it. I would, if I could, haue kept it rather than my life, and never *haue parted from it*."—(Rev. James Mabbe, Trans. of "Aleman's The Rogue" [1622], Vol. II., p. 99.)

"Some condemned his resignation as an unadvised act; as if he had first *parted from* his wits, who would willingly *part*

from a Kingdome."—(Rev. Dr. Thomas Fuller, "The History of the Holy Warre" [1639], p. 159, ed. 1647.)

"It being certain, and confirmed by Common Practice, that he that voluntarily *parts* from his right may do it on what terms he thinks fit," etc.—(Rev. Thomas Creech, "Lucretius" [1682], Notes, p. 54, ed. 1683.)

"Their pride tenaciously grasping the shadow of power, whilst their poverty constrained them to *part* from the substance," etc.—(Anon., "The Minstrel" [1793], Vol. III., p. 30.)

For B, importing, contextually, personal separation, as in "*I parted with him*," I have at hand quotations, dated from before 1600 to our own day, numbering upwards of a hundred. From first to last, however, among authors of mark, few have employed it at all freely, while many such authors have shunned it wholly. In Goldsmith, negligent as he is in his diction, I have noticed it but once, and but once in the thousands of pages bequeathed to us by Southey. Yet Mr. R. O. Williams, in THE DIAL for Jan. 1, roundly avers that it "has been classical English for three centuries." There are industrious and observant students that know better.

Dr. O. W. Holmes writes, "I remember a young wife who had to *part with* her husband for a time." Objecting to "*part with*" here, I have said that "*part from*" should be substituted for it; and because of my having said so, Mr. Williams pronounces that "sometimes" my judgments "seem arbitrary." My objection was made two and twenty years ago.

Fashions in language change rapidly; and, therefore, it does not surprise me that, 1894, I find myself obliged to alter, in part, my criticism of 1872.

Though, as I could show from books, "*part from*" him, or her, etc., was common at that date, one very rarely hears it now-a-days, at least in English society. Indeed, it is, apparently, on the way to become, before very long, almost as outworn as "*part from*" a place. "*They parted*," etc., that is to say, mutually, is, however, still as current as ever.

The humbler class of people hereabouts, including the most illiterate, continue, as might have been expected, to use what Mr. Williams calls a "pedantic affectation," namely, "*I parted from him*," and practically ignore "*I parted with him*."

I think it worth mentioning, too, that, in a batch of 680 essays which I have had occasion to go through within a few weeks, I came on the like of "*I parted from him*" and "*I parted with him*" only once each, but on "we parted," etc., repeatedly.

In fact, so infrequent at present is "*part with*" for "*leave*," "*take leave of*," "*be absent from*," "*go away from*," etc., and so infrequent has it been for the last fifty years, more or less, that it must be ranked, as is "never so," among those second-rate archaisms which the best writers of recent times have generally avoided. I am convinced, moreover, that any wide and heedful reader of English literature will share this opinion with me. As to the distinction which Mr. Williams professes to have discovered between "*part from*" and "*part with*," he may be assured that, when he has investigated further, he will see it to have no foundation but fancy. Neither of the combinations, by the by, occurs anywhere in the Bible.

The approved uses of "*part with*" may here appropriately be enumerated. Primarily, it is a material thing that is *parted with*, by which is meant that one divests oneself of it by gift, sale, or loan. Further, one speaks of *parting with* a servant; and Lord Macaulay writes of James II. that "he *parted* in anger *with* his Parliament," when he dispensed with it by prorogation. One

may say, too, with Tom Jones, "I feel my innocence, my friend; and I would not *part with* that feeling for the world." Nor, again, need one hesitate to copy the expression of Tom Jones, where, alluding to the prospects of his odious rival, Bliffl, he protests to Sophia Western, "Indeed, I can never *part with* you; indeed, I cannot." Permissible, finally, is "*part with*," for "*have done with*," in the ensuing quotation, concluding this tedious letter:

"I shall only tell you, before I *part with* this city, . . . that as I was one day coming forth from my Inn," etc.—(Gabriel d'Emilianne, "The Frauds of Romish Monks and Priests" [1691], p. 109.)

F. H.

Marlesford, England, Feb. 17, 1894.

THE EDUCATIONAL VIEW OF MODERN LANGUAGE TEACHING.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have read with peculiar interest and gratification your excellent editorial on "Modern Language Teaching and *Sprachmeisterei*" in the last issue of THE DIAL. It will be encouraging to modern-language men to know that they have the moral support of your journal in their efforts to educate "the well-meaning but not highly-intelligent public" up to the educational view of this question. More than college instructors must the less fortunate teachers in the schools contend with the rather crude, one might say stubborn, belief that the chief aim of the studying of a modern language is the ability to speak it. This ability is, however, not to be scorned; but the attempt to acquire it, if it must be acquired in this country, may be relegated to "conversational clubs," quite apart from the regular class-room instruction and *Seminar* conferences. The really progressive teachers in this profession hold that the study of foreign languages and literatures should not only give us an insight into the best that has been thought and said by other nations, but that, among other things, it should lead us to a better conception of humanity and consequently to broader human sympathies.

CHARLES BUNDY WILSON.

State University of Iowa, March 3, 1894.

"COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LATIN."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The correspondent in your last issue who found consolation for the recent fire at the World's Fair grounds in the supposed destruction of the Egyptian Obelisk, whose Latin inscription has so affronted his scholarly sensibilities, will regret to learn that he was premature in his rejoicings. The obelisk still stands; and its offending inscription—which moves your correspondent to remark that a Freshman in one of his college classes would be "sent out of the room" for offering such work, and that the Exposition Commissioners responsible for it might do well to "get themselves edited" before they again "set up a monument to be read by the nations of the earth"—is still plainly to be read: so plainly, indeed, that a comparison of it with the version given by your correspondent reveals no less than *eleven errors* made by him in copying. Is it "unseemly to suggest" that not alone Exposition Commissioners, but even college professors, may on occasion find it advantageous to "get themselves edited"?

COMMISSIONER.

Chicago, March 5, 1894.

The New Books.

SOME PICTURES OF NAPOLEON THE MAN.*

M. Arthur Levy's "The Private Life of Napoleon," essentially a collection of logically-ordered extracts taken verbatim from the authorities and welded into a continuous narrative in the style of M. Saint-Amand's popular books, should prove no less attractive to the general reader than useful to the special student. It is a really important work — labor-saving and vastly entertaining. Picturesque, varied, brimming with the piquant gossip of a rarely interesting coterie and period, it presents in the compass of two moderate octavos facts hitherto sown broadcast in sources not always familiar or easy of access. M. Levy has certainly not written without bias; but his admiration for Napoleon has not, so far as we have observed, resulted in a Procrustean treatment of facts.

Of Napoleon's early life an unusually satisfactory picture is given; and in these opening chapters our confidence in M. Levy is at once awakened by the fact that he sensibly declines to see in the molehills of his hero's boyhood mountains prophetic of his future greatness. Every historian, according as he has taken upon himself the character of apologist or detractor, has represented Napoleon during his school-days either as a prodigy of youthful genius, or as a sullen and obstinate child foreshadowing the ferocious despot. As a matter of fact, no child would seem to have been less father of the man than was the little appointee to the royal school at Brienne. Napoleon was, said Chateaubriand, "a boy neither more nor less distinguished than his fellows." Socially, his position among his schoolmates was not an agreeable one. Timid in the use of a language imperfectly learned during his three preparatory months at Autun, a native of a country but recently made French — a country, moreover, then as now marked for peculiarity of manners,—the little Corsican appeared odd to his comrades, and he displayed reserve towards those whom he knew to be above him in rank and fortune.

"I was," the Emperor once observed to Caulaincourt, "the poorest of all my school-fellows. They always had money in their pockets; I never. I was proud, and was most careful that nobody should perceive this.

*THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON. By Arthur Levy. From the French, by Stephen Louis Simeon. In two volumes, with portraits. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

. . . I could neither laugh nor amuse myself like the others. Bonaparte the schoolboy was out of touch with his comrades, and he was not popular."

Thus isolated by his poverty and by circumstances of birth and manners, the boy naturally became, for a time at least, a chosen mark for the witticisms of the other pupils. The ingenuity of schoolboys in the arts of petty raillery is proverbial, and the Brienne young gentlemen seem to have been, in this respect, no whit behind their kind. They called their victim "the Corsican," showered upon him a thousand small indignities, nicknamed him (humorously enough) "*Paille-au-nez*"—a variant of the native pronunciation of his christian name *Napoleone*. No doubt the child was, as Bourrienne records, "rendered bitter by the mockery of his comrades"; but the bitterness did not engender meanness, and we learn from the same authority that Napoleon, victim as he was of all sorts of bullying, always "preferred going to prison himself to denouncing his comrades who had done wrong" on days when, being on duty, he was charged with some special supervision. Much has been made by hostile historians of his threat (at the age of ten), "I will do your French people all the harm I can!" M. Taine, with his occasional *penchant* for remote corollaries, has turned this childish outburst to account in a way that recalls his famous logical flight from the moist climate of England to the "huge feet" of the natives, "like those of wading birds, admirable for walking in mud."

That Napoleon's sojourn at Brienne had its bright side appears in the following anecdote,—though perhaps the story merely illustrates the truth that the scenes of one's life, like works in mosaic, are beautiful only from a distance:

"As the First Consul was walking one day with Bourrienne in the garden of Malmaison, he heard the chiming of some bells, which always had a remarkable effect on him. He stopped, listened delightedly, and said in a broken voice: 'That reminds me of my first years at Brienne; I was happy then!'"

There is abundant evidence that these tender recollections bore good fruit for his old tutors and school-fellows. No single petitioner whose claim upon the Emperor dated from the days at Brienne seems to have remained empty-handed or unsatisfied. Even the surly porter of Brienne was handsomely installed in the lodge at Malmaison; and a Madame de Montesson, who at school had placed upon Napoleon's brow his first (and his most unsullied) crown, was summoned to the Tuileries, and her property, which had been confiscated, was restored to her.

When the young provincial arrived at Paris it was certainly not in the guise of the future conqueror of the world. He looked like a new-comer; he gaped at everything he saw, and stared in rustic amazement at the wonders of those streets and boulevards which he was one day to sweep of the threatening hordes of factious sans-culottism with a murderous discharge of grape-shot—and the next to fill with the signs of imperial magnificence. "His appearance," said Demetrius Commeno, a Corsican compatriot, "was that of a man whom any scoundrel would try to rob after seeing him." Unlike the goblin Marat and the titanic Danton, Bonaparte was not cast by nature in a mould suited to the *rôle* he was to play. Of his first appearance in uniform, M. Levy tells an amusing story:

"While awaiting his orders to join his regiment, he, in the highest spirits, as beseems a sub-lieutenant of sixteen, put on his uniform, from which all unnecessary smartness was excluded, as the state of his fortune only permitted what was absolutely requisite. His boots were so inordinately large that his legs, which were very small, disappeared in them completely. Proud of his new outfit, he went off to seek his friends—the Perrons. On seeing him the two children—Cecilia and Laura (the latter was afterwards Duchesse d'Abrantés)—could not restrain their laughter, and to his face nicknamed him 'Puss in Boots.' He did not mind, it appears, for, according to one of these little wits, the Lieutenant took them a few days after a toy carriage containing a puss in boots, and a copy of Perrault's fairy-story."

Napoleon's employment, in 1795, by the all-powerful Committee of Public Safety may be taken as the real starting-point of his career. His condition at this period was, despite his services at Toulon and in Italy, sufficiently unpromising. He was morally and physically wretched. One met him, says the Duchess d'Abrantés, wandering about the streets of Paris, shabby, awkward, ungainly, his round hat thrust down over his eyes, and with his curls (known at that time as *oreilles de chien*) badly powdered, half combed, falling in elf-locks over the collar of the historic iron-gray coat that was one day to serve in some sort as an oriflamme or Navarre-plume to the grenadiers of Marengo and Austerlitz; his hands, long, thin, and without gloves, because, as he said, these were a needless expense; his boots ill-made and ill-cleaned. "But his glance and his smile," adds the Duchess, with a feminine eye for the lights of the picture, "were always admirable, and helped to animate an appearance always sickly, resulting partly from the yellowness of his complexion, which deep-

ened the shadows projected by his gaunt, angular, and pointed features." That this *triste* and sombre figure, haunting the streets of Paris like an embodiment of the national poverty and unrest, was to leap, as it were, in a day from want and obscurity to the throne of Charlemagne, was a prediction which the Duchess does not claim to have hazarded.

It was Boissy d'Anglas, a man whom he hardly knew, who saved Napoleon by commending him to Monsieur de Pontécoulant, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, who was charged with the direction of military operations. Matters at the War Office were in great disorder at the time, and M. de Pontécoulant made no secret of his perplexities. He was discussing them one day at the Convention with d'Anglas, when the latter said:

"I met yesterday a General on half-pay. He has come back from the army of Italy, and seemed to know all about it. He might give you some good advice.' 'Send him to me,' said de Pontécoulant. Next day there came to his room on the sixth floor the leanest and most miserable-looking creature he had ever seen in his life—"a young man with a wan and livid complexion, bowed shoulders, and a weak and sickly appearance.' Boissy d'Anglas had told him that his man was called General Bonaparte, but M. de Pontécoulant could not remember this extraordinary name, but he thought that this being, notwithstanding his curious appearance, had good reasoning faculties. 'Write down all that you have told me; put it into the form of a memorandum, and bring it me,' he said. A few days later, M. de Pontécoulant, meeting Boissy d'Anglas, said to him: 'I have seen your man, but he seems to be mad. He has not been near me again.' 'The reason is that he thought you were laughing at him. He expected you would make him work with you.' 'That need not be a difficulty; tell him to come back to-morrow.' . . . Bonaparte returned next day. After arguing upon the statements made in his report, the Minister said to him: 'Would you work with me?' 'With pleasure,' replied the young man, seating himself at a table."

History has recorded the services rendered by Napoleon to Pontécoulant, as well as his meagre requital at the hands of the Ministry. But his star was now in the ascendant; and the 13 Vendémiaire saw his final emergence from the cloud of poverty and neglect that had so long darkened his fortunes. His bearing at that crisis so momentous to France recalls Bossuet's expression: "In his bold leaps and light movements he resembles some vigorous, bounding animal that neither mountains nor precipices can arrest." In tendering Bonaparte, on the eve of this death-grapple with the sections, the command of the forces of the Convention, Representative Barras, says De Ségur, gave him three minutes to reflect. Of the paths offered him, the one led to fortune, the

other to obscurity — perhaps to the guillotine, whither nearly all possible political roads had so long converged; but the ends of the paths were hidden. In three minutes he said to Barras, "I accept, but I warn you that, once my sword is out of the scabbard, I shall not replace it till I have restored order." This scene occurred on the 13 Vendémiaire, at one o'clock in the morning, when scarcely a man had been placed or a gun mounted to repel the insurgents. Before daybreak every avenue to the Tuileries bristled with cannon; and when the insurgent sections, 30,000 strong, advanced along the quays of the Seine, the rue Saint-Honoré, and other approaches to the scene of their former triumphs, they were met by a murderous discharge of grape that sounded the knell of the long Jacobin apotheosis of rags, ignorance, and human degradation in France. The scanty remnant of French law and order, rallied by a man of action, was at last in a posture of defence; and less than an hour of actual fighting secured the victory to the Convention. History can point to few victories so entirely due to the agency of one man. With the futile rising of the 13 Vendémiaire the history of the Revolution ends, and the epoch is in sight when the wearied peasantry, welcoming the rule of a strong hand, said, "Now we have rest, thanks to God and Bonaparte." Unfortunately, the "rest" proved as illusory as the coalition.

Splendid in his new rank, and with the prestige of victory, the hero of the 13 Vendémiaire made a triumphal entry into those drawing-rooms where hitherto, small and humble, marked from the rest only by his needy appearance, he used to come and try to please the guests of his patrons. It was shortly before the 13 Vendémiaire that he was presented to Madame Tallien, and of all who composed her *salon* he was perhaps the least remarkable, the least favored by fortune. One evening, assuming the guise of a fortune-teller, he seized Madame Tallien's hand, and "poured out endless nonsense." The picture is a striking one:

"The future conqueror of Europe, small and thin, his face hollow and pale, like parchment, as he said himself, long hair on either side of his forehead, the remainder of his hair unpowdered, tied into a queue behind, clothed in a threadbare uniform, reading the hand of her who was called 'the beautiful Notre Dame de Thermidor.'"

Notable among the amused witnesses of this odd scene was a woman — "dark-haired, languishing, full of listless indifference" — whose fortunes the young officer's subtlest palmistry

would scarcely have divined. In five months she was to become the wife of the soothsayer; in three years she was to become quasi-sovereign of France; and, in time, the Pope himself was to journey to Paris to crown her Empress of the French. It was at Madame Tallien's that, after the 13 Vendémiaire, Napoleon again met Joséphine de Beauharnais; and he "fell in love with her," says an eye-witness, "in the fullest sense of the word, in all the force of its fullest acceptation." Joséphine's early attitude toward her admirer may be inferred from a letter to one of her friends:

"You have seen General Bonaparte at my house. Well, it is he who is good enough to act as stepfather to the orphans of Alexandre de Beauharnais, as husband to his widow! Do you love him? you ask me. No . . . I do not. — Then you dislike him? No; but my state is one of tepidity towards him that is displeasing to me, and which, from a religious point of view, would shock the goody people more than anything else."

Joséphine, says M. Levy, was of medium height, and perfectly proportioned — not so faded as the caustic Marmont has it.

"All her movements had a kind of undulating suppleness, which naturally fell into careless attitudes, and imparted to her person a sort of exotic languor. Her pale complexion, which gleamed like thin sheets of ivory, became slightly animated under the softened reflections of large deep-blue eyes, with long lashes slightly curled. Her hair, of a shade of chestnut, with a wonderful sheen on it, escaped in small curls from a net fastened over it with a gold clasp, and the wayward locks added an indefinable charm to a countenance whose mobility was excessive, but always attractive. Her toilette contributed to heighten the ethereal charm of her person. Her gown was of Indian muslin, and its exaggerated amplitude fell around her body in cloud-like folds. The bodice, draped in large pleats across the bosom, was fastened at the shoulder by two lion's heads enamelled in black. The sleeves were short, and puckered over very beautiful arms, ornamented at the wrists with two little golden buckles."

With this charming portrait we shall take leave of M. Levy, who certainly merits the gratitude of all who desire the data to work out for themselves a fair estimate of Napoleon the man. Mr. Simeon's translation, while it lacks polish, is generally acceptable, and the material features of the book leave little to be desired. The lack of an index is only partially supplied by a copious table of contents.

E. G. J.

A DISCERNING writer in the London "Athenæum," in reviewing Mr. Mabie's recent volumes of essays, discovers in them traces not only of "the Wordsworthian tradition," but of "the influence of thinkers like Thoreau and Walden." Possibly the British critic refers to Walden Pond — which, although we have never before known it to be classed with American "thinkers," was the "friend and helper" of so many of them.

PROBLEMS OF MUNICIPAL REFORM.*

The republication in book form of Mr. Gladden's series of magazine articles on "The Cosmopolis City Club" gives one a good opportunity to consider the position there taken on the vital problems of municipal reform. Mr. Gladden assumes, in the form of a story, that five directors of a public library,—viz., a mechanic, a clergyman, a lawyer, a teacher, and a business man,—finding it impossible to secure intelligent consideration of appropriations for their institution from the city council, determine on municipal reform. They call together, by personal invitation, about forty others, representative of the best professional, business, and artisan classes, and through committees of this body they receive from week to week valuable reports of the good and bad conditions of the police, street, educational, and other departments of the city government. Newspaper reporters publish the proceedings, and the community becomes stirred up at the revelations made. The committee of forty proposes such a change in the executive branch of the city government as to lodge responsibility in a few men subject to popular control, instead of its being divided up, as in most American cities, among aldermen and commissioners. Thereupon the self-constituted committee drafts a new charter, giving to the mayor the appointment and removal, without control by the council, of a chief of police, of water service, and of every other department excepting education. These chiefs are to have similar power over their subordinates, but can appoint none that are not recommended by a civil-service board. The objection that this is a one-man power is met by the statement that the public at present is bereft of as much power as in the proposed scheme, only that at present the public can hold no one responsible for abuse of power and give no rewards for its proper use, since it is impossible to fix responsibility. The book further assumes that the charter meets with such popular endorsement that the legislature is obliged to grant it, and that under it a pure civil government is secured, at least for the time being. It closes with the prediction that constant vigilance will be found necessary under any machinery, and holds that municipal parties of the future will and ought to disagree on questions as to the degree of societary or socialistic activity in matters of natural monopolies and

in the control of abuses in competitive business. As Dr. Gladden remarks in the preface, little is said upon the importance of reforming our legislative as well as our executive departments. This reform can hardly come until we have fewer wards in the large cities, and men elected on a general ticket in small cities, so as to secure larger constituencies and thus render probable the election of men of higher standing in the community; and, also, until we have some system of proportional or minority representation. In this way minorities often composed of reform elements can be represented in the council, which at present is even more corrupt than the executive department.

This interesting book admirably fulfils its purpose of presenting practical suggestions for the inception of reform work. It is assumed that the knowledge of corruption in street contracts, for example, and the failures to enforce gambling and liquor laws, etc., will call forth an efficient demand for reform from the vast mass of the people. It is to be hoped that time will prove the truth of this, but doubts will sometime arise as to whether the influential classes of any large city really want any better government than they have, unless it gets so exceedingly outrageous as just now in Chicago; for such better government must mean less evasion of taxation by the wealthy and less profits from public franchises. It is significant to note how the efforts at reform made by the mayor of Detroit have been opposed by a large portion of the leading people of that city.

Without the hearty coöperation of the best classes of our business men, it is not likely that the reforms suggested by our author can be accomplished—unless associated, almost from the start, with demands for economic reform which will appeal to the wage-workers and the small property-owners sufficiently to arouse not merely their sympathy, but their active coöperation. A large portion of these classes do not care much for civil-service reform, or for securing fewer saloon-keepers and more men of business prominence in public office, unless they can see in this a direct stepping-stone to city ownership and reduced charges for light and street transportation, the abolition of the contract system on public works, taxation of everybody according to his ability to pay, the prevention of child-labor and long hours, and similar reforms. It is noticeable that in Dr. Gladden's book these demands of the masses are supposed to wait on the attainment of administrative purity. This

* THE COSMOPOLIS CITY CLUB. By Washington Gladden. New York: The Century Co.

is all well and good, provided municipal purity can be thus secured. To secure a sufficient popular support, however, it would seem as if the small home-owner and wage-worker must first be convinced that those working for political reform are in hearty sympathy with the effort to obtain industrial reforms. To carry out many of these reforms, any very large city will doubtless require strong ward as well as central organizations, committed to the use of all the reputable portions of the Tammany methods of organization. A great service has been done the public by this little book, which has already contributed much to the development of the promising, though yet untried, Civic Federation of Chicago.

EDWARD W. BEMIS.

AN AMERICAN WARRIOR-BISHOP.*

There is no lack of warlike prelates in the annals of the early Middle Ages ; but a warrior-bishop in the nineteenth century, and in our own country, is an anomaly sufficient in itself to justify the writing of his biography. There were circumstances attending the acceptance, by one of the Southern Bishops, of a commission in the Confederate army which make his biography an important contribution to the apologetic literature of the Confederacy. It is significant of the widespread conviction of the truth and justice, even holiness, of the cause for which the South went to war, that the head of the Confederate government, and the Southern people, could set aside all conventional ideas of the Christian ministry and urge a Bishop to take up arms in defense of a principle ; and that the Bishop himself, who had twenty years before declared it incompatible with his high calling for a Christian minister to bear arms even for self-defense against robbery on the wild Western frontier, should consent to lay aside the Episcopal robes and take up the sword. We can scarcely imagine any other circumstances in which, in the selection of military leaders in a great crisis, attention would be turned toward the Episcopate. The fact that Leonidas Polk was a soldier by heredity and education scarcely relieves these circumstances of their strangeness. It is a significant fact, observable in this connection, that at the end of the struggle, many of the Con-

federate officers turned to the sacred ministry ; and as the general officers received one recruit from the Episcopate, at the outbreak of the war, the Episcopate has since received several from that army which fought for and lost a great cause. These circumstances are worthy of consideration, and should have the effect of modifying our judgment of the motives of the South in secession. Of the patriotic convictions of the Confederate leaders, there should be no longer any question. Perhaps the time has arrived when the people of the North can calmly consider this phase of the subject, and give due credit ; and should the life of "Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General," secure attention to these circumstances, the delay in the preparation and publication of these volumes (only partly accounted for in the preface) will not have been in vain.

Leonidas Polk was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, April 10, 1806. He entered the University of North Carolina in 1821, and two years later received an appointment to a cadetship at West Point, whence he was graduated in 1827. During his cadetship he came under religious influences virtually for the first time, and was so deeply impressed that he chose for himself a career far different from that of the soldier ; and in November, 1828, entered the Theological Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, to begin active preparations for the ministry. He was ordered deacon on Good Friday, 1830, married shortly afterwards, and was ordained a priest the following year, being then twenty-five years of age. Delicate health compelled his spending a year in European travel, and several years subsequently upon patrimonial estates in Tennessee, his time being divided between the improvement of his estate and ministerial duties at Columbia, Tennessee. In 1838 he was elected Missionary Bishop of the Southwest, and was consecrated December 9 in that year. His jurisdiction embraced Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, and Indian Territory. In 1841 he resigned this jurisdiction to become Bishop of the then newly-created Diocese of Louisiana. Removing his family to Leighton, an estate which he purchased in Louisiana, he began a life probably common to the Southern Bishops of that time.

That Bishop Polk was an indifferent ecclesiastical scholar, his biographer admits ; but he was in other respects a model Bishop. The task of organizing and building up the Church in Louisiana was faithfully performed, and its

* LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP AND GENERAL. By William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

affairs were skilfully administered. His ability was severely tested by the events of 1861. His chief anxiety was the effect of secession upon the Church of which he was the chief pastor in an important diocese. His view of the situation, set forth in a pastoral proclamation declaring that the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was dependent upon the integrity of the nation, and that the right of a State to secede being established, each diocese had the right to secede from the general organization, and declaring that Louisiana was therefore an independent diocese, was severely criticised by the Southern Bishops as well as at the North. The provisional establishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Confederate States of America was the result of the discussion that ensued, and the complete reunion of the Southern dioceses with those of the North, at the close of the war, was one of the happiest events in the ecclesiastical history of our country. As a matter of fact, however, and from force of circumstances, Louisiana remained an independent diocese until after the war.

Scarcely had the affairs of the Church been arranged, when the demand was made upon the Bishop for his services in the field. His interest in the defense of the Mississippi Valley having been enlisted, he visited Richmond and the camps in the neighborhood, and saw the President of the Confederacy and members of his cabinet. He was, on all sides, urged to take service in the Confederate army. The President twice tendered him a Major-General's commission. The commission was finally issued to him, June 25, 1861. He set out at once for Memphis, where he took command of the military department entrusted to him. From that time forth he performed no Episcopal functions, and, excepting the baptism of two fellow officers, abstained from the performance of even priestly offices. He hoped, however, soon to be relieved of his military duties and to return to his "cherished work." The phrase in which he was wont to justify his course in accepting the military commission, and to express his anxiety to return to his pastoral work, he repeated a few days before his death: "I feel like a man whose house is on fire, and who has left his business to put it out. As soon as the war is over I shall return to my proper calling." But this was not to be. He occupied Columbus with his troops; participated in the battles of Belmont, Shiloh, Perryville, Stone Ridge, and Chickamauga, and in the Meridian and

Atlanta Campaigns. On June 14, 1864, while reconnoitring upon Pine Mountain, Georgia, a cannon-shot from the Federal lines crashed through his breast, and left him dead in the arms of his faithful friends, General Hardee and General Joseph E. Johnston.

It was a wise provision to divide Polk's biography into two volumes, the first relating the career of the Bishop, the latter devoted wholly to that of the General. The biographer is the son of the Bishop, and was a participant in the war from the beginning to the end. His sympathies are clearly with the military rather than with the Episcopal career. He calls other hands to his aid in portraying the latter. It is wise historic foresight which devotes so much time and space to the founding of the University of the South, whose present assured success justifies the gathering up for careful preservation of all that can be learned concerning the inception of that grand scheme. The biographer restrains a natural tendency to produce a memorial volume, filled with eulogy, and limited in its interest. He provides an enduring contribution to the history of the times, carefully verifying his statements by authoritative and official documents. In many cases his biography becomes a vindication of his subject's military theories and plans, where they have been called in question; and it is likely to strengthen the opinion which many now hold, that, with greater unanimity among the Confederate leaders, the struggle for the Confederacy might have eventuated far otherwise than it did.

In only one case can the biographer's sense of proportion be said to have failed. To the early history of the Polk family, belonging as it does to the Revolutionary period, too much space is devoted. And family pride prompts him to declare for the authenticity of the much-disputed Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence of May 20, 1775. Unfortunately, the evidence which he adduces is now generally conceded to refer to an altogether different document.

The volumes are substantially bound, clearly printed (the only typographical errors observed occur in two footnotes in the first volume), and are furnished with an admirable index. The illustrations consist of steel portraits of Lieutenant-Colonel William Polk (the Bishop's father), of the Bishop at the age of forty-four and again at the age of fifty-five, and of Lieutenant-General Polk two years later, in Confederate gray, full-bearded and looking grizzled

and careworn; a full-page view of St. John's Church, Ashwood, Tennessee; and a double-page view of the University of the South. The second volume has seven valuable folded maps of battlefields. ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

POPULAR STUDIES IN LANGUAGE.*

Ever since Dean Trench published his suggestive but wholly unscientific studies in language, a very general popular interest has been taken, both in England and this country, in etymology. This has shown itself in the wild etymological guesses of the newspaper and the pulpit, which have so roused the righteous wrath of Professor Skeat, in the general improvement of our dictionaries with regard to derivations, and last but not least in the publication of independent works on various linguistic problems. At first, these excursions in the realm of words were of the same aimless character as those of the imaginative Dean of St. Paul's; but during the past ten years or more, under the inspiration of advanced German thought, many of them have assumed a more serious and systematic character.

The latest of these serious attempts to popularize the results of philological research, and also one of the most successful, is Professor Clark's "Manual of Linguistics." While the author states as his object "to produce a volume that will, with fair completeness and in moderate compass, present the main results of modern phonology," he has "also sought to round it off by the addition of such supplementary matter as may usefully accompany the main theme." It is this "supplementary matter," so modestly referred to in the preface, that gives to the book its chief interest and value for the general reader; and having the general reader rather than the amateur phonologist in mind, it is this supplementary matter that will receive special attention here. The main phonetic problems discussed in the several chapters are Sound Relations in Indo-European, Analogy, Ablaut and Accent, Grimm's Law, and Sound Relations in English. Accompanying these are separate indexes of the words quoted from the different languages, together with a separate index of the English words referred to in the last two chapters.

But even for those for whom the signs and symbols of phonology have no charms, there is

ample material in the opening chapter, which deals with that much-abused people, the Aryans, their language and culture. Disposing of the "idyllic, but certainly also idealized, picture of the ancient Aryans," with which a past generation of scholars has made us familiar, the author proceeds to state briefly but clearly the latest and most plausible theory with regard to the primitive state of the Indo-European peoples:

"It must not be supposed that the original tribes dwelt as next-door neighbours within circumscribed limits, for they dwelt at long distances, though still in touch with one another. They observed various attitudes towards the sound-norms, had certainly much in common, but were also predisposed to change in different degrees and along different lines. Each family of languages, each system of sounds, had its own idiosyncrasies.

"These statements assume the truth of the *wave* or *transition* theory of Schmidt, approved by Brugmann, Paul, and Schrader. This theory has supplanted the old or pedigree theory of former writers, according to which there was one homogeneous *Ursprache*, with something approaching to a dead level of uniformity, spoken by one people dwelling together in unity of speech-sound and speech-bent, from whom there hived off swarms, which, on geographical disjunction began to develop differences in language that separated them from the other members of their stock, swarms, however, which still comprised two or more peoples that for a long period were linguistically one."

To understand this theory we must imagine the various Indo-European tribes as occupying different but adjacent territories, the spaces between being occupied by "transition dialects, which gradually shaded off into one another and into the main languages that bounded them. These have died out with little or no record, and left the abrupt transitions we now encounter."

Apart from its scientific value, this theory must commend itself to the ordinary non-linguistic mind on account of its eminent common-sense. It assumes for the primitive languages the same general principles that govern language growth as it is going on at the present day. It gives to dialectic peculiarities the significance that modern methods claim for them.

The discussion of the culture of our ancestors is too long and involved to permit of more than a very brief summary here. It is hardly necessary to state, however, that its results differ widely from those referred to by our author in his opening words. They show, among other things, that the Aryans probably knew none of the metals save copper, that their weapons were of a very rudimentary kind, that they were not acquainted with the art of agriculture, that their dwellings were windowless huts "made of such

* MANUAL OF LINGUISTICS. By John Clark, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

materials as wood, clay, and plaited twigs, and perhaps sunk into the earth for protection." Their first clothing was probably hides, to which were later added garments made of wool. They "were flesh-eaters, and further possessed some knowledge of cookery."

Of special interest is the author's account of the Indo-European family relations, and here the idealism of the earlier picture is replaced by a realism of the most extreme Zola type. As in many savage tribes of our own time,—

"Wives were procured, in the very early days of Aryan life, when the various wandering households observed a semi-hostile attitude to each other, by capture. Afterwards, when milder manners obtained, purchase was substituted."

As regards the early home of the Aryans, our author wisely contents himself with stating the various arguments in favor of a European and an Asiatic site, and leaves the choice to his readers. He seems to show, however, a leaning towards Schrader's selection of Eastern Iran.

The discussion of the origin of speech, with which the introductory chapter closes, is, as the author himself admits, "slight and fragmentary." It seems a pity that so careful and satisfactory a treatment of linguistics should be weakest in this so important and much discussed point. It is to be hoped that in a later edition this defect may be remedied. The book would be further improved by the addition of a subject index, as the table of contents is not sufficiently full to take its place. Let us not forget, however, to be grateful for all the good things that are offered here, and most of all for the development of a more rational general interest in philological problems which this work seems to indicate.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

THE GREENLANDER AT HOME.*

A most interesting sketch of the life of an interesting people is furnished in Nansen's "Eskimo Life." Nansen, well known in connection with the first crossing of Greenland, knows the Greenland Eskimo at near quarters. He writes: "I dwelt in their huts, took part in their hunting, and tried, as well as I could, to live their life and learn their language." The tarrying for one winter among any people cannot give us full knowledge of them, but Nansen was a clear-sighted observer and sym-

pathetic to an unusual degree. The result is that he gives us a sketch of unusual fidelity. Nansen loves Greenland:

"It is poor, this land of the Eskimo which we have taken from him: it has neither timber nor gold to offer us—it is naked, lonely, like no other land inhabited by man. But in all its naked poverty how beautiful it is! If Norway is glorious, Greenland is in truth no less so. When one has once seen it, how dear to him is the recollection! I do not know if others feel as I do, but for me it is touched with all the dreamlike beauty of my childish imagination. It seems as though I there found our own Norwegian scenery repeated in still nobler, purer forms. It is strong and wild, this Nature, like a sage of antiquity carved in ice and snow, yet with moods of lyric delicacy and refinement. . . . Everything in Greenland is simple and great,—white snow, blue ice, naked black rocks and peaks, and dark stormy sea. When I see the sun sink glowing into the waves, it recalls to me the Greenland sunsets, with the islets and rocks floating as it were on the burnished surface of the smooth softly-heaving sea, while inland the peaks rise row on row, flushing in the evening light. And sometimes when I see the sæter-life at home, and watch the sæter-girls and the grazing cows, I think of the tent-life and the reindeer herds on the Greenland fiords and uplands: I think of the screaming ptarmigans, the moors and willow copses, the lakes and valleys in among the mountains where the Eskimo lives through his brief summer."

Few descriptions of any people, in our English language, are so scientifically good as this of Eskimo life; yet it is also delightful popular reading. There are many reasons why the ethnologist finds the Eskimo interesting. Scarcely elsewhere is there a race-type, pure through so great an area. The Eskimo of Greenland and of Western Alaska are physically the same. So little variation is there in the language that a Greenlander might probably travel from his home to Behring's Strait and make himself everywhere understood. Life is, in general, the same over the whole region. The same traditions and beliefs are found among the tribes. Of course there are varying details. If we compare the Greenlander whom Nansen describes with the Central Eskimo of Boas and the Point Barrow Eskimo of Murdoch, we shall find many interesting little differences; but these disappear before the wonderfully conserved similarity in generalities.

Look the world over, and we shall nowhere find such an example of perfect adaptation to environment. We cannot here discuss how such adaptation comes: it is there. It shows itself in every detail. Notice the skin garments, the kayak, the winter house of stones and earth, the summer tents of skins, the spears and harpoons, the spear throwing-stick,—these are but a few examples of adjustment between

* *ESKIMO LIFE*. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

the Greenlander and his surroundings. The food he eats, his smoking lamps, the summer excursions along the coast, all these are exactly proper to his conditions of life. To change these adjustments is a misfortune; to introduce new tastes and needs and life is a crime.

Consider one invention — the kayak. A problem was presented the Eskimo for solution. Wanted—a hunting boat, easy to manage, requiring the least force for its propulsion, light but strong, easily righted if upturned by the billows. The Eskimo struggles with the problem: he produces the kayak—a light framework of wood; a covering of sealskin usually fitted raw and drawing tightly. In the upper side an opening only large enough to allow the man to pass his legs and lower body through. Perhaps six yards in length, its greatest breadth may be but eighteen inches; its depth is little more than six or seven inches. Narrowing fore and aft from the centre, it ends in sharp points. There is no keel. Across the kayak deck, in front of the ring surrounding the central hole, are perhaps six thongs, while behind there may be three to five more. Under these are inserted weapons, each in its proper place most convenient to the hand. To these thongs, too, the game is fastened. The boatman, carefully slipping into the kayak through the hole above, sits on the bottom, with a bit of skin for seat, cross-legged. With his two-bladed paddle held at the middle, and dipping into the water on each side in turn, he shoots the slender craft ahead rapidly. He wears the half-jacket, or the jacket, fastened to himself and to the kayak ring in such a way that dashing waves may sweep the deck without water leaking in. The kayak, with all its appurtenances, is so light that it is easily carried on the head.

But the kayak is no more remarkable than the beautiful series of harpoons and spears that the Eskimo has devised. The throwing-stick, for hurling darts of all kinds, is ingenious. The modes of dressing skins, so simple in themselves but so wonderful in their results, are admirable. Quaint is the method of preparing bird-skins by chewing with the teeth. Only recently we have seen one of those marvellous robes of eider duck breasts, now such favorites in Denmark. It is a work of beauty and of art. No doubt, however, every skin has been chewed in the mouths of Greenland women. Teeth are worn down almost to the gums in such work. We cannot even refer to other ingenious or interesting arts and industries of our Eskimo.

Rink has made a special study of the traditions and superstitions of the Greenland Eskimo. Nansen depends largely upon him for the brief sketch he presents of this subject. He points out that there has been a profound European (Scandinavian) influence upon these stories and ideas. Scientific in this comparison, our author is less so when he traces analogies, often fanciful, between the Greenland tales and those of Africa or Polynesia. Very interesting is the great prevalence of witchcraft among Greenlanders, although Boas finds little of it among the Central Eskimo. Surely here we find some European influence. In witchcraft, human bones, flesh from corpses, skulls, snakes, and spiders, are used. Of wonderful power is a *tupilek*, prepared in profoundest secrecy of various animal bones, skins, bits of the *anorak* (jacket) of the man to be injured—or, if it cannot be secured, bits of seals he has caught—all wrapped together in a piece of skin and tied. It is brought to life by singing charms over it. Then the *ilitsitsok*, or wizard, seats himself on a bank of stones near the mouth of a river. He puts his *anorak* on hind-side foremost, draws his hood over his face, dangles the *tupilek* between his legs. This makes it grow, and when it has gained its size it glides away into the water and disappears. It can transform itself into all kinds of animals and monsters, bringing ruin and death upon the man against whom it is despatched, but reacting upon the sender if it fails.

The character of the Eskimo is singularly happy. With no true chiefs, and no marked classes, all men are truly equal. The brotherhood of man is an axiom practically recognized. Time was, before white man taught avarice and personal advancement, when an *individual* could not starve or seriously want. A tribe might die for want of food; but while *one* had, all could claim a share. Crime was rare. Morality prevailed, although not by our standard. (Much of the moral depravity now existing is due to the demoralizing influence of white visitors.) Even in Greenland we have harmed all that we touch. There are regions remote from the settlements where Eskimo life still goes on in the old and happy way. Nansen's chapter on "The Eskimo at Sea" gives vivid pictures of it. We can give but one quotation:

"It is a gallant business, this kayak-hunting: it is like a sportive dance with the sea and with death. There is no finer sight possible than to see the kayak-man breasting the heavy rollers that seem utterly to engulf him. Or when, overtaken by a storm at sea, the kayaks run for the shore, they come like black

storm-birds rushing before the wind and waves, which like rolling mountains sweep on in their wake. The paddles whirl through air and water, the body is bent a little forwards, the head often turned half backward to watch the seas; all is life and spirit—while the sea around reeks like a seething cauldron. And then it may happen that while the game is at its wildest a seal pops its head up before them. Quicker than thought the harpoon is seized and rushes through the foam with deadly aim; the seal dashes away with the bladder behind it, but is presently caught and killed, and then towed away. Everything is done with the same masterly skill and with the same quiet demeanor. The Eskimo never dreams that he is performing feats of heroism."

Our author frequently bemoans the fate of the Greenland Eskimo, and mourns that the settler and the missionary have wrought havoc to his happy life and ancient ways. Truth to tell, we agree with him. Most sympathetic non-philanthropic visitors to any barbarous race which is being made over into civilized white men wonder whether, after all, good is being done. Nansen says many vigorous things in this direction. We quote but one, and that quite mild:

"And lastly comes this question: Can an Eskimo who is nominally a Christian, but who cannot support his family, is in ill health and is sinking into deeper and deeper misery, be held much more enviable than a heathen who lives in 'spiritual darkness,' but can support his family, is robust in body, and thoroughly contented with life? From the Eskimo standpoint, at any rate, the answer cannot be doubtful. If he could see his true interest the Eskimo would assuredly put up this fervent petition: God save me from my friends; my enemies I can deal with myself."

Seldom do we lay down a book so reluctantly—it tells so much so well. No thoughtful person can fail to find it suggestive and helpful. Of course, as a piece of bookwork it is well done. The illustrations are unusually good. The translator, too, deserves no little praise. So well has he done his work that he really disappears from view, and we forget that the author was a Norwegian, and that we are not reading his very words, fresh from his pen.

FREDERICK STARR.

JAPANESE HISTORY AND CIVILIZATION.*

No intelligent person can, in these days, afford to be ignorant of the history of Japan, and of the manner in which the unique civilization of that country has been developed.

*THE STORY OF JAPAN. By David Murray, Ph.D., LL.D. ("The Story of the Nations" Series.) New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF JAPAN (official). Yokohama: Japan "Mail" Office.

The Japanese are our neighbors across the Pacific, which is not an *Oceamus dissociabilis* to "separate" Japan from America, as it is expressed in geography, but is a connecting link to bind the two peoples in the closest ties. Japan was "opened" by the United States; has been materially, politically, socially, educationally, and morally assisted by American influences in her wonderful career of progress; and appreciates the kindness and friendliness of our people. We, in turn, ought to know more of our rapidly developing *protégé*; and undoubtedly we learned much during the World's Columbian Exposition, in which the completeness and the beauty of the Japanese exhibits elicited almost universal surprise and admiration. These object lessons may also have aroused a desire to know still more about Japan and the Japanese.

A book has just been published which satisfies this laudable desire. It comes in clear type from the Knickerbocker Press, and is the thirty-eighth volume in that admirable series, "The Story of the Nations." There has also been issued recently from the press of the "Japan Mail," of Yokohama, an official history, compiled under the direction of the Department of Education, and translated into English by the scholarly editor (Captain Brinkley) of the "Mail." It is a good-sized book of more than four hundred pages, in large type; it has a neat Japanese cover, and contains reproductions of pure Japanese illustrations, as well as numerous collotypes. It is a valuable work; but as it is not easily procurable in this country, and is comparatively expensive, its circulation on this side of the Pacific will probably be limited.

True it is, "and pity 'tis 'tis true," with reference to Japan, that "of making many books there is no end"; but "The Story of Japan" clearly has a *raison d'être*. It cannot, of course, take the place of larger and more detailed treatises, like those of Griffis, Adams, Rein, and others; but it fills a long-felt want of an interesting and accurate connected history of Japan, of moderate size and price. The book contains some typographical errors, even slips in sentence-structure, and a few statements of doubtful accuracy; but as the faults are comparatively insignificant and superficial, while the merits are numerous and profound, the work stands as a trustworthy guide for the reader. The author acted for several years as Adviser to the Japanese Minister of Education, and rendered excellent service in remodelling the system of education along modern lines.

Very appropriately, he puts this residence in Japan as "most important" among the sources of his material. And it is very evident, not only from the perusal of his own work, but also from comparison with the above-mentioned official history, that he made use of the best native (as well as foreign) authorities. Thirty-five appropriate illustrations, including two maps, add instruction and interest to the fifteen chapters of text; and four appendices are inserted to give such valuable material as the "list of Emperors," "list of year-periods," "list of Shoguns," and "laws of Shotoku Taishi," a great reformer of the seventh century A. D. The index can be improved; but the titles of the chapters are, in the main, well-chosen, and make a suggestive table of contents. The object of the book is "to trace the story of Japan from its beginnings to the establishment of constitutional government"; and that story is well told.

But the writer of Japanese history is confronted, at the outset, with a serious difficulty. In ancient times the Japanese had no literary script, so that all events had to be handed down from generation to generation by oral tradition. The art of writing was introduced into Japan, from China probably, the latter part of the third century A. D.; but it was not used for recording events until the beginning of the fifth century. All these early records, moreover, were destroyed by fire; so that the only "reliance for information about . . . antiquity" has to be placed in the *Kojiki*, or "Records of Ancient Matters," and the *Nihongi*, or "Chronicles of Japan." The former, completed in 711 A. D., is written in a purer Japanese style; the latter, finished in 720 A. D., is "much more tinged with Chinese philosophy"; though differing in some details, they are practically concordant, and supply the data upon which the Japanese have constructed their "history." It is thus evident that the accounts of the B. C. period must be largely mythological, and the records of the first four centuries of the Christian era must be a thorough mixture of fact and fiction, which it is difficult carefully to separate. According to Japanese chronology, the Empire of Japan was founded by Jimmu Tenno in 660 B. C.; according to foreign scholars, who have sifted the material at hand, the first absolutely authentic date in Japanese history is 461 A. D. If, therefore, the Japanese are given the benefit of more than a century, there yet remains a millennium which falls under the sacrificial knife of the historical critic. But, while

we cannot accept unchallenged the details of about a thousand years, and cannot withhold surprise that even the constitution of New Japan maintains the "exploded religious fiction" of the foundation of the Empire, we must acknowledge that the imperial family of Japan has formed the oldest continuous dynasty in the world, and can probably boast an "unbroken line" of eighteen or twenty centuries.

Dr. Murray, in "The Story of Japan," following the illustrious example of Arnold in Roman history, treats this mythological period in a reasonable way. He says: "Yet the events of the earlier period . . . are capable, with due care and inspection, of furnishing important lessons and disclosing many facts in regard to the lives and characteristics of the primitive Japanese." These facts concerning "native culture" pertain to the mode of government, which was feudal; to food, clothing, houses, arms, and implements; to plants and domestic and wild animals; to modes of travel; to reading and writing, which were unknown; to various manners and customs; to superstitions; and to "religious notions," which found expression in Shinto, itself not strictly a "religion," but only a cult without a moral code. "Morals were invented by the Chinese because they were an immoral people; but in Japan there was no necessity for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted rightly if he only consulted his own heart"! So asserts a Shinto apologist. And from the fact that so many myths cluster around Izumo, it is a natural inference that one migration of the ancestors of the Japanese from Korea landed in that province; while the legends relating to Izanagi and Izanami, the first male and female deities, since they find local habitation in Kyushu, seem to indicate another migration (Korean or Malay?) to that locality. These different migrations are also supposed to account for the two distinct types of Japanese.

The continental influences form an important factor in the equation of Japanese civilization, and are emphasized by Dr. Murray. The Japanese "have been from the beginning of their history a receptive people," and are indebted to Korea and China for the beginnings of language, literature, education, art, mental and moral philosophy (Confucianism), religion (Buddhism), and many social ideas. At first the government of Japan was an absolute monarchy, not only in name, but also in fact; for the authority of the Emperor was recognized and maintained, comparatively

unimpaired, throughout the realm. But the decay of the imperial power began quite early in "The Middle Ages of Japan," as Dr. Murray calls the period from about 700 to 1184 A. D. The emperors themselves, wearied with the restrained and dignified life which, as "descendants of the gods," they were obliged by etiquette to endure, preferred to abdicate; and in retirement "often wielded a greater influence and exerted a more active part in the administration of affairs." This practice of abdication frequently brought a youth, or even an infant (of two years, for instance), to the throne, and naturally transferred the real power to the subordinate administrative officers. This was the way in which *gradatim* the "duarchy," as it is sometimes called, was developed, and in which *seriatim* families and even individuals became prominent.

First came the Fujiwara family, which for about 400 years "monopolized nearly all the important offices in the government," but was finally deposed by the so-called "military families." The first of these was the Taira, who, after only a short period of power (1156-1184), were utterly overthrown and practically annihilated. Next came the Minamoto, represented by Yoritomo, whose authority was further enhanced when the Emperor bestowed on him the highest military title, *sei-i-tai-shogun* (barbarian-expelling-great-general). And from this time (1191) till 1868 the emperors are practically non-entities, and great generals actually govern the empire. The Japanese Merovingians, however, are never deprived of their titular honor by the "Mayors of the Palace."

But the successors of Yoritomo in the office of Shogun were young and sensual,* and gladly relinquished the executive duties to their guardians of the Hojo family, who ruled "with resistless authority" and "unexampled cruelty and rapacity," but yet deserve credit for defeating an invading army of Tartars sent by Kublai Khan. The great patriots, Kusunoki and Nitta, with the aid of Ashikaga, finally overthrew the Hojo domination in 1333; but the Ashikaga rule succeeded and continued till 1573. It was, however, an Ashikaga Shogun who encouraged the quaint tea-ceremonial, called *cha-no-yu*; it was "in almost the worst period of the Ashikaga anarchy" that, in 1542, "the Portuguese made their first appearance in Japan"; and it was only five years later when

Francis Xavier arrived there to begin his missionary labors..

The next few decades of Japanese history are crowded with civil strife, and include the three great men, Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu, each of whom in turn seized the supreme power. The first named was favorable to Christianity; the other two interdicted it. Hideyoshi, who "rose from obscurity solely by his own talents," is regarded by Dr. Murray as "the greatest soldier, if not the greatest man, whom Japan has produced." If this statement can be successfully challenged, the palm will certainly be awarded to Iyeyasu, who became the virtual ruler of the Empire in 1600. He founded a dynasty (Tokugawa) of Shoguns, who, for more than two hundred and fifty years, ruled at Yedo, surrounded by faithful vassals, and who at least gave the empire a long period of peace. His successors destroyed Christianity by means of a fearful persecution; prohibited commercial intercourse, except with the Chinese and the Dutch, and allowed it with these only to a limited extent; and thus crystallized Japanese civilization and institutions. It may be true that "Japan reached the acme of her ancient greatness during the Tokugawa dynasty"; but it is also true that by this policy of insulation and seclusion she was put back two and a half centuries in the matter of progress in civilization.

It was in July, 1853, that Commodore Perry entered Yedo Bay for the purpose of delivering to the Tokugawa Shogun (then supposed to be the Emperor) President Fillmore's letter asking for a few tradal privileges; and on the last day of this present month of March it will be just forty years since the first treaty between the United States and Japan was signed at Kanagawa by the representatives of the two nations. This, of course, brought about, in a short time, the utter ruin of the policy of seclusion; for the negotiation of similar treaties with many other nations followed. This was also the occasion of the overthrow of the Shogun ("Tycoon") in 1868, and of the centralization once more of the actual power in the hands of the Emperor. The real *causes*, however, of the revolution were internal, and consisted partly of jealousy, and partly of a genuine impulse toward imperialism. This impulse had been fostered by a study of Japanese history, which revealed the fact that the Shogun, originally only the *imperator*, had usurped most if not all of the governmental functions. Thus the old Japanese spirit of in-

* "A general has no [worthy] offspring," says a Japanese proverb.

tense loyalty to their "divinely-descended" ruler once more triumphed in the restoration of the imperial authority.

But the revolution of 1868 did not mean the restoration of the absolute despotism and the oppressive feudalism of the past. The latter institution, by and with the consent of almost all the feudal lords themselves, was abolished by an imperial edict in 1869; and twenty years later (February 11, 1889) the Emperor promulgated a constitution, by which he voluntarily relinquished to his people many of his hereditary and time-honored powers. With this gracious act of His Imperial Majesty, Mutsuhito, the 122d Emperor "in unbroken line" from Jimmu Tenno, not inappropriately closes "The Story of Japan." For with this ends the old Oriental absolute monarchy and begins the new constitutional and representative government. "The King is dead; long live the King!"

ERNEST WILSON CLEMENT.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The Lover's
Lexicon.*

It was a happy thought that led Mr. Frederick Greenwood to write "The Lover's Lexicon" (Macmillan). We must recognize as genuine literature this collection of graceful essays, which is further described as "a handbook for novelists, playwrights, philosophers, and minor poets; but especially for the enamoured." There are upwards of a hundred brief chapters upon such subjects as "Affection," "Betrotal," "Constancy," "Fickleness," "Marriage," "Rapture," "Sweetheart," and the like; each an essay in itself, combining wisdom, wit, and the charm that comes from a sympathetic presentment of high ideals. Both in style and in subtlety the book suggests Mr. Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque" essays, and should stand beside that volume upon the shelf. The quality of the book must be set forth by illustration; no description could do it justice. The article on "Flirtation" is thus introduced: "A pastime which, like card-playing, is innocuous only when nothing is staked that can be missed if lost, while it is most harmful when the stakes are abstracted from partnership capital. The game is usually played by the ruder sex for amusement alone, its chief pleasure being the titillation and excitement of vanity. By the other it is played for amusement too; but also for practice in various kinds of fascination, and to satisfy curiosity as to the inner nature of men." Here is an extract from the article on "Love-making": "The effect of music on the passions is not to be measured by beauty of melody or cultivation of ear. In half-barbarous lands a moaning chant, a twanging of the guitar, will raise storms and languishings unsurpassed in a

German beer-garden; and then would a man enslave the fair, let him sally forth and stab another man for love of her. In more savage countries hearts are won in simpler fashion, though much the same. The lover goes head-hunting, and on his return silently but tenderly leads his beloved to view his trophies in a basket. We have amongst ourselves a survival from similar kinds of love-making in a chastened preference for military men." The article on "Dolls" yields this choice bit: "Very few girls, however, wish to be thought dolls and nothing else. Even those who *are* nothing else have moments of conviction that to be pretty, to be bright, to be brainless and useless, puts them at a disadvantage everywhere except at picnics, at water-parties, and at church." The article "Eros" is brief enough to permit of quotation in full: "The Greek name for the God of Love, who was much better known in England as Cupid till about the end of the seventh decade of the present century. 'Cupid' then fell out of favor with the literary genius of the age; which, being of a warmer temperament than preceding geniuses, or desirous of seeming so, and conceiving that 'Eros' stood for a bolder, wilder, more faun-like and abandoned sort of passion, determined that the god should have no other name either in prose or verse. So far, however—that is to say, up to the date of the present publication—the change has been coldly received by a public already prejudiced against certain derivations of 'Eros' (See art. 'Erotic')." Last of all, we will reproduce the close of the article "Love-Pledges": "Yet there must be no misprising of love-gifts. They are a need, a grace, a propriety; and whatever the first may be, it should be supplemented at the earliest convenience by a copy of that useful book, 'The Lover's Lexicon,' with a votive kiss on the 'Constancy' page." In which suggestion we heartily concur.

*Society and
politics of the
Austrian Empire.*

"The Realm of the Habsburgs" (Lovell, Coryell & Co.), by Mr. Sidney Whitman, is a singularly competent and acute study of the society and the politics of the Austrian Empire. That Empire puzzles the casual observer in many ways, and a number of writers, headed by the late Professor Freeman, have for a long time been somewhat frantically insisting that it has no rational right to exist. But it continues to exist, although its *raison d'être* is thus questioned, and that wonderful dynasty of the Habsburgs, with its curious power to adapt itself to the age without sacrificing the essentials of its tradition, acts as a cohesive element no less surely than the race spirit or the centralized political structure of other nations. Mr. Whitman's sympathetic sketch of the present Emperor helps us to understand much of his influence, and to wish that other monarchs might have preserved more of the tradition of *noblesse oblige* that still shines out in the example of the Habsburgs. Such an anecdote as that of his telegram to the Holy Father, after the tragic occur-

rence that recently darkened his life, speaks volumes for his character. The Austrians, in Mr. Whitman's account, appear to have preserved, better than their fellow-Europeans, those Old World virtues that go far to justify paternalism. Loyalty, simplicity of life, the sense of honor, and cheerful acquiescence in the order of things, are characteristic of few other peoples as they are of present-day Austrians. But the author, while bestowing due praise for these things, is not sparing in his criticism of the national faults. Nor does he fail to give the necessary prominence to the race-elements that make up the composite Empire. The Magyar, the Czech, and the German are discussed, each on his own account, and the discussion is thus summed up: "If the Germans of Austria may be said to typify the past, the Slavs a possible future, the Hungarians are, politically and economically at least, eminently characteristic of the present day." We do not quite understand why Mr. Whitman should imply that Berlin, however much more important politically, is a more beautiful and impressive capital than Vienna. In our opinion, the Danubian Kaiserstadt still keeps its ancient prestige, as far as outward show is concerned, and the days are by no means "gone by when the easy-going Austrians were literally justified in singing":

"Sgiebt nur a Kaiserstadt,
'Sgiebt nur a Wien."

It is, however, interesting to be reminded that the Viennese have themselves recognized the claims of the Spree Kaiserstadt by adding a couplet to their old song:

"Sgiebt nur a Räuberstadt,
Und das is Berlin."

Mr. Whitman's book is one to be read with pleasure, mingled with regret that he should not have worked upon a larger scale.

*Beginnings of the
English Romantic
Movement.*

The interest that attaches to the skilful treatment of a subject in itself uninteresting is aroused by "The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement" (Ginn), a work by Mr. William Lyon Phelps. This book is a study in one of the most arid periods of our literature, but is itself redeemed from aridity by an exceptionally attractive form of presentation, by a discriminating use of texts and authorities, and by a scholarship that is accurate without being pedantic. In preparing the book, the author has gone through a course of "desperately dull reading," as he hardly needed to assure us, but the result justifies the pains (certainly to the reader, and we hope to the author no less), and every student of English literature should be grateful for a piece of work so thoroughly well done. The study covers a period of over half a century (1700-1765), and seeks to trace to its obscure and varied sources the romanticism that was swelling towards full tide at the dawn of the nineteenth century. After a preliminary examination of romanticism itself, and of the Augustan spirit as the soil in which the seed of

romanticism was sown, Mr. Phelps proceeds to discuss the reaction from the couplet form which culminated in the Spenserian revival (nearly sixty Spenserian imitations, from 1706 to 1775, are listed in an appendix), the Miltonic influence, the revival of interest in mediævalism and mythology, and the appeal of the old ballad literature to the gradually awakening romantic consciousness. A final chapter is devoted to Gray, and a very striking series of extracts illustrates the growth of the romantic movement as epitomized in his work. Mr. Phelps has taken great care in the matter of dates and like minutiae. Incidentally, he corrects a number of the blunders of Mr. Gosse; for that plausible essayist does not, as Mr. Churton Collins pointed out some years ago, err in the direction of an over-pedantic accuracy. An appendix puts together the facts, old and new, about the famous ballad of "William and Margaret," and constructs an eminently reasonable theory of the way in which Mallet got for himself the credit of having written it.

*Essays on various
American topics.*

"Stelligeri" is the first one of half-a-dozen essays that Professor Barrett Wendell has collected into a volume (Scribner). In the old Harvard catalogues, the names of deceased graduates were marked with a star. It is of these star-bearers — *stelligeri*, in the quaint Latin of the Quinquennial—that the initial essay is written. The other papers are occasional lectures on American topics. The author is entirely right in thinking that the papers possess a unity, although they are written on unconnected subjects. Lowell as a teacher, Whittier as a poet of the Quakers, a new theory about the Salem witches, the Puritans,—these are some of the themes. The essay on American Literature is a remarkably sympathetic yet dispassionate attempt to decide whether we have yet made an independent and permanent contribution to English literature. The decision—probably the decision of every careful student—is in the negative; the crucial test being this: "Have we lasting expression of the meaning of the past periods of American life, in words which have added either thought or phrase to the literature of the English language?" Professor Wendell has written a book that is pleasant to read. His style is marked by careful lucidity, pointedness, and easy movement. His clearness is especially admirable when one takes into account the difficulties of some of the tasks he set himself. It could not have been easy, for instance, to interpret so plainly the leading traits of "Four American Centuries" in terms that should be intelligible to a child at school; and yet it was to the school children of Worcester that the address was delivered. The writer's phrases are sometimes very happy, and his analysis is often marked by keen insight. His comments on American humor are both apt and searching. It is not profound humor, he says; it is fresh, wholesome, extravagant, but "at bottom, after all, extravagance is only another term for cheerful neglect of stern reality."

Throughout the book there is an intelligent patriotism that is at once a contrast and an antidote to blatant spreadeagleism. The volume, indeed, is a contribution to American patriotism, as well as a distinct addition to our none too abundant store of true information about ourselves.

Complete and beautiful edition of Lander.

After a year's delay, there has appeared, in the Dent edition (Macmillan), the second volume of "The Longer Prose Works of Walter Savage Lander." This volume completes the edition of Lander for which we have given thanks upon several past occasions. There are six volumes of "Imaginary Conversations," two of poems, and two of the longer prose works—a practically complete edition of a writer who will live as long as the English language, and whose audience will increase with every new generation. We have previously expressed regret that some of Lander's poems should have been left unpublished, but the new edition, as a whole, includes enough matter not collected by Forster to make it fully as desirable as its predecessor, while in mechanical attractiveness it easily takes the first place. The volume now published gives us a novelty in the shape of a frontispiece-portrait of a bearded Lander. The text includes the "Pentameron"; five additional "Conversations," four of them now for the first time reprinted from the "Examiner"; the three essays on Theocritus, Catullus, and Petrarca, first published in the "Quarterly Review"; and an index. This index, which fills seventy-five pages, and covers the ten volumes of the edition, has been prepared by Miss Lucy Crump, and its "object has been to indicate as far as possible allusions to Lander's own life scattered throughout the volumes, and to illustrate his opinions." It is difficult to be (in words) sufficiently grateful for this intelligent and helpful adjunct to the edition. Lander's opinions concerning men and things are always interesting and often weighty, but his work is of so miscellaneous a character that the search for some particular but vaguely-remembered allusion is almost a hopeless task. From the burden of that task the literary worker is henceforth freed. If he wishes to know all that Lander wrote of Plato or Dante or Milton, of Greece or Italy, of kings or priests or religion, he has but to consult this index, which promptly reveals to him the volumes and the pages to be consulted. Would that such an index might accompany the collected works of every writer!

Spanish Pioneers in America.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis's "The Spanish Pioneers" (McClurg) is a concise popular narrative, based on recent historical investigation, of the part borne by Spain in American discovery and exploration. All will probably agree with Mr. Lummis that our histories and text-books have not sufficiently emphasized the importance of Spanish pioneering in the New World. Yet we cannot but think that he has been led by his love of fair play to overrate, if not

the valor and endurance, at least the character and motives of the Spanish leaders—men with whom gold-hunting, not colonization or the advancement of knowledge, was the predominant impulse, and the record of whose treatment of the native races we must still regard as one of the blackest chapters in the annals of man's inhumanity to man. Columbus was, to quote from a recent brilliant monograph on American history, "the father of a line of adventurers who, like himself, were gold-seekers or seekers of lucre, gilding their rapacity with the same profession of zeal for the extension of religion, who sacked Mexico and Peru, trampled to pieces there, under the hoofs of conquest, the highest development of Indian civilization, worked to death the soft inhabitants of the American islands, and replaced them by the importation of African slaves. None of these adventurers looked upon America as a new home, or thought of founding a nation." The deductions indicated being made, Mr. Lummis's work will be found as accurate and informing as it is readable; and the style, barring a slightly declamatory and dogmatic tone at the outset, is suitable and agreeable. For those seeking a compact popular manual embodying the latest conclusions on the subject treated, we can point to no better book.

Mr. W. J. Linton's biography of Whittier, in the "Great Writers Series" (Scribner), reads like a labor of love. There can be no doubt as to the author's admiration for his subject. The familiar story of the poet's life—the boyhood on the farm, the first attempts at literature, the devotion to the abolitionist cause, the part played during war-time, the long and revered old age,—all this is well told and well interpreted. The poetical history is accompanied by a running comment on the poems themselves, and special stress is laid on certain interesting points—among other things, on the influence of the New England landscape in moulding Whittier's genius. The literary criticism is earnest and straightforward—independent rather than original. Mr. Linton's forcible depreciation of Poe when compared with Whittier readily suggests our writer's point of view. It is uncatholic. Whittier, assuredly, can be praised, and to no man's detriment. In summing up his critical opinions, Mr. Linton discards originality altogether, and quotes page after page from other writers. The last two chapters are little more than a compilation of the critical estimates of Stoddard, Wasson, and Stedman.

Farm and country life in Italy.

"Days Spent on a Doge's Farm" (Century Co.), by Miss Margaret Symonds, daughter of the late J. Addington Symonds, is a very charming piece of descriptive writing. The Doge's Farm is situated at Vescovano, near the east of the great Lombard plain, and in the shadow of the Euganean hills. It is an estate that has for centuries been in possession

of the Pisani family, and is now owned and managed by the English widow of a Pisani who died many years ago. Upon this estate Miss Symonds has been repeatedly a guest, and her book gives a simple and graceful account of everyday life at Ves-covano, of the country-people and their ways, and of the untiring energy of the Englishwoman who has made a garden out of a desert, and who personally directs, to the minutest detail, the affairs of her little kingdom. The book tells us of village festivals and of mountain excursions, of life indoors and out, and of the various operations of agriculture, from ploughing to harvest. In this latter connection, Miss Symonds pays a worthy tribute to the magnificent Lombard oxen, whose gray and dignified forms are so characteristic of the landscape, whom Carducci celebrated in his "T'amo, pio bove," and whom the traveller always remembers, whatever else he may forget. Miss Symonds has illustrated her book by many sketches, and she draws as well as she writes. In both cases she has an eye for the essentials, and the quality of the picturesque appears no less in her literary than in her graphic manner.

The Indians of the Pacific Coast.

General Strong in 1850 was first brought into contact with the Indians of the Pacific Coast, and for six years thereafter he "travelled with and among them." The interest thus aroused in the native Americans has continued, and now shows itself in the book entitled "Wah-kee-nah and her People" (Putnam). Wahkeenah is a Yakima girl whose story the author relates. On one occasion she saved him from danger of death. Knowing the Indians intimately, he loves them, and desires to present their cause from their point of view. He finds the Indian, when first brought into contact with the white man, ever kind, just, hospitable; only after he has suffered wrongs does he become warlike, treacherous, revengeful. Starting with this idea, the author passes the various groups of tribes in review, sketching their daily life, their character, their grievances. The book, although not critical or scientific, will interest, perhaps instruct.

A new history of the Roman Empire.

Mr. J. B. Bury's "History of the Roman Empire from its Foundation to the Death of Marcus Aurelius," just issued in Harper's Student's Series, is devoted to a period of which there has hitherto existed no compact and scholarly account in English. Mr. Bury's book is useful and in many respects excellent. Its author knows at first hand the most important original sources, and has made himself acquainted with the views of the principal modern writers on the field he traverses. He has a clear apprehension of the significance of the period, and sees its relations to the earlier and later history of Rome. His judgment is in the main sound, and he has an evident desire to be fair to the emperors and the imperial system. Unfortunately, these merits are obscured by an abrupt and unattractive style.

The facts are set forth clearly and concisely, but they are not combined so as to arouse interest or always to leave a definite and lasting impression on the reader's mind.

Phases of Dutch humor.

"The Humor of Holland" (imported by Scribner), Volume V. in the "Library of Humor" series, is an amusing number, and it has the special merit of taking us into a comparatively new field. In the matter of broad, homely fun, the writers of Holland seem to be no whit behind her jovial painters—Jan Steen, Teniers, Brouwer, and the rest. It is indeed singular that men who live on cabbage and wear six pairs of breeches should be capable of wit; but the ways of nature are inscrutable. The volume is furnished with a critical introduction by the translator, A. Werner, and there are amusing sketches by Dudley Hardy and others.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A new edition of Bayard Taylor's "History of Germany" (Appleton) comes to us, with an additional chapter by Mrs. Taylor, and a portrait of the German Emperor. The new chapter is brief, and the work remains substantially as it came from the hands of its author. It is, we need hardly say, an excellent book both for school purposes and for the general reader. Mrs. Taylor's additions have been based mainly upon Professor Müller's "Politische Geschichte der Gegenwart."

Mr. Walter Crane's "Eight Illustrations to Shakespeare's 'Tempest'" (Copeland & Day) are published in an edition limited to 650 copies, each signed by the artist. Mr. Crane's designs have been engraved in facsimile by Mr. Duncan C. Dallas, and the effect is highly satisfactory. The plates are not bound, but each is printed upon Japanese paper, mounted and framed in a mat. A neat box comes with them. Mr. Crane's drawings are always interesting, and these examples of his work are strongly characteristic both of his manner and his mannerisms.

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy has translated nearly a hundred and fifty "Ghazels from the Divan of Hafiz" (Imported by Scribner) into English prose, and pleasantly dedicated the volume to Mr. W. E. Henley. Prose translations are well, even from the Persian, but it is hard to put up with them after FitzGerald and all the others who have delved in the riches of the East, and have really given us poetry for poetry. But Mr. McCarthy's work is pleasing, and has clearly been a labor of love.

There is considerable contemporary history, especially of Turkey and the Balkan States, in Mrs. Latimer's compilation about "Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century" (McClurg), and the work may be found useful for reference to recent events. It has been largely prepared by means of the scissors and the paste-pot, but the writer contrives to put her material together in an attractive way, and has made a fairly continuous narrative. A number of portraits, from Madame de Krüdener to Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, add materially to the interest of the book.

"Lewis Carroll" has just published "Sylvie and Bruno Concluded" (Macmillan) in a volume illustrated, as was its predecessor, by Mr. Harry Furniss. Since the author informs us that he never reads the published criticisms of his writings, he, at least, will bear us no grudge for saying that the new volume is far from being worthy of the best writer of nonsense in the English language. In spite of such verses as,

"He thought he saw an Argument
That proved he was the Pope:
He looked again and found it was
A bar of mottled soap.
'A fact so dread,' he faintly said,
'Extinguishes all hope!'"

which occasionally enliven the pages, there is a sad decline from the story of Alice, and even from the first volume of the work now concluded. We imagine it will be caviare to most children, and will find its most interested readers among adults.

"The Building of the City Beautiful" is a rhapsodical prose romance by Mr. Joaquin Miller, published in very tasteful shape by Messrs. Stone & Kimball. But our spirits are a little dashed at finding upon the first page of the text one of the most familiar of Matthew Arnold's stanzas reprinted with no less than three mistakes. The author provides the other chapters with headings from his own verse, which he may misquote as much as he pleases, but we object to having a great poet treated in this fashion.

Recent publications of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin are "A Brief History of the Elective Franchise in Wisconsin," by Miss Florence Elizabeth Baker; "The Financial History of Wisconsin Territory," by Mr. Matthew Brown Hammond; and "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," by Professor Frederick J. Turner. We have also received a syllabus of a course of six University Extension lectures on "The Making of Wisconsin," by Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. This syllabus illustrates an excellent sort of work in local history that might profitably be undertaken in every State of the Union. Our people know far too little, as a rule, of the history of their own States, and anything calling closer attention to the subject deserves commendation.

Three numbers of "Indiana Historical Society Publications" (Bowen-Merrill) are before us. The first is an "oration for the Columbian year" on the subject of "The Man in History," by Mr. John Clark Ridpath. It is rhetorical, after the manner of orations, but not without interest. Another of these pamphlets is called "Ouatanon: A Study in Indiana History," and is by Professor Oscar J. Craig. It gives the story of the ancient trading-post named in the title. "Reminiscences of a Journey to Indianapolis in the Year 1836," by Judge C. P. Ferguson; and a "Life of Liba Foote," by Mr. Samuel Morrison, make up the contents of the third of these pamphlets.

"Historic Green Bay, 1634-1840," by Ella Hoes Neville, Sarah Greene Martin, and Deborah Beaumont Martin, a neatly-appointed volume of 224 pages, contains "the history of Green Bay from its earliest days until the organization of Wisconsin as a territory." The little book is soberly and intelligently written, and the authors have evidently taken due pains to make it accurate and full. There are maps and illustrations, and a commendatory Preface is furnished by Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin State Historical Society.

ANNOUNCEMENTS OF SPRING BOOKS.

The books to be issued this Spring by American publishers are given below in the usual carefully arranged and classified summary which has become a regular semi-annual feature of THE DIAL. It is to be noted that books already issued and received are not here announced, they being entered, instead, in the List of New Books on page 195; hence both lists are to be included in a survey of the products and activities of the publishing season. This survey will be a matter of peculiar interest at this time of general commercial depression. It is somewhat surprising to find that instead of showing a falling off as compared with previous years, the present list is considerably longer than that of a year ago, which was the most extensive Spring list we have ever published. There is shown also, we think, an advance as regards the general interest and importance of the works included. From a trade standpoint, the list is of marked significance, exhibiting as it does the predominance of a few old and strong houses, while many of the smaller and newer houses are but slightly represented, and some of the more sensational houses are not represented at all. The publishing trade as a whole, however, is certainly to be congratulated on showing so few signs of the prevailing business depression.

HISTORY.

- History of the Consulate and Empire of France under Napoleon, by L. A. Thiers, Vols. VIII. to XII., illus., per vol. \$3. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)
History of England under Henry IV., by James Hamilton Wylie, M.A., 3 vols., Vols. II. and III. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)
The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, trans. from the French by Z. A. Ragozin, Part II., \$3.—The Story of Australasia (New South Wales, Tasmania, Victoria, Western Australia, Queensland, New Zealand), by Greville Tregarthen, illus., \$1.50.—Maximilian and Carlotta: A Study of Imperialism, by John M. Taylor, illus., \$1.75. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)
Brave Little Holland and what She Taught Us, a book showing the noble qualities of Holland, and the influence which she has exerted on American institutions, by Rev. W. E. Griffis, illus., \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co., Boston.)
Western Europe in the Fifth Century; Western Europe in Eighth Century, by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., 2 vols.—Town Life in the Fifteenth Century, by Alice Stopford Green, 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- The Sherman Letters, a correspondence between General William Tecumseh and Senator John Sherman, with portraits, \$2.—Recollections of a Virginian, in the Mexican, Indian, and Civil Wars, by General Dabney Herndon Maury, with introduction by Thomas Nelson Page, \$1.50.—Josiah Gilbert Holland, a memoir, by Mrs. H. M. Plunkett, illus., \$1.50.—Women of the Valois and Versailles Courts, by Imbert de Saint-Amand, 4 vols., with portraits, each \$1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)
Christopher Columbus, and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries, by Dr. M. Kayserling, trans. by Charles Gross, Ph.D.—The Letters of Harriet Countess Granville, 1810-1845, edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson-Gower, 2 vols.—Further Recollections of a Busy Life, consisting of social, political, agricultural, and sporting records, by J. Kersley Fowler.—Memorials of St. James's Palace, by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, M.A., 2 vols. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)
Germany and the Germans, by William Harbutt Dawson, 2 vols. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)
Oliver Cromwell: A History, comprising a narrative of his life, with extracts from his letters and speeches, and an account of the political, religious, and military affairs of England during his time, by Samuel Harden Church, with portrait and plans, \$3.—The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King, comprising his letters, private and official, his public documents, and his speeches, edited by his grandson, Charles R. King, M.D., uniform with the "Ham-

- ilston," Vol. I., \$5.—Cicero and the Fall of the Roman Republic, by J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M.A., illus., \$1.50.—James Henry Chapin: A Sketch of His Life and Work, by Geo. S. Weaver, illus. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)
- The Life of Sir A. C. Ramsay, by Sir Richard Geikie.—The Life of Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, by Edmund Sheriden Purcell, with portraits.—The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson, together with some account of his ancestry and of the Jefferson family of actors, by William Winter. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)
- Arthur O'Shaughnessy, his life and his work, with selections from his poems, by Louise Chandler Moulton, \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.)
- Recollections of Life in Ohio, from 1813 to 1840, by William Cooper Howells, with an introduction by his son, William Dean Howells, \$2. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- American Book-Plates, a guide to their study, by Charles Dexter Allen, illus.—The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, trans., with introduction and notes, by Gerald Henry Randall, M.A.—New volumes in the Classical Series: The Alcestis of Euripides, edited by Mortimer Lamson Earle; The Iliad of Homer, edited by Walter Leaf, Litt.D., and M. A. Bayfield, M.A.—English Prose Selections, by Henry Craik, with critical introductions by various writers, and general introductions to each period, edited by Henry Craik, vols. II. and III., \$1.50 each.—The Ex Libris Series, edited by Gleeson White: Durer's Little Passion, with introduction by Austin Dobson; The Decorative Illustration of Books, by Walter Crane; Modern Book Illustrations, by Joseph Pennell; Decorative Heraldry, by G. W. Eve.—Specimens of French Literature in the Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth centuries, being selections from the Great Writers, with literary appreciations by the most eminent French critics, edited by E. Eugene Fasnacht.—The Letters of Edward Fitzgerald, edited by W. Aldis Wright, 2 vols.—Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers, by Richard Holt Hutton, M.A.—The Diary of Samuel Pepys, edited, with additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., illus., Vol. IV., \$1.50.—The Dryburgh edition of the Waverley Novels: St. Ronan's Well, Redgauntlet, The Betrothed, \$1.25 each.—The Cambridge Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Taming of the Shrew, All's Well that Ends Well, Twelfth Night, Winter's Tale, per vol., \$2.—Chronological Outline of American Literature, by Selden L. Whitcomb, M.A., with a preface by J. Brander Matthews.—History of Anglo-Saxon Literature, by Richard P. Wülcker, trans. from the German by R. W. Deering and Dr. C. F. McClumpha. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)
- Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis, edited by Charles Eliot Norton, Vol. III., Historical and Memorial Addresses, with portrait. (Harper & Bros., New York.)
- The Works of William Shakespeare, Ariel Edition, comprising: The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, The Comedy of Errors, Love's Labor Lost, Taming of the Shrew, All's Well that Ends Well; illus., 7 vols., per vol. 75 cts.—The Writings of Thomas Paine, political, sociological, religious, and literary, edited by Moncreu Daniel Conway, Vols. I. and II., each \$2.50.—The Writings and Correspondence of Thomas Jefferson, edited by Paul Leicester Ford, uniform with the "Hamilton," Vol. III., \$5.00.—Forty Tales from the Arabian Nights, pictured by John D. Batten, \$2.00.—The Best Recent Books, a reader's guide to the choice of the best available books in every department of science, art, and literature, by William Swan Sonnenschein, continuing the lists contained in "The Best Books" to the close of the year 1893.—Tennyson: His Art in Relation to Modern Life, by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A.—Random Roaming, and other Papers, by Augustus Jessopp, D.D., \$1.75.—Piers Plowman, 1363-1399: A Contribution to the History of English Mysticism, by J. J. Jusserand, \$3.50.—Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature, by E. T. McLaughlin.—Newton Booth, of California: His Speeches and Addresses, edited by Lauren C. Crane. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)
- Essays in Modernity, by Francis Adams, \$1.50.—Plays, by John Davidson, with a frontispiece and cover design by Aubrey Beardsley, \$2.00.—The Writings of Edgar Allan Poe, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry, with biography by Prof. Woodberry, illus., 10 vols. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.)
- Overheard in Arcady, by Robert Bridges, illus., \$1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Shakespeare Studies, and other essays, by Thomas Spencer Baynes, LL.D.—A Gauntlet: a Drama, by Björnsterne Björnson, trans. by Osman Edwards, \$1.50.—Last Words on the Junius Question, by H. R. Francis, M.A.—The Cock Lane Ghost and Common Sense, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

In Maiden Meditation, by E. V. A., \$1.—Green Pastures, being choice extracts from the works of Robert Greene, \$1.25. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

POETRY.

American Song, a collection of representative American poems, with analytical and critical studies of their writers, edited by A. B. Simonds.—A Sheaf of Poems, by George Perry, \$1.50.—The Bayadere, and Other Sonnets, by Francis Saltus, \$2.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Ban and Arriere Ban, a Rally of Fugitive Rhymes, by Andrew Lang.—The Idylls of Theocritus, trans. into English verse by James Henry Hallard, M.A., Oxon. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

Poems, by L. E. Mitchell, \$1.00. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Lincoln's Grave, by Maurice Thompson, \$1.25.—Low Tide on Grand Pré, a book of lyrics by Bliss Carman, second edition, revised and enlarged, with title-page by Martin Mower, \$1.00.—Poems, by Thomas Gordon Hake, edited by Mrs. Alice Meynell, with portrait after a drawing by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, \$1.00.—When Hearts are Trumps, Verses by Tom Hall, \$1.25.—The Quest of Hercules, and other poems, by Hugh McCulloch, Jr., \$1.25.—Poems of the Symbolists, translations from the French, with an essay on symbolism, by Stuart Merrill, \$1.50.—A Lover's Diary, Sonnets in Sequence, by Gilbert Parker, \$1.25.—Sonnets and other poems, by George Santayana, \$1.25. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.)

The Poet of Poets, the love-verse from the minor poems of Edmund Spenser, edited by Alexander B. Grosart, with portrait, \$1.25. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, edited by A. W. Pollard, 2 vols.—The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, a version in the Spenserian stanza, by George Musgrave, M.A., Part I., The Inferno. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Cuckoo Songs, by Katherine Tynan, \$1.50.—Poems by John B. Tabb.—Vagabond Verses by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. (Copeland & Day, Boston.)

FICTION.

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Bayou Folk, Stories of Creole and Acadian Life in Louisiana, by Mrs. Kate Chopin, \$1.25.—His Vanished Star, a novel, by Charles Egbert Craddock, \$1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

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The Story of Margreth: Being a Fireside History of a Fife-shire Family, by a new writer, \$1. — A Modern Wizard, by Rodriguez Ottolengui, \$1. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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The Robb's Island Wreck, and other stories, by Lynn R. Meekins, \$1. (Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.)

A Suburban Pastoral, and seven other tales, by Prof. Henry A. Beers. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

The Lost Treasure of Trevlyn, a Story of the Days of the Gunpowder Plot, by E. Everett Green, illus., \$1.75. — Doing and Daring, a New Zealand Story by Eleanor Stredder, illus., \$1.25. — Evil May Day, a story of 1517 by E. Everett Green, illus., \$1.00. — Lost in the Wilds of Canada, by Eleanor Stredder, illus., 80 cts. — Torch Bearers of History, by Amelia Hutchinson Stirling, M.A., illus., 80 cts. (Thos. Nelson's Sons, New York.)

In the King's Country, by Amanda M. Douglas, \$1.50. — May Martin, The Green Mountain Boys, The Rangers, Lock Amsten, 4 vols., all by Judge D. P. Thompson, Good Company series, 50 cts. each. (Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

Sailor Jack, The Trader, by Harry Castlemon, illus., War series, \$1.25. — Oscar in Africa, by Harry Castlemon, illus., Hunters series, \$1.25. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)

School Library, new volume; Town Geology, by Charles Kingsley. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

From Edinburgh to the Antarctic, by W. G. Burn Murdoch, illus. Supplemented by the science notes of the naturalists of the expedition, W. S. Bruce, J. J. W. Campbell, and C. W. Donald, M.B. — Studies of Nature on the Coast of Arran, by George Milner, illus. — On the Wallaby, a book of travel and adventure, by Guy Boothby. — Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life, by Aubyn Trevor Battye, M.A., \$1.75. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

The Wee Ones of Japan, by Mae St. John, illus. — Our English Cousins, by Richard Harding Davis, illus., \$1.25. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

Folk Tales of Angola, by Heli Chatelain, \$3.00. — An Island Garden, by Celia Thaxter, illus. by Childe Hassam, \$4. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

Beyond the Rockies, a spring journey in California, by Dr. Charles A. Stoddard, \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

The Gypsy Road; a Journey from Krakow to Coblenz, by G. A. J. Cole, M.R.I.A. — Life in Egypt, described by Adolph Erman, trans. by H. M. Tirard, illus. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

ART AND ARCHITECTURE.

College Histories of Art series, edited by J. C. Van Dyke, Vol. I., The History of Painting, by J. C. Van Dyke, illus. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance, with an index to their works, by Bernhard Berenson, \$1.25. — Art in Theory: An Introduction to the Study of Comparative Esthetics, by George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D., \$1.75. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

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Material for the Study of Variation in Animals, Part I. Discontinuous Variation, by William Bateson, M.A., illus. — A course in Experimental Psychology, by James McKeen Cattell, A.M., Ph.D. — Hydrostatics, by A. G. Greenhill, F.R.S. — Popular Lectures and Addresses, Vol. II. Contributions to Geology, by Lord Kelvin, P.R.S. (Sir William Thompson). — Sketches in Sport and Natural History, by George Kingsley, M.D. — Organic Chemistry, by Lassar-Cohn, trans. by Alexander Smith. — A Manual of Laboratory Physics, by Edward L. Nichols, Ph.D. — A Manual of Physical and Chemical Measurements, by Wilhelm Ostwald, trans. by James Walker. — The Theory of Heat, by Thomas Preston, M.A., illus. — The Rise and Development of Organic Chemistry, by C. Schorlemmer, F.R.S., trans. and edited by Prof. Smithells. — Systematic Survey of the Organic Matters, by Drs. G. Schultz and P. Julius, trans. and edited, with extensive additions, by Arthur G. Green, F.I.C., F.C.S. — Essays in Historical Chemistry, by T. E. Thorne, F.R.S. — Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology, by William Wundt, trans. by J. E. Creighton and E. B. Titchener. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

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A Translation of Dr. Schreiner's Die Spectral-Analyse der Gestirne, by Edwin B. Frost, \$5.00. — Biological Lectures, Marine Biological Laboratory, Wood's Holl, 1893, \$2.15. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

The Silva of North America, by Charles S. Sargent, illus., \$25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

According to Season, talks about the flowers in the order of their appearance in the woods and fields, by Mrs. William Starr Dana, 75 cts. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Travels in a Tree Top, by Charles Conrad Abbott, \$1.25. — Dictionary of the Active Principles of Plants, by Charles E. John, F.I.C., F.C.S. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

The Story of the Sun, by Sir Robert S. Ball, F.R.S., \$5. — The Fauna of the Deep Sea, by Sidney J. Hickson, M.A., in Modern Science Series, edited by Sir John Lubbock, Bart., \$1. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

The Foot of the Horse, by David Roberge. (William R. Jenkins, New York.)

MEDICINE AND HYGIENE.

Introductory Lectures in Dermatology, comprising fifteen lectures delivered at the University of Vermont, by Condict W. Cutler, M.S., M.D. — An Aid to Materia Medica, by Robert H. M. Dawbarn, M.D., third edition, revised and enlarged by Woolsey Hopkins, M.D., \$1.25. — A Clinical Manual, a guide to the practical examination of the excretions and the blood, by Andrew MacFarlane, A.B., M.D., illus. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Methods of Histological Research, for the use of students and physicians, by Dr. C. von Kahliden, trans. by H. Morley Fletcher. — Anatomy and Physiology for Nurses, by Diana C. Kimber and Louise Darche. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Pain, by J. Leonard Corning, A.M., M.D. — Clinical Gynaecology, Medical and Surgical, by John M. Keating, M.D., and Henry C. Coe, M.D., illus. \$6. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

THEOLOGY, RELIGION, AND PHILOSOPHY.

Sacerdotalism, when rightly understood: being a Letter Addressed in Four Parts to the Very Rev. William J. Butler, D.D., by W. J. Knox-Little, \$1.75.—The City of God: Four Addresses delivered at St. Asaph on the Spiritual and Ethical Value of Belief in the Church, to which are added sermons on kindred subjects, by the Rev. H. S. Holland, M.A., \$2.—Way-Marks in Church History, by Rev. William Bright, D.D.—Verba Verbi Dei, by the author of Charles Lowder.—The Gospel According to Peter, a study by the author of Supernatural Religion, \$2.—Saint Paul and his Missions, by the Abbé Constant Foudard, trans. by George F. X. Griffith, maps.—The Oracles Mentioned by Papias and Hierapolis: A Contribution to the Criticism of the New Testament, with appendices on the authorship (by Philo) of the *De Vita Contemplativa*, the date of the Crucifixion, and the date of the martyrdom of Polycarp.—Spiritual Law in the Natural World: a metaphysical and psychical exposition of the operations of the Holy Spirit and other agencies, by J. W. Thomas, F.I.C., F.C.S.—Practical Reflections of Isaiah, by the author of Practical Reflections on the Holy Gospel.—The English Church in the Nineteenth Century, by the Rev. John H. Overton, D.D., \$4. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

The Papers of the American Society of Church History, Vol. VI.—Secularism: Its Progress and its Morals, by John M. Bonham, \$1.75.—The Life and Teachings of Jesus, a critical study, by Arthur K. Rogers.—The Apostolic Age of the Christian Church, by Carl von Weizsäcker, trans. by James Millar, B.D., Vol. I., \$3.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Does God Send Trouble? a volume of discourses intended to appeal to those who are in suffering or sorrow, by Rev. Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, \$1. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)

The Historic Episcopate, An Essay on the Four Articles of Church Unity, proposed by the American House of Bishops, and the Lambeth Conference, by C. W. Shields, 60 cts.—Basal Concepts in Philosophy, by A. T. Ormond, \$1.50. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Judaism at the World's Parliament of Religions, by various writers, \$2.50. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

Fishers of Men, being the charge delivered to the Diocese of Canterbury in his third visitation, by the Most Rev. Edward White Benson, D.D.—A History of the Christian Church in the First Six Centuries, by the Ven. Archdeacon Cheetham.—Village Sermons, second series, by R. W. Church, D.C.L.—Elements of Metaphysics, by Karl Deussen, authorized translation.—Works of the Rev. F. J. A. Hort: The Way, the Truth, the Life, \$1.75; Lectures on Judaistic Christianity; Introductory Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans and to the Ephesians.—Logic, by Williston S. Hough, A.M.—Leibnitz's Critique of Locke, new essays on the understanding, trans. by Alfred G. Langley, A.M.—Library of Philosophy, new volumes: Riddles of the Sphinx, a study in the Philosophy of Evolution, by F. C. S. Schiller; The Principles of Psychology, by G. F. Stout, M.A.—Sermons on the Acts of the Apostles, by Frederic Denison Maurice.—The Incarnation and Common Life, by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

ECONOMICS, GOVERNMENT, AND SOCIOLOGY.

The Sphere of the State; or, The People as a Body Politic, with special consideration of certain present problems, by Frank Sargent Hoffman, A.M., \$1.50. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Papers and Addresses on Work and Wages, by Lord Brassey. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

The Jewish Question and the Mission of the Jews, \$1.75. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

The History of Marriage, Jewish and Christian, in Relation to Divorce and Certain Forbidden Degrees, by the Rev. Herbert Mortimer Lucock, D.D. (Longmans, Green, & Co., New York.)

Dictionary of Political Economy, by R. H. Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., completion of Vol. I.—Sources of the Constitution of the United States, by C. Ellis Stevens.—Questions of the Day, being sermons on social and other questions preached in St. Martin's Church, Leicester, by David J. Vaughan, M.A.—The American Commonwealth, by James Bryce, D.C.L., new, revised, and enlarged edition with additional chapters, 2 vols., Vol. II. \$1.75. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Stock, Stockholders, Bonds, Mortgages, and Corporation Law, revised and enlarged, by William W. Cook, \$12.—Law Dictionary and Glossary, by J. Kendrick Kinney, \$5.—Forms and Precedents in Federal Courts, by Oliver E. Pagin. (Callaghan & Co., Chicago.)

EDUCATION AND TEXT-BOOKS.

First Lessons in Civil Government, by Jesse Macy.—The Gate to the Anabasis, by Clarence W. Gleason.—Thucydides, Book III., edited by Charles Forster Smith.—Latin at Sight, by Edwin Post.—Tacitus, *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, edited by Charles E. Bennett.—P. Cornelii Taciti, *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, edited by Alfred Gudeman.—Old English Ballads, edited, with notes, by F. B. Gummere.—Selections from the Poetry and Prose of Thomas Gray, edited by William Lyon Phelps, A.M.—Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism, by Laura Johnson Wylie.—Grimm's Fairy Tales, edited by Sara E. Wiltse.—A Brave Baby, and other stories, by Sara E. Wiltse.—Stories from Plato and other classical writers, by Mary E. Burt.—The Contemporary French Writers, edited by Rosine Mellé.—Storm's *Geschichten aus der Tonne*, edited by Charles F. Brusie.—Freytag's *Doktor Luther*, edited by Frank P. Goodrich, Ph.D.—A Preparatory German Reader, with notes by C. L. van Daell.—Examination Manual in Plane Geometry, by G. A. Wentworth and G. A. Hill.—First Steps in Algebra, by George A. Wentworth.—Macaulay's Essay on Milton, edited with notes by Herbert A. Smith.—Technique of Sculpture, by William Orday Partridge, illus.—Inflections and Syntax of *Morte d'Arthur*, by Charles Sears Baldwin. (Ginn & Co., Boston.)

A Three Months' Course of Practical Instruction in Botany, by F. O. Bower, D.Sc.—Physiology for Beginners, by Michael Foster M.A., and L. E. Shore, M.A.—A Short Manual of Philology for Classical Students, by P. Giles, M.A.—The Principles of English Composition through Analysis and Synthesis, by P. Goyen.—Text-book of Embryology: Invertebrates, by Drs. Korschelt and Heider, trans. and edited by Edward Laurens Mark, Ph.D., and William McMichael Woodworth, Ph.D.—Modern Plane Geometry, by the Rev. G. Richardson and A. S. Ramsey.—A School History of Rome, by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A., with maps and plans.—Elementary Algebra, by Charles Smith.—Geometrical Conic Sections, by Charles Smith, M.A.—The Theory of Conditional Sentences in Greek and Latin, by Richard Horton Smith, M.A.—Practical Plane Geometry, by J. Humphrey Spanton.—Elementary Mensuration, by F. H. Stevens, M.A.—Organic Chemistry for Beginners, by G. S. Turpin, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

How to Study and Teach History, with particular reference to the History of the United States, by B. A. Hinsdale, Ph.D., LL.D., in International Education series, \$1.50. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Laboratory Course in Physiological Psychology, by Dr. E. C. Sanford. (D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Principles of Strategy, by John Bigelow, Jr., \$5. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

The Alchemical Essence and the Chemical Element: an Episode in the Quest of the Unchanging, by M. M. Pattison Muir.—Sharps and Flats: a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill, by John Neville Maskelyne, \$1.50. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York.)

The Chess Pocket Manual, by G. H. D. Gossip, \$1. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Natural Resources of the United States, by Jacob Harris Patton, A.M., Ph.D., \$3. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)

Key to the Hebrew-Egyptian Mystery in the Source of Measures, Originating the British Inch and the Ancient Cubit, new and revised edition, with supplement, by J. Ralston Skinner, \$5. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.)

THE privately-printed tribute to his sister, written by Renan many years ago, and entitled "Henriette Renan: Souvenir pour ceux qui l'ont connue," is about to be given to the public. M. Ary Renan is at work upon five pictures for its illustration. The brochure is a very charming one, and we are glad to learn that it will soon be brought within reach of all of the author's friends.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, March 9, 1894.

Eighteen of the thirty parts of "The Art of the World Illustrated in the Paintings, Statuary, and Architecture of the Columbian Exposition," published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., have now appeared, and all who have seen them have had an opportunity to judge of the work's success as an æsthetic undertaking. The names of the official contributors to the descriptive text, Professor Ives, Director Burnham, and others, are well known to THE DIAL's readers. That of Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, who has designed and edited the work, may not be so well known to some of them, and it seems desirable to give a little synopsis of his life and work.

Ripley Hitchcock is the son of the late Dr. Alfred Hitchcock, a distinguished physician of Fitchburg, Mass., and was born in that city. He graduated at Harvard in 1877, and, his interest having already turned to the fine arts, he remained at Cambridge for a graduate course under the direction of Prof. Charles Eliot Norton. Removing to New York, he soon began to write, and after filling minor positions on the "Tribune" he in 1882 became art critic of that paper. From this time on he became identified with the art movement in his adopted city. He has not, however, confined himself exclusively to art-criticism in his writings. Much of his summers has been spent in travelling through all parts of North America, and these journeyings have resulted in many descriptive articles. He has also written a good deal about out-door life and sports. It was in 1885 that the "Century Magazine" commissioned Mr. Hitchcock to visit the Western cities of the country, and report upon art conditions as he found them. His "The Western Art Movement" was the result of this trip, and proved to be a revelation of the progress of the fine arts in the West. This work was translated and republished in *L'Art*. Besides his earliest and his latest works, Mr. Hitchcock has published "Etchings in America," "A Study of George Inness," "American Water Color Painting," and several kindred volumes. In 1890 he resigned his position on the "Tribune" to accept that of literary adviser to the firm of Messrs. Appleton & Co., and since that time has been manager of this firm's departments relative to the acceptance and publication of books.

Messrs. Appleton & Co. publish next week the "Life of Edward L. Youmans," by Prof. John Fiske, a book which will at once find its way to every library in the United States pretending to a department of science. The extracts from Professor Tyndall's letters to Professor Youmans, printed in THE DIAL just after the former's death, were taken from this volume. As founder and editor of the "Popular Science Monthly" and originator of the "International Science Series," Professor Youmans was almost the first in this country to bring science to the knowledge of the masses. For many years the professor and his talented wife, who has survived him, were conspicuous figures in the limited literary circles of New York, and naturally his personal presence and social abilities are greatly missed by those who knew him. He was succeeded as editor of the "Popular Science Monthly" by his brother, Mr. William Jay Youmans, the present editor.

That charming Arcadian, Ernest Rhys, who came over from England a few years ago, and lectured in a quiet way on literary subjects new and old in Boston, New

York, and other Eastern cities, may not have carried back with him so many American dollars as some of the gentlemen who have since visited us under the expansive auspices of the veteran manager, Major Pond, but he entered the houses of most of our (really) "best people," and made numerous warm friends. These will be interested to learn that having married and settled down in Hampstead Vale, in the northwest of London, Mr. Rhys is meditating various literary ventures, some of which are approaching completion. His first volume of poems is already announced for publication, "A London Rose, and Other Rhymes," which will be brought out in all the luxury of printing and binding which pertains to the house of Elkin Mathews and John Lane. Besides a little cycle of London poems, a love sequence, etc., Mr. Rhys's volume will contain some rhymes and ballads of Wales, in which he has made some new experiments with Kymric measures in English verse. Of the limited edition one hundred and fifty copies are intended for the American market. Mr. Rhys, it will be recalled, is the editor of the "Camelot Classics" series. I remember his telling me that he belonged to a little London society, ye!ept "The Rhymesters," the members of which met every week and were obliged to produce a poem on a given subject, and how he planned an unpleasant "impromptu" surprise for them one evening in the shape of a stinging satire on their alleged "smugness," and how they rose up as one man and drove him out into the rain, hatless and umbrellaless, to find his way home as best he could.

There is just such a club in Philadelphia, called "The Pegasus," whose members have periodical meetings for the same purposes. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Harrison S. Morris, the poet, was recently invited to lecture before the Browning Society of Boston. Mr. Morris is himself a member of the Philadelphia Browning Society, but he has a realizing sense of the master's occasional failings. So he treated his audience to what the Boston papers styled a "scathing analysis" of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" and stirred up considerable discussion thereby, doubtless to the benefit of the down-east dilettanti. Oddly enough, I saw not long since an announcement of Mr. Morris's first volume of poems, to be brought out by the Lippincotts in dainty style next fall. So these two young Arcadians seem to have much in common, though so widely separated.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has varied his labors on the Putnam edition of Jefferson's writings, now going through the press, with the editing of a new and, as far as possible, complete edition of the writings of John Dickinson, the "Penman of the Revolution." The work, in three volumes, will be published by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Two volumes will contain the political writings, and a third will be devoted to Dickinson's correspondence, which, with many political papers now first collected, has been gotten together by Mr. Ford during five years of research.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, who has been visiting us, has written from Mexico announcing his safe arrival in that city, and his intention of returning to New York by way of Havana and Florida. I learn from Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of Chicago and Cambridge, that Mr. Parker's fine sonnet-sequence, "A Lover's Diary," which I had the good fortune to see in manuscript, will soon be out. Messrs. Appleton & Co. have announced his new novel, "The Trespasser," for the last of March.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Messrs. Copeland & Day will soon publish a volume of "Vagabond Poems," by Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey.

"The Bookman" makes the astonishing statement that no book of Mr. Ruskin has ever been translated and published in a foreign language.

"La Patrie," a French Canadian paper, has recently been threatened with the ban of the church for announcing "Monte Cristo" as a *feuilleton*.

Mr. Evelyn Abbott, a Fellow of Balliol College, and well known as the author of a history of Greece, will prepare the biography of the late Benjamin Jowett.

Colonel T. W. Higginson has nearly completed his "Military and Naval History of Massachusetts," written under appointment from the Governor of the State.

A good story is told by Alphonse Daudet, illustrating the attitude of the French Academy toward him. "It often happens," he says, "that letters from foreign countries are addressed to me at the French Academy, in the supposition that I am one of its members. These letters are almost always returned to the post office with the remark, 'Unknown to the French Academy,' written on the envelope. There is no harm in this, since the post office knows where to send my correspondence. But the formula is droll. I have often given evidence of its authenticity."

Messrs. Stone and Kimball make the very important announcement of a complete edition of Poe, in ten volumes, with critical introductions to the several works by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, and a biography by Professor George E. Woodberry. It gratifies one's sense of the eternal fitness of things that just these two men should have agreed to cooperate in the production of this edition. There will be a portrait and fac-simile illustrations, and, in the case of the large-paper edition, eight drawings by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. There never has been even a respectable edition of Poe, but the one now promised is likely to be everything that could be desired.

Reference has already been made in these columns to the fine bronze monument provided by Mr. George M. Pullman to commemorate the Chicago Massacre of 1812, and erected on the site of that historic incident — the lake shore at Eighteenth street. The monument was formally unveiled in June last; and an account of the ceremonies has, very appropriately, been published by the Chicago Historical Society, to whose charge the monument was transferred by Mr. Pullman. The most important feature of the volume is the address of Mr. E. G. Mason, the President of the Society. It is a carefully-studied and spirited account, in small compass, of the tragic occurrence and the causes that led to it. The volume contains, also, the address of ex-President Harrison, delivered on the same occasion; and there are some excellent views of the monument in photogravure.

The new Chaucer, upon which Professor W. W. Skeat has been at work for twenty-five years, will be published in six volumes, to appear in rapid succession during the present year. The work represents the unremitting labor of a quarter of a century. It is a complete edition of all the genuine works of Chaucer, whether in prose or poetry. It contains an entirely new text, founded upon the best manuscripts and the earliest printed editions. It is the first modern edition (not counting mere reprints from the old black-letter copies)

which contains the whole of Chaucer's works. Various readings are recorded wherever they have any interest or value. The requirements of metre and grammar have been carefully considered throughout. Besides these, the phonology and spelling of every word have received particular attention, the spelling being, in fact, a fair guide to the true old pronunciation. The present edition is therefore the first that adequately represents the author's words. A complete commentary accompanies the whole, in which Chaucer's indebtedness to Boccaccio, Statius, Ovid, Boethius, etc., is duly pointed out. In the notes every difficulty has been considered. The glossary is of exceptional fulness; and all necessary indexes are appended. The English price of the volumes is fixed at sixteen shillings each, but subscriptions for the set, with advance payment, may be made for three guineas.

The American Folk-Lore Society is about to undertake an extensive scheme of publication, under the name of "Memoirs of the American Folk-Lore Society." The first volume of this series, to be published in March, will be "Folk-Tales of Angola," by M. Heli Chatelain. The work, which, together with an explanatory introduction, will give in original text and literal translation the oral literature of the West African Coast, will be the first published representation of the ideas, emotions, and moral sentiments of races from which has been derived a great part of the negro population of the Southern States, and will therefore have an important bearing on American history. Among other works intended to continue the series are collections of the French Creole tales of Louisiana, and of the Current Superstitions still found in great mass among the English-speaking population. Persons interested in the work of the Society will gladly be received as members, the annual fee being three dollars, giving the right to a copy of the organ of the Society, the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" (quarterly). A subscription of ten dollars to the publication fund will include the membership fee, and entitle the subscriber to all the publications of the Society, including the Memoirs, of which it is proposed to issue several numbers annually. Persons wishing to become members, or subscribe to the publication fund, should address the permanent secretary, Mr. W. W. Newell, Cambridge, Mass.

A NEW STORY OF PROFESSOR JOWETT.

Prof. N. M. Butler, in "The Educational Review," tells the following story of Professor Jowett: "A few years ago he was one of those who extended an invitation to the Extension students to meet at Oxford. Desiring to find lodgings for some of them at Balliol College, he suggested to the dons that it would be a graceful thing for them to vacate their rooms for a fortnight, and allow him to assign the rooms thus set free to the visitors. The dons demurred, looking upon such a proposition as an invasion of their ancient and honorable privileges. The Master, however, had other weapons at his disposal besides persuasion. He had sole control of the chapel services and of the buttery. The former he lengthened very considerably, and the resources of the latter were reduced to the lowest ebb by his convivance. This policy had the desired effect, and the dons began to leave town for a holiday. As the last of them disappeared in the direction of the railway station, weighed down with hand-luggage, the Master rubbed his hands and said: 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting.'"

GENEVIEVE GRAHAME GRANT.

Mrs. George Rowswell Grant, who died on the twenty-seventh of last month, was a woman of rare character and accomplishments. She was the daughter of Mr. Fernando Jones, one of the earlier among the Chicago settlers. Much of her life was spent abroad, and few women have compassed so varied a social experience within so brief a term of years. Her acquaintance with people of literary, artistic, and other sorts of distinction, in England, France, and Italy, as well as in this country, was extraordinary in its range. She was the founder of the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, and acted as its secretary from its beginning in 1889 to the time of her death. She was an occasional contributor to *THE DIAL*, one of her articles being a review of the "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff, made particularly interesting by the fact of her acquaintance with the young Russian artist. Her literary work was of a fugitive sort, and but the earnest of what she might have accomplished had she lived. As it is, she will live chiefly in the memory of her many friends, but they will not easily forget her winsome disposition, her bright clear intelligence, or the never-failing charm of her presence and her conversation.

BLESSING A NEWSPAPER ESTABLISHMENT.

The office of "The Triluvian," a newspaper published at Trois Rivières, in Lower Canada, has recently been blessed in regular form by the authorities of the Church. The ceremony is thus described by the paper concerned: "His installation being almost completed and the repairs which he had to make to our establishment being ended, our proprietor, Mr. P. V. Ayotte, like a man careful of his responsibilities, and being conscious of his duties as a master who believes and acts accordingly, invited his Grace of Three Rivers to come and bless his different workshops. Monsignor acceded with good grace to the desire, and, with that perpetual goodness which tempers the austerity of his life and the authority of his word, he called us together all around him in the editorial office of this paper. Monsignor, who was accompanied by Canon Cloutier, curé of the cathedral, after having recited the customary prayers, made the tour of the different departments, which he blessed while he said the 'Miserere.'" The idea is a good one, although our own newspapers would not take to it kindly. To be "blessed" is the last thing that most of them would wish for.

A WORD FROM MR. BESANT ON CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Mr. Walter Besant, writing in the London "Author," makes the following comment *apropos* of our recent effort to secure the free importation of English books: "THE DIAL of Chicago has made an attempt to 'enlist the friends of culture, irrespective of party, in an effort to secure the removal' from the United States tariff law of the duty on books in the English language. The editor sent round in various directions a large number of blank petitions, which were filled with signatures and presented to the House of Representatives. It must be remembered that this kind of work is far more arduous than it would be in this country on account of the great distances, and the difference in the average of culture in the several States. For instance, not to be invidious, no one would expect in Texas the same intellectual standards as in Massachusetts. The result of the petitions is not yet apparent; probably they were only expected to clear the way for another and a bolder attack. It is, however, remarkable—though not astonishing—that this movement should originate in Chicago. We may look

—I firmly believe—to the West, of which Chicago is the natural centre, for many great things in literature and in art. The youth and vigor of the place; the success of the place; the resolve of the young men and maidens to achieve what can be achieved by study and effort; the wealth of the place, which secures all that can be obtained in learning and teaching; even the separation of the place from the old continuity of English literature; the things that have already come from the place—all lead me to look on Chicago as a centre of literature and art in the immediate future."

BALLADE OF MAISTRE FRANCOYS RABELAIS.

The following "ballade," by Mr. Showell Rogers, is reprinted from the London "Author."

"Over a jolly chapter of Rabelais."

—R. BROWNING, in "Garden Fancies."

"Come down, old friend; too long you've lain
On yon high shelf. You're dusty? Phew!
Certes, I hear you answer plain,
'A judgment for neglect, *pardieu*!
Ne'er fear, you'll always get your due,
Tho' times go not the easy way,
When lusty clerics gave the cue;
Eh? Master François Rabelais?"

"Fair abbey gardens of Touraine
Long spoil'd, bloom in your page anew;
Old France unrolls her wide champaign
For great Gargantua's jovial crew,
Sly Panurge, Pantagruel too,
And proud Thelema's mad array:
Their legend—'What thou Wilt, that Doe'—
Yours, Master François Rabelais.

"And tho' you seek your shelf again,
Happier with dusty tomes than new, | 
Know this: whate'er new lights may reign,
You'll find fit company tho' few.
Tho' prudes with pain your volumes view,
Whate'er folk unco' guid may say,
The world will have its laughter through
With Master François Rabelais.

Envoy.

"Doctor, Franciscan, tho' tis true
Bookmen have all, like dogs, their day;
Long lease of life belongs to you,
Good Master François Rabelais."

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON A "SCHOOL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE."

Professor Goldwin Smith comments upon the new Oxford School of English Literature in the following not over-enthusiastic terms: "The last new project is a School of English Literature. In English literature are included, we must presume, all the great English writers, grave or gay. What is to give shape or substance to such a school? Is Anglo-Saxon to be its backbone? Anglo-Saxon is a proper subject for the professorial chair, which is at present most worthily filled, but as a general study it is meagre, having for people in general little more than an etymological value, nor does it seem likely to be effective in the way of intellectual training. It was said by a Member of Congregation that the School of English Literature would be, in the American phrase, 'a soft option.' But Oxford dreads unpopularity and the imputation of being behind the age. This is partly the nemesis of her opposition to progress in her Tory and High Church days. The cat was probably let out of the bag by the Member of Congregation who advocated the creation of the school in the interest of 'the ladies.'"

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1894 (Second List).

Anti-Catholic Crusade, The. Washington Gladden. *Century*.
 Banks and the Panic of 1893. A. D. Noyes. *Political Sci.*
 Bible, Human Element in. P. S. Moxom. *New World*.
 Bribery in England. J. W. Jenks. *Century*.
 British Local Finance. G. H. Blunden. *Political Science*.
 Browning as a Musical Critic. Pauline Jennings. *Music*.
 Childs, George W. Talcott Williams. *Rev. of Reviews*.
 Constitutional Convention, The. Albert Shaw. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Constitutional Revision. J. B. Uhle. *Political Science*.
 Earthquakes. Illus. E. S. Holden. *Century*.
 Education at Harvard, The Study of. *Educational Review*.
 English at Stanford Univ'y. M. B. Anderson. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Feudalism in England. Edward Porritt. *Political Science*.
 Goodness, Origin of. M. J. Savage. *New World*.
 Gorilla, The. Illus. James Weir. *Southern Magazine*.
 Governmental Maps in Schools. *Educational Review*.
 Greenlander at Home. Fred'k Starr. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Grieg, Edward. Illus. William Mason. *Century*.
 Japanese History. E. W. Clement. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Language Study. D. K. Dodge. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Lotze's Doctrine of Thought. Henry Jones. *New World*.
 Madison Square Garden. Illus. Mrs. Van Rensselaer. *Century*.
 Municipal Reform. E. W. Bemis. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Music and Sociology. H. A. Moore. *Music*.
 Music. Camille Saint-Saens. *Music*.
 Napoleon the Man. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Paracelsus, Problem of. Josiah Royce. *New World*.
 Placers, California. Illus. C. D. Robinson. *Overland*.
 Polk, Leonidas. A. H. Noll. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Poole, William Frederick. *Dial* (Mch. 16.)
 Religions, The Congress of. Illus. F. H. Stead. *Rev. of Rev.*
 Sedan in '70. Bertha von Tauber-Harper. *Southern Mag.*
 Tariff Controversy, The. Orrin Elliott. *Overland*.
 Tramp, The City. Illus. Josiah Flint. *Century*.
 Tuileries Under the Second Empire. Illus. *Century*.
 Universities of Germany. E. D. Perry. *Educational Review*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 36 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

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THE APPROACH TO LITERATURE.

An excellent educational method, much in vogue among the more progressive of modern teachers, is based upon the principle of proceeding from the near and the familiar to the strange and the remote. It is a method that may be pushed to extremes, but it is fundamentally sound. In geography, for example, a child starts with the schoolhouse, the village, and the surrounding country made familiar by his wanderings, and afterwards extends to scenes unvisited the construction thus begun. In history, the happenings of the day, as narrated in the newspapers and talked about by his acquaintances, provide the starting-point. In seeking to arrive at a comprehension of the nature and workings of government and the organization of society, his attention is first directed towards the town-meeting, which he has possibly seen at work; towards the policeman or the constable, whom he has learned to recognize as the embodiment of executive authority before having learned the meaning of that term; or towards the tax-collector, about whose visits certain ominous associations have clustered, before the function of that *persona non grata* has been realized.

Is there not in the method thus illustrated a suggestion worth putting to the uses of literature? May not the young be led to a true perception of literary values by just this process of smoothing the ways that lead to a correct taste, this device of fitting the conscious achievement to the earlier unconscious one? Those having occasion to observe young people who are going through the educational mill know that literary taste and a genuine delight in "the authors" are not common, that they are the exception rather than the rule. Yet most children have, in the earlier stages of their school life, some germ of literary appreciation that needs nothing more than careful nurture to be brought to flower in the later stages. But when they come to the serious study of literature in school or college, it presents itself to them as a part of the "grind"; it must be pursued in a certain prescribed way, which is likely enough the wrong way; it is treated as if it were geometry or linguistics;

and the needs of the individual are lost sight of in the application of the system.

It seems to us a fundamental principle that anything like rigidity in the methods employed for the teaching of literature and the development of literary taste will necessarily prove fatal to success. In physics or in philology, the "course" is a perfectly rational device; it is of the essence of training in such subjects that the work should be logical in its development. The path of least resistance is in them the same, or nearly the same, for all normally constituted minds. It is obviously the path to be followed, and the treatment of a class *en bloc* becomes not only possible but desirable. With literature the case is very different, and the path of least resistance must be discovered for each individual separately. The imagination is a wayward faculty, and atrophy is likely to follow upon the attempt abruptly to divert it into channels other than those it listeth to seek. The facts of literature may be apprehended by the intellect thus constrained, but that emotional accompaniment which makes of literature a personal message to the individual, which enshrines it, along with music and religion, in the most sacred recesses of the soul, is not to be coerced. Mere didactics are as powerless to impart the message of literature as they are to impart the message of music or of religion. The reward of such an attempt may be theology or counterpoint, formal rhetoric or literary history; but not that spiritual glow which is the one thing worth the having, that kindling of the soul which comes, perhaps when least expected, with the hearing of some ineffable strain, or the reading of some lightning-tipped verse.

There are many, no doubt, poor in emotional endowment, and unresponsive to the finer spiritual vibrations aroused by the masterpieces of verbal art, to whom literature has hardly more meaning than nature had for the yokel of Wordsworth's hackneyed ballad. To one of this class, if he do not actually look upon Homer from the standpoint of Zoilus, or share in Iago's view of the character of Othello, it is at least true that the last agony of Lear is nothing more than the death of an old man; for him the solemn passing of *Cedipus*

"To the dark benign deep underworld, alone"

is only a sort of *hocus-pocus*, and his ears are deaf to the

"Sudden music of pure peace"

wherewith the stars seal the successive divisions of Dante's threefold song.

But even for such as these the case is not altogether hopeless. The appeal of literature to the human soul is so manifold that it must find in every nature some pipes ready to be played upon. Dull though the sense may seem, it is at some point waiting to be quickened. For literature is life itself, in quintessential expression; how then can it fail, in some of its many phases, to have both a meaning and a message for every human being? The earliest responsive vibrations may be rudimentary in character, and combined in the simplest of harmonies. The heart may first be stirred by some bit of sentiment that would be accounted cheap by a refined taste; the imagination may first be fired by some grotesque *Märchen*, or by some wildly improbable tale of romantic adventure. The ripest literary taste has such beginnings as these, and the surest appreciation of literature is built upon such a foundation. Between the child, made forgetful of his surroundings by the spell of "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," and the man, finding spiritual refreshment in Cervantes or Molière, renewed strength in Milton, or solace from grief in Tennyson, there is no real break; the delight of the child and the grave joy of the man are but different stages of the same growth, and the one is what makes possible the other.

How far this development may go is a problem to be worked out for each individual separately; and there are doubtless, in each case, distinct limitations. What we have sought to emphasize is just this individual nature of the problem, and the fact that regimentation offers no solution that can be accounted satisfactory. The approach to literature is, in our current educational systems, hedged about with so many thorny obstructions that not a few young persons start bravely upon it only to fall by the way, disheartened at sight of the forbidding barriers erected by historical, linguistic, and metrical science, for the purpose of taking toll of all wayfarers. Whatever the usefulness for discipline of such subjects, the spirit of literature is not to be acquired by making chronological tables, or tracing the genealogies of words, or working out the law of decreasing predication. We may even sympathize to some extent with those who so revolt from all such methods as to refuse literature any place in the educational scheme. Turn the young person loose, they advise, in a well-stocked library, and let him develop his own tastes in his own way. He will make mistakes, they admit;

there will be false starts not quickly righted ; but there will be, in the long run, a wholesome development of taste, and a steady ascent to higher levels of appreciation. In any case, assimilation will not be forced, and conventional judgments will not be made to parade as personal convictions. This view has the one great merit of allowing full scope to individualism, but to admit that it speaks the last word would be to abandon altogether the position that educational theory is bound to maintain. That the young may profit by the guidance of the older and wiser is as true in literature as it is in any other of the great intellectual concerns. But the needs of the individual must be recognized as they are not now recognized, if literature is to play its proper part in education. Each case must be made the subject of a special diagnosis and a special prescription. We might apply to this problem the favorite formula of one of the schools of modern socialism : "From every man according to his ability ; to every man according to his needs" — although it is curious to see a socialist precept doing service in an individualist cause.

ENGLISH LITERATURE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.*

At Cornell University, lectures are given on English Literature, poetical and prose, from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century inclusive, in eight groups, of which Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson, are made the central figures. The lectures are given daily, except Saturday, and to the same class, so that there are about two hundred lectures given during the academic year. A large portion of the class are special students who have come to devote most of their time to English Literature. They, accordingly, do a great deal of reading in connection with the lectures. It is made a special object of the lectures to bring the students into direct relationship with the authors treated, and hence much reading is introduced. The literature is presented mainly in its *essential* character, rather than in its historical, though the latter receives attention, but not such as to set the minds of students in that direction. It is considered of prime importance that they should first attain to a sympathetic

appreciation of what is essential and intrinsic, before the adventitious features of literature — features due to time and place — be considered. What is regarded as of great, of chief importance, indeed, in literary study, in some of our institutions of learning, namely, the relations of works of genius to their several times and places (miscalled the Philosophy of Literature), is of the least importance, so far as culture, in its truest sense, is concerned. Literature is thus made chiefly an intellectual and philosophical study ; its true function, namely, to quicken the spiritual faculties, is quite shut off. An exclusively intellectual attitude is taken toward what is a production of the whole man, as a thinking, emotional, imaginative, moral, and religious being, — a production which can be adequately responded to only by one in whom these several attributes are, in some degree, active ; and literary education should especially aim after their activity ; should aim to bring the student into sympathetic relationship with the permanent and the eternal — with that which is independent of time and place.

There is danger, too, in presenting literature to young people in its historical relations, and in "philosophizing" about it, of turning out cheap and premature philosophers. A work of genius renders the best service when it is assimilated in its absolute character. All great works of genius are intimately related to the several times and places in which they were produced ; and it is important to know these relations, in the proper time — when the "years that bring the philosophic mind" have been reached, not before. But it is far more important to know the relations of these works to the universal, to the absolute, to that which is alive forevermore, by virtue of which alone they continue to live. Mrs. Browning, in her "Aurora Leigh," speaks of great poets as "the only truth-tellers now left to God — the only speakers of essential truth, opposed to relative, comparative, and temporal truths ; the only holders by His sun-skirts, through conventional grey glooms."

The *mode* in which genius manifests itself, at certain times, in certain places, and under certain circumstances, may be explained to some extent ; but the genius itself cannot be explained. Environments stimulate or suppress, they do not and cannot make genius. The causes which bring it nearer to the essential world than men in general are brought, we cannot know. The explanation which can be given of its *mode* of manifestation should be called the Physiology, not the Philosophy, of Literature.

And how is the best response to the essential life of a poem to be secured by the teacher from the pupil ? I answer, by the fullest interpretative vocal rendering of it. On the part of the teacher, two things are indispensable : first, that he sympathetically assimilate what constitutes the real life of the poem ; second, that he have that vocal cultivation demanded for an effective rendering of what he has assimilated. Lecturing about poetry does

* This article is the fifth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1) ; English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16) ; English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1) ; and English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16). — [EDR. DIAL.]

not, of itself, avail any more for poetical cultivation than lecturing about music avails, of itself, for musical cultivation. Both may be valuable, in the way of giving shape to, or organizing, what has previously been felt to some extent; but they cannot take the place of inward experience. Vocal interpretation, too, is the most effective mode of cultivating in students a susceptibility to form—that unification of matter and manner upon which so much of the vitality and effectiveness of expressed spiritualized thought depend.

There is no true estimate, among the leaders in the educational world, of what vocal culture, worthy of the name, costs; and the kind of encouragement which it receives from them is in keeping with their estimate. A system of vocal training should be instituted in the lower schools which would give pupils complete command of the muscles of articulation, extend the compass of the voice, and render it smooth, powerful, and melodious. A power of varied intonation should be especially cultivated, as *it is through intonation that the reader's sympathies are conducted, and the hearer's sympathies are secured.*

The reading voice demands as much, and as systematic and scientific, cultivation, for the interpretation of the masterpieces of poetical and dramatic literature, as the singing voice demands for the rendering of the masterpieces of music. But what a ridiculous contrast is presented by the methods usually employed for the training of the reading voice, and those employed, as in conservatories of music, for the training of the singing voice!

To return to the other work in the Department of English Literature at Cornell:

Readings are given by me every Saturday morning, throughout the academic year, from English and American prose writers. These are open to all students and to any visitors who may wish to avail themselves of them. The attendance is generally large. The selections read are chiefly such as bear upon life and character, literature and art. The present year they have been, thus far, from essays of George Eliot, Professor Dowden, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Lowell, Frances Power Cobbe, and some other essayists. The regular members of the class afterwards read for themselves the compositions entire from which the selections are made, and many are inspired to read further from the same authors.

There are four English Literature Seminars, devoted, severally, to nineteenth century prose not including novels, seventeenth and eighteenth century prose not including novels, novelists of the nineteenth century, and novelists of the eighteenth century. The seminars are open to graduates, special students, and to undergraduates who have maintained a high rank in the lecture courses. A work is assigned to each member of a seminary, of which he or she makes a careful study, and embodies the result in a paper which is read in the seminary and afterward discussed by the members, each member

having been required to read in advance the work in hand. The papers bear chiefly, almost exclusively, on what is understood by their authors to constitute the life, the informing spirit, the moral proportion, the *motives*, of the works treated. The merely technical is only incidentally, if at all, treated. The present year, essays have been read on all the novels of George Eliot, and her poem "The Spanish Gypsy," the seminary consisting of twenty-seven members. All the essays have been of high merit, showing much insight into George Eliot's "interpretation of life."

It should be added that twelve Plays of Shakespeare are read by me during the present academic year, so cut down as to occupy two hours each in the reading. It is purposed so to read, in a separate course, next year, the thirty-seven Plays, two hours a week to be devoted to each play. I would also add that by the end of the present year I shall have read entire, with requisite comment, to an outside class composed of graduate and special students, Browning's "The Ring and the Book." The educating value of this great poem is of the highest character, embodying, as it does, the poet's ideal of a sanctified intellect.

HIRAM CORSON.

Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., March 24, 1894.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. HENRY CAREY BAIRD AND FREE BOOKS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I think THE DIAL departed from its usual fairness and courtesy in its criticism of Mr. Henry Carey Baird, in the issue for March 1.

1. It is hardly to be assumed that such a man as Mr. Baird would advocate a measure which could properly be characterized as "stupid."

2. May not Mr. Baird's opinion be based on the obvious fact that since the organization of this government its legislation has been consistently based on the idea that it should favor the citizens of this country in preference to the rest of the world, while during all that time English books have persistently and urgently advocated the reversal of this practice, and argued that the legislation should operate on all alike—should favor the foreigner as much as the American; and that such has been their influence that one of the great parties of the country is trying to reverse the legislation of a century? May not this induce Mr. Baird to oppose granting this literature special favors?

3. As an abstract proposition, may not Mr. Baird be unable to see any good reason why the products of the English printing-presses and publishing-houses should be admitted free of duty, that does not apply as well to products of her looms and workshops?

JOHN J. JANNEZ.

Columbus, Ohio, March 15, 1894.

[Not to appear insensible to the good opinion of our correspondent, we give space to his communication. We had not thought of charging Mr. Baird with a *penchant* for stupid measures,—nor, on the other

hand, can we go quite so far in our correspondent's way of thinking as to believe that a stupid measure, in Congress or elsewhere, becomes divested of its stupidity by the mere fact of Mr. Baird's approval. And of all possible reasons for prohibiting the importation of foreign books, we think the very worst one is that given by our correspondent as held by Mr. Baird, viz., that because certain books contain ideas and doctrines that happen to be distasteful to one class of citizens, the use of these books should be forbidden to citizens of all classes; and not these books only, but every kind of books—science, history, poetry, fiction, or religion—coming from the offending country. Even the Russian system of literary censorship could hardly equal this. It may be true—we are afraid it is—that Mr. Baird is “unable to see any good reason” for making a distinction between books and scientific apparatus—the means and implements of scholarship and knowledge—and mere material manufactures. But this can hardly be offered as a reason why such a distinction should not be seen by others, nor why it should not be generally recognized by the enlightened sentiment of this and other civilized countries. — EDR. DIAL.]

MISPRINTS IN THE TEXT OF BURNS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On page 103 of your issue of February 16, a correspondent calls attention to a “time-honored” misprint in the text of Burns. Unfortunately, most of the editions of Burns are full of misprints, owing largely, it would seem, to the fact that one of the earliest and most complete collections of the poet's works was set up in London by men who evidently were unfamiliar with the Scottish language. I refer to Currie's edition in four volumes (1801).

The words “gude-willie” and “waught,” referred to by your correspondent, are fully explained in Jamieson's “Dictionary of the Scottish Language” (4 vols. quarto, 1808–25).

“Auld Lang Syne” was not printed in any of the editions of the poet's writings issued during his life.

JOHN PHIN.

Paterson, N. J., March 10, 1894.

P. S.—On page 72 of your issue of February 1, Mr. S. R. Elliott writes of “Bobby” Burns. Elliott is a good border name, and it is a little surprising that anyone bearing it should apply to “Rantin' Rovin' Robby” so misplaced a cognomen as “Bobby.”

“COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION LATIN” ONCE MORE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

With deep pain I am reminded that I have done some injustice to our Columbian obelisk-inscription, which an inscrutable Providence has saved from the threatening element. Heaven forbid that even that vagary of the stone-cutter should suffer wrong at my hands. The furnishing of a copy was intrusted to a friendly newspaper reporter. Of the “eleven errors,” ten have merely to do with the graphic form of a single character, and in no wise with its value or meaning. Not of this nature were the indicated solecisms which drove their iron into my soul. My informant reported con-

fidently an error in gender which did not exist; but the Commissioner will surely absolve from malice a transcription which omits one combination even more impossible than those noted. Without compromising my rigorous ideals of scholarship, I say frankly that I conceived nobler uses of my time than in collating that sort of material with the minuteness of an Umpfenbach's Terence. But let not my Freshman screen himself behind such a “*tu quoque*” as a defense. Out he shall go!

JAMES T. HATFIELD.

Evanston, Ill., March 26, 1894.

TYCHO BRAHE IN ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

One is so accustomed to regard the Encyclopædia Britannica as an almost unquestioned authority on all subjects treated in its columns, that I was surprised recently on reading the article on Tycho Brahe to find a number of mistakes, both as to facts and spelling. It is stated there that “on the death of his father his uncle sent him in April, 1559, to study Philosophy and Rhetoric at Copenhagen,” whereas the father died in 1570. It was in this latter year, too, that Tycho returned from Germany, and not in 1571, as stated in the article. The pension granted to Tycho Brahe by the King was not of 2000 crowns, but 500 Rixdalers (1000 crowns). Among the orthographical slips may be noted Kunds-torp for Kundstrup, Schonon for Shaane, and Roschild for Roskilde. The spelling of the astronomer's island, Huen, while not perhaps incorrect, seems to be less desirable than the Danish form Hven or Hveen.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

University of Illinois, March 27, 1894.

PROFESSOR EDUARD ZELLER, who succeeded to the chair of philosophy at Berlin on the death of Trendelenburg in 1872, reached his eightieth birthday on January 22. He has retired from active service as a professor, Dr. Karl Stumpf, formerly of Munich, having accepted a call to take the place thus left vacant. Professor Zeller's career has been a remarkable one in many ways. With the single exception of Lotze, perhaps no teacher of philosophy in Germany since Hegel and Herbart has exercised an influence equal to his. And yet he professed to teach no system of his own, but rather to expound and criticise by the historical method the main problems of philosophy and the answers proposed to them. His literary style is remarkably good, and as a lecturer, while monotonous in his manner of delivery, he is decidedly interesting. Like Schelling and Hegel, Baur and Strauss, he is a Suabian. His early training was largely theological, and both Baur and Strauss were among his earliest university teachers. Baur's influence and example led him to the study of early Christianity, and from that it was a short step to the history of Greek philosophy. The latter subject, originally taken up as a means to an end, proved to be his life-work. His “*Philosophie der Griechen*” in six volumes—all of which have passed through three editions, and some through as many as five—is a recognized standard. Its accurate scholarship, wide research, and constant subordination of speculation to interpretation, combine to make it in many ways a model of good historical writing. Some of his most important critical contributions to modern philosophy are contained in his “*Vor-träge und Abhandlungen*,” of which three volumes have appeared.

The New Books.

MEMORIALS OF TWO ENGLISHWOMEN.*

Matthew Arnold's expression, "the eminent fine spirit of our type of aristocratic perfection," becomes fairly intelligible and specific as one reads the new work entitled "The Story of Two Noble Lives,"—three comely volumes containing the memorials of two amiable, beautiful, and gifted, if scarcely illustrious, sisters, Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. The author, or rather the editor, Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare, precludes his rather copious and rambling account of his heroines' ancestry with an anecdote which may be quoted for its humor, if not exactly as an illustration of Mr. Arnold's phrase:

"Lady Elizabeth Lindsay was one of a strange procession of children who were met in a desolate road in Scotland, walking in single file, headed by the eldest boy, who was carrying the baby, gipsy-fashion, on his back. They were the eleven children of Anne, Countess of Balcarres, making their escape from her harsh treatment, and going forth to seek their fortunes in the world. One of the younger boys had displeased his mother, and she had ordered a footman to throw him into the pond in front of the house. He managed to scramble out, and she desired that he might be thrown in again. Once more he clambered out, and she shouted, 'Throw him in again,' when, with comic solemnity, the child looked up in her face and exclaimed, 'Woman, wad ye droon your ain son?' and she desisted, but forthwith the children determined to make their escape."

Despite the Spartan severities of their mother (whom the radical reader will naturally at once set down as a type of her class), Lady Balcarres's children,—including, one hopes, the hero of the horse-pond—"grew up wise, clever, cultivated, and God-fearing men and women." One of the daughters was the Lady Anne Barnard, celebrated as the author of that most pathetic of Scotch ballads, "Auld Robin Gray." The song made the greatest sensation at the time, its popularity extending even to France:

"*Voilà l'auteur du fameux roman de "Robin Gray,"*" people used to say in Paris when Lady Anne visited it. When she had written most of the poem she could not tell how to bring the climax about, and read it to her sisters. 'Mak the coo dee,' said her little sister Elizabeth.

This inventive sister, Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, was married, in 1782, to Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, son of the great Chancellor, and, from 1801 to 1806, Lord-Lieuten-

ant of Ireland. Lord and Lady Hardwicke's third daughter, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, married, in 1816, Lord Charles Stuart, British Ambassador at Paris, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay; and this brings us down to Mr. Hare's heroines proper, Charlotte and Louisa Stuart, children—as the epitaphs phrase it—"of the above." Into these genealogical details our author plunges with a zest, a parade of titles, and a general reverential suggestion of Mayfair, Belgravia, Burke's "Peerage," and the like exalted matters, that might, perhaps, have drawn the fire of Mr. Thackeray, and will doubtless prove seductive to not a few American readers.

It was, we learn, a matter of surprise to their friends that the daughters of the plain Lord Stuart de Rothesay and his plainer wife should turn out so beautiful. In celebrating the charms of the younger sister in particular, Mr. Hare is prodigal of adjectives, but it must be admitted his raptures are fairly borne out by the portraits submitted. At seventeen Louisa Stuart was duly "presented at Court," and about the same time her mother took her to be painted by Hayter. The courtly painter used afterwards to describe the effect produced on him when Lady Stuart de Rothesay "took off her daughter's bonnet and let down her hair." "I was," he said, "dazzled by a vision of the most supreme loveliness, robed in a rippled vestment of golden hair, reaching far below her knees." So far, however, from being spoilt by the admiration she excited, Louisa Stuart would seem to have been surprisingly unconscious of it. "It is recalled," says our author, "as an instance of her entire absence of self-consciousness at this time, that one evening, going up a stair-case to a ball, she exclaimed, 'Mamma, do look at that girl with the handsome profile,' when her mother saw with amusement that she had not recognized her own reflection in a mirror." One would like to believe that story.

While hardly a Penelope in point of suitors, Lady Louisa seems to have had the usual quota, among them the Duke of Hamilton, "the handsomest man of his day," and a certain rhyming Lord Maidstone, who, on meeting her again many years after the day on which she had sent him away disconsolate, penned the following lines. They have a pleasant ring of the old Annuals, with their "sweet L. E. L.'s," and "Persons of Quality."

"And after many years we met,
And we were all alone;
I looked into her glorious face
As one gazes on a stone.

* THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES: Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In three volumes, with portraits and other illustrations. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

"The vision of my youth was flown,
The silver cloud was rent,
The wheel was broken at the fount,
The strong delusion spent."

More fortunate than Lord Maidstone was the Marquis of Waterford, whom Miss Stuart met at a tournament in Scotland, in 1839. He had been known in youth as the "wild Lord Waterford," and, devoted as he was to hunting and sport, he seemed to have little in common with the *spirituelle* art-loving daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay. "But from the moment," says our author, "when her glorious beauty flashed upon him at the Eglinton tournament, he was her devoted knight, and only lived to win her." Like many men of his type, Lord Waterford was extremely diffident, and he shrank from a proposal till his sister had paved the way for him by a letter to Lady Stuart de Rothesay :

"I have had the most extraordinary letter, Loo, from Lady Sarah Ingestre," said Lady Stuart one day; 'it is a proposal for you from her brother, and, of course, I must lose no time in writing a refusal'; and much was she astonished when her daughter said, 'Oh, but . . . wait a little; I should like to think about it first.'

The tenor of the young lady's reply certainly leaves little doubt as to the sequel. The marriage took place on June 8, 1842, in the royal chapel of Whitehall, and Mr. Hare presents the details of the ceremony, and the imposing roll of titled personages who graced it by their presence, with becoming unction. Touching the appearance of the bride, a young girl who was present wrote, prettily enough, to Lady Hardwicke :

"It was — Louisa, who at that moment appeared in sight. By some accident her mother had moved from her side, and she stood alone, like a glorious picture of a poet's bride, in the arch of the chapel door, which had the effect of framing the costly picture. There she stood motionless, with her white robes and her long bridal veil, which covered her from head to foot. It was impossible to distinguish a feature, but the form was that of a marble statue of Beauty veiled. . . . She looked extremely pale, and for a moment seemed to have lost all consciousness of what was before her. Everyone said softly, 'Look! Look!'—the gentle music of the organ commenced a hymn of praise, and we held our breath lest the least earthly sound should make that heavenly vision glide away."

The account of Lord and Lady Waterford's administration of their vast estate of Curraghmore forms, we need scarcely say, a bright chapter in the annals of Irish landlordism; and towards the lovely bride that he had won, the knight of the Eglinton tournament never wavered in the most loyal and chivalrous devotion. There was no cloud upon their married life.

Forgetting his irregular past as if it were a dream, the "wild Lord Waterford" entered hand in hand with his wife into all her schemes for ameliorating the lot of those about them, and their efforts were crowned with success. Lady Waterford's whole heart was in Curraghmore. Not less than six hundred men found employment on the estate, and to these men and their families she was ever the Lady Bountiful, the wise and unobtrusive instructress, the ministering angel in the house of suffering and want. Mr. Hare details many of her useful works and benevolences, of her lesser charities done in that Christian wise in which the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth.

"To introduce habits of cleanliness into the Irish cabins, she would often go thither to make the beds herself, to show how it ought to be done, and would give personal lessons in cleaning the rooms. . . . She gave them lime to whiten their walls, seeds for their gardens, and prizes for the best vegetables and most neatly-kept houses, whilst supplying their wants in many other ways. . . . To beautify the houses of the Irish poor, as well as to make them more wholesome and comfortable, was one of Lady Waterford's greatest wishes."

Lord Waterford's tragic death, in 1859, was a severe blow to the Curraghmore tenantry. A victim at last to his ruling passion, he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, near Castlemorris, County Kilkenny. The injury was at first thought to be slight, for he lay, said his groom, "in his hunting-dress quite unbruised and beautiful"; but it was soon seen to be fatal, and this truly worthy and generous nobleman breathed his last on the spot where he fell.

"'Oh, then,' said the faithful groom, 'there was an awful wail, though we would none of us believe it. . . . Dr. O'Ryan rode on to break the terrible news to my Lady, and he met her driving her two white ponies up to the door, all gay and happy, and told her at first that my Lord had broken his thigh-bone and was very much hurt; but she saw by his face that it was worse than that, and said so, but he could not speak to her. Then she went away to her own room and locked herself in. When she knew by the cries and sobs in the courtyard that my Lord had been brought home, and when night was coming on, she ordered everybody away from her, and she looked on his face once more: but what my Lady did that night we none of us knew.'"

There were those, however, who knew what Lady Waterford did that night, and the nights following, when the body lay in state in one of the state bedrooms of the castle. Throughout the week she remained locked in her chamber by day; but when the night came, and the watchers were gone, taking her palette and brushes, "she stole down the silent passages to

the room where he lay, and she painted her dead husband in his last sleep," patiently and lovingly transferring his features to the canvas, till the coffin-lid shut them away from her forever. A letter written at this time by Lady Waterford is a touching example of Christian resignation, and faith in the transitoriness of even the last of these earthly partings.

"I must tell you how merciful God has been to me, how tenderly He has dealt at this terrible time. I can say with truth that He has let me rest myself on His pitying breast. . . . I can feel that God has ordered all things rightly, and that I owe Him only the deepest thankfulness for the many happy years He gave me, and the recollections that I love to dwell on, and, in the fatal moment, how much mercy too. I feel sure there was no suffering; there were no hopeless hours of agony; and—oh! his beautiful dead face! Dear Jenny, you never saw such an expression of peace and happiness, and not a scar—only a calm and lovely sleep, the face in perfect health, not even the hue of death."

Soon after the burial of her husband, Lady Waterford left Curraghmore forever, taking up her residence at Highcliffe, in Hampshire, and afterwards at her seat of Ford Castle, in Northumberland, where her last years were spent, and where she died May 11, 1891. The good works begun at Curraghmore had been carried on at Ford; and after her death they wrote from there of how her coffin was borne to the churchyard on the shoulders of her own laborers. "When her things were being distributed, the distributors were surprised to hear that 'the odd man' most earnestly begged for something: it was for her old sealskin jacket. It was thought a singular request at first, but he urged it very much: he 'should treasure the jacket as long as ever he lived.'" The "odd man," it seems, had once been walking by her donkey-chair in the road, when they found a female tramp lying in the ditch, ill and deserted. Lady Waterford at once got out of her chair, and helped the man lift the poor woman into it. Then she took off her own jacket, and put it on the sick woman, and walked home by the side of the chair, "tending and comforting her all the way." "But it was not," said the "odd man," "it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about, but that she did not consider her jacket the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp—for she wore it afterwards herself."

In sketching, in a slight way, the career of this truly good Samaritan, we have lost sight of the elder sister, Lady Canning—a character no less worthy of Mr. Hare's liberal encomiums. Her husband, Charles John, Viscount Canning,

was Governor-General of India at the time of the mutiny, and her letters and journals covering that period are of considerable dramatic and historical interest.

We subjoin a letter (which is not without its analogies for the American reader) regarding the course of the Anglo-Indian Press at a time when tact and a soothing of popular anxiety might well seem—even to the promoters of a "commercial enterprise"—to rise to the dignity of a public duty.

"The English Press has been very bad—civil enough, usually, to C. himself, but running down others. That, however, is not the mischief: it points out all sorts of imaginary reasons and grievances as causes for mutiny, it spreads alarm, and shows up weakness, and gives information, which, translated, may do untold mischief among the natives. . . . Treachery is not worse than such exceeding folly."

The following extract is not without a certain tragico-humorous aspect:

"Dr. Leckie was on board the second flat to-day, and saw one of the American (Presbyterian) missionaries from Allahabad. Four of these and their wives were saved by taking refuge in the fort. They had a printing-press, and large schools. The printers, Mohammedan boys they brought up themselves, smashed the whole concern to atoms with delight! and hunted out the native Christians, and a great many, who were employed as servants, were killed."

To the varied mass of letters and journals entrusted to him, Mr. Hare has supplied a thread of sympathetic, at times eloquent, narrative; and his work as a whole affords a close and a very attractive view of English upper-class life, manners, and character. A feature of the work is the illustrations, several of them after original drawings from the gifted pencil of Lady Waterford.

E. G. J.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY IN THE INTERIOR OF NORTH AMERICA.*

Justin Winsor's latest work is a very interesting account of the progress of geographical discovery upon this continent and its relation to contemporary history, from the tour of the Gulf of St. Lawrence by Jacques Cartier, the hardy mariner of St. Malo, in 1534, to the death of Count Frontenac, the stormy governor of New France, in 1698. The story of the exploration of the interior of North America

* CARTIER TO FRONTENAC. Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America in its Historical Relations. 1534-1700. With full cartographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

is made striking and novel by the accompaniment of the successive maps of the times. It is fascinating to follow upon these maps the slow development of correct ideas of the geography of our country, and to note the strange delusions in regard to it which so long held sway over the minds of men. By the aid of these charts can be realized, more forcibly perhaps than in any other way, the infinite toil and pains by which the truth was reached at last. With curious sensations one beholds the appearance and disappearance of rivers and lakes, their sudden shifting of locality, the upheaval and subsidence of mountains, and other startling changes of the map-makers, which seem to belong to the era of the formation of the globe and to be geological rather than historical. And almost with a feeling of awe do we trace the development in human thought of the image of a New World from the chaos in which it lay, almost without form and void, to the partial perception of its magnificent proportions. At first believed to be only a group of islands on the shores of far Cathay, then but a barrier to the ocean approach to Asia almost as contracted throughout as at the Panama Isthmus, again simply a narrow rim of land inclosing a vast interior sea or an immense archipelago filled with channels, later a part of the Asiatic continent, and for almost two centuries deemed chiefly important because possibly affording a water-way to China, even in Count Frontenac's time the main outlines of the region east of the Mississippi alone were known, and the vast territory west of the Father of the Waters remained for later days to explore.

It may be, as Mr. Winsor suggests, that Columbus, at his death in 1506, was not ignorant that the geographical conditions revealed by his discovery were those of a new continent; although the evidence seems hardly sufficient to establish this. At all events, the comprehension of the fact came very slowly to his successors. The two great valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, leading to the very heart of the New World, and practically uniting where Chicago now stands, lay invitingly open; yet it was full forty years after the landing of Columbus before either stream was ascended. The Spaniard Pineda, seeing the mouth of the Mississippi in 1519, did not enter it, because it was too far from the tropics to find gold therein. French and Portuguese fishermen, and English sailors as well, made some claims to a knowledge of the St. Lawrence very early in the sixteenth century, but our author

does not consider them well founded. We arrive at certainty only when we come to the voyages of Jacques Cartier, who made the circuit of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and mapped its shores in 1534, and ascended the river St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga, the site of Montreal, in 1535, giving the name by which both river and gulf came to be known to a bay on the northern shore of the latter. Nine years passed before there was any recognition of Cartier's discoveries in a printed map, and for the rest of the century there was little addition to the knowledge he brought back to Europe. Many maps were put forth based upon his descriptions and embodying various theories. One of these, published in 1570, was by a famous Flemish geographer, Abraham Ortelius. A copy of this, lately presented to the Chicago University, has attracted attention because supposed to have a name like that of Chicago inscribed near the site of our city. It is evident, however, that the word in question—Chilaga—is derived from Hochelaga; and it is placed on Ortelius's map near the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, in the neighborhood in which Cartier found the Indian village of that name.

Champlain's era in Canada, from 1615 to 1635, added the Ottawa route, the upper St. Lawrence, the region of Lake Champlain and Lake Huron, to the cartography of the period. Champlain visited what is now Boston Harbor in 1604, and believed from the accounts of the natives that the River Charles extended to the land of the Iroquois. Accordingly this stream appears, from his map of 1612, as flowing from a source southwest of Lake Champlain and well within the present state of New York. His great map of 1632, representing Lakes Champlain, Ontario, and Huron, also shows the Sault Ste. Marie, a great lake beyond it, and the beginning of the Straits of Mackinac, but with Green Bay moved to the north Side of Lake Huron. Lake Erie, for a long time after Lakes Ontario and Huron were well known, eluded the explorer and the geographer. Champlain's earlier maps ignored it; his later ones made it a narrow river. This conception of it was accepted by Ogilby and other English cartographers for many years. Jolliet, in returning from Lake Superior in 1669, was the first of white men to follow its northern shore,—which Galinee's map, drawn in that year, depicted, but left its southern shore a blank. Jolliet's maps of 1674 fairly show its whole outline; but Hennepin in 1683, and even in 1697,

extended it southward across the Valley of the Ohio. Franquelin showed it correctly in 1684, but it was hardly relegated to its proper position in the general understanding until the seventeenth century had nearly closed. Cartier and Champlain both seem to have heard of the Falls of Niagara, but there was no adequate idea of their magnitude until Hennepin saw them in 1679. He atoned for any shortcomings of his predecessors by making them 500 feet high! The journeys of Nicolet to the Wisconsin country in 1634; of the daring *coureurs de bois*, Grosseilliers and Radisson, to Lake Superior and the upper Mississippi in 1658-60; of Jolliet and Marquette in 1673-5, and those of La Salle and Tonty and others of lesser note, are all chronicled in this volume. By degrees the information obtained by these venturesome explorers reached the cartographers and corrected their work. One of these was Jean Baptiste Louis Franquelin, at that time residing in Quebec, where he held the post of King's hydrographer, in which Jolliet succeeded him. In 1684, Franquelin, who zealously gathered every discoverer's accounts, made a great map of the interior of North America, which Parkman considered the most remarkable of all the early maps of that region. On this the Chicago river is shown with the word "Cheagoumeman" at its mouth, with a building resembling a chapel, and the inscription "80 h," doubtless referring to the number of Indian lodges there. In 1688 he reproduced this map, with some changes, and one of these is to note a "Ft. Chicagou" located on the same river. It is known that there was a fort on the site of Chicago as early as 1685, and it probably was built in that year, as it does not appear on Franquelin's earlier map.

Many other things of interest to all who appreciate the momentous and romantic history of the interior of North America might be noticed in the text and cartographical illustrations of this handsome volume, did space permit. It is summed up in the author's inscription of his work to President Angell of the University of Michigan, which describes it as relating to "the great valley shared by the American people with others in the North, and the greater valley of the interior, all their own, almost becoming one with the other at various points, which carry the streams of national life back and forth between the gulf which Cartier opened and that other gulf which Columbus failed to comprehend."

EDWARD G. MASON.

DEMOCRITUS REDIVIVUS.*

An old friend of the seventeenth century comes back to us in very fresh and sumptuous apparel. Mr. A. H. Bullen, who has lived on familiar terms with the Elizabethan and Jacobean worthies, accompanies him and reintroduces him to a generation that might have forgotten the old scholar's face. With words of rare pleasantness, as one performing no formal duty but speaking from his heart, he presents this capped and gowned ancient as his life-long friend. A favorite with sturdy Samuel Johnson, and with the capricious humorist, Charles Lamb; an author who gave an impulse to the muse of Milton; whom Fuller praised for "variety of much excellent learning"; of whom Wood of the Athenæ Oxonienses said, "Gentlemen 'who are put to a push for invention' may furnish themselves with matter from him," a hint which Sterne took, plundering from these "sumless treasures" the out-of-the-way lore that ballasts the whimsies of "Tristram Shandy,"—this contemporary of Shakespeare and Bacon still finds, in the age of Browning and Darwin, those who relish him. His science is all grown obsolete, his facts are useless without laborious sifting, his multitudinous quotations quite smother and obstruct his own wit and sense; but his curious learning, his simple earnest rational religion, his generous and hospitable temper, his sub-acidulated, arch, and playful humor, his keen insight into human nature in scholar and divine, cloistered recluse and man of the world, hysteric girl and boy "deep in the dumps," and his multifarious references to authors that only "live one day more" because Burton has seen fit to quote them,—all these things, combined with a shrewd, manly, pithy style, not, as one might have feared, deformed with undue mixture of latinisms, make the "Anatomy of Melancholy" as good a book to lie on the window seat, or on the bedside table with a match and a shaded candle handy, as any in the range of the whole library. Not Howell, nor Montaigne, nor Cervantes, not "Elia" and not "Yellowplush," nor our own "Easy Chair," nor "Parson Wilbur," will prove a better nightcap, or better while away the long drowsy hours of a summer afternoon. The book that plucked the reluctant Johnson from his couch two hours before his wonted rising has kept many another from

* THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY. By Robert Burton. Edited by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, M.A. With an introduction by A. H. Bullen. New York: Macmillan & Co.

his pillow. Schoolboys have thumbled its pages, who needed a dictionary to decipher its endless stores of choice and doubtful latinity, and lacked experience of life to understand its undercurrents of humor. Scholars have vexed themselves to conjecture where in the wide field of literature might lurk a line quoted, without the usual clue in the crowded footnotes. One such scholar, the editor of this edition, has tracked, as with hawk or hound, numberless evasive fugitives to their lair in classic, patristic, scholastic, or renaissance folios. Had not ill-health forbade him to continue his chase, he had doubtless brought home many another brush in triumph. A very full index has lightened the labor of all future explorers, who, not content with straying over the fragrant meadows, desire to go deeper and make a study of this curious treatise. The three volumes, very unequal in bulk, each containing one of the "partitions" of the work upon the causes and the cure of Melancholy in general, and upon Love Melancholy and Religious Melancholy in particular, are admirably printed. Very many of the passages of his own and other writing which our author, from negligence or caution, left in their native Latin, have been for the first time pithily Englished. And many an ancient worthy may turn to his neighbor on the page emerging from three centuries of obscurity, and cry "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated!" The above mentioned schoolboys will be frankly, and some other readers, whose "old Italian," as the Autocrat calls it, has grown rusty, will be covertly grateful. We all read Latin like English, but it is still pleasant to see another scholar's version of it. If Mr. Shilleto's health had not failed him, doubtless the work in this regard had been completed, and some lack of consistency in the placing of these translations been avoided. None the less, the present issue, if not the "definitive edition" which Mr. Bullen is disposed to demand from Oxford scholars, may be pronounced by far the most elegant and serviceable edition now to be procured of one of the treasures of English literature.

To be sure, Hazlitt did not relish the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and doubtless many a nerveless reader will shelter himself behind that great critic's shield. But Hazlitt was fastidious and whimsical. His eccentric taste, his queasy appetite, found no savor in what others relished, while detecting a special tang that allured his palate in viands that were caviare to the multitude. I know that many a listless

ruffler of the pages of the novels and magazines, the thin essays and compressed abridgements, of this present generation, will feel lost in the dense growths of Burton's jungle, and sigh for barren asphalt or clear-swept cobblestones. I know that this stout haggis with its "deal of fine confused feeding" will be to many a one as the cold sirloin and strong tankard of good Queen Bess's table, offered at breakfast-time to a modern club-man, as he sips his tea and trifles with his toast, a puny trencherman, over his morning paper. I know that there are those who will quote, at the expense of this enormous and catholic quoter, the words of his great contemporary, and tell him that he has been "at a feast of languages and stolen the scraps," that his table is laden with cold victuals begged all round the welkin. I recognize the relief that the modern mind, impatient of parentheses, with small leisure for loiterings, cannot but feel when Burton lets his own current flow unimpeded, nor delays to irrigate his crops by opening endless floodgates and letting on the rush of authorities from fifteen Christian, and some earlier, centuries. One is often tempted to say to him, as to some modest and kindly host, who persists in drawing out each of the guests, not all of his own calibre, about his table, "Will you not talk yourself, dear sir, and let these minor fires flicker on, or out, without the persuasion of your hospitable bellows? Give us Burton in undiluted potency. We can spare for a while Fuchsius, and Fernelius, and Hercules de Saxonnia. Cardan and Paracelsus are workers of magic, but there is a certain Rector of Segrave and scholar of Christ Church to whom we would listen gladly. A sentence from his mouth will be as weighty as if uttered by Cappivaccius or Jason Præ-tensis."

What an odd fantastic company of forgotten worthies the "Anatomy of Melancholy" brings before us! True, Virgil and Ovid, Tully and Plato, have seats at the table; but what a throng of unnoted wits and doctors beside! As one might dine to-day with some whimsical Amphitryon who loves to collect "characters" about his board, and set their queer tongues wagging with his out-of-the-common vintages, and surprise his chance guest with contact with persons whom one "never meets in society," so a reader opens his Burton to find himself cheek-by-jowl with writers nowhere else to be encountered. As the Assyrian invader tauntingly inquired, "Where are the Kings of Harmath and Arpad, and of the city

of Sepharvaim, of Hena and Ivah? and where are the peoples of Gozan and Haran and Rezeph, and the children of Eden which were in Thelasar?" so we are tempted mockingly to ask, Who are these imposing authorities that are dumped upon us by the dozen and the score as men of substance and consequence? They are like Rembrandt's furred and bearded Burgo-masters, of tremendous presence, but of no recognized potency. Who is Rodericus à Castro, to be distinguished from Rodericus à Fonseca? Who are Prosper Calenus and Trincavellius and Zanchius Guianerius and Hildesheim and John Baptista Silvaticus and Laelius à Fonte Eugubinus, that great doctor? Who has read Saint Briget's revelations, or the dialogues of Cæsar Vanninus, or that pleasant tract of Machometes Bragdedinus, or the Hodæporicons of Jod. a Meggen? The very names take a modern man's breath away. They suggest more than mortal wisdom. Yet their sayings are no such mighty things. John Smith and William Jones in their time have said better ones. We nudge our neighbor and ask, Who is yon ancient sage who sits beside you? "Never set eyes on him before, I assure you," is the answer. "One meets strange comrades here. All is fish that comes within the range of our good Burton's drag-net." You consult the encyclopædias and the biographical dictionaries. Ten to one, there is no entry of the famous name, or some such record as this: "A Dutch physician referred to in the 'Anatomy of Melancholy.'" Ten to one, also, that if by chance a fact or two to mark the man remains, he proves no longer half so weighty as Burton himself, and when you turn back to his saying it proves neither epigram nor oracle, and you wonder why with all his haul of bigger fishes the author should have picked out this sprat or smelt and sent it to the frying-pan, and served it in his lordly dish.

All that is true enough; but presently your insignificant neighbor at the board mentions carelessly that at "Hammel in Saxony, on the 20th day of June, A.D. 1484, the devil, in the likeness of a pied piper, carried away one hundred and thirty children, who were never after seen," and at the word the Pied Piper of Hamelin town is making his magic music in your ears, and you know that Robert Browning has sat at that rich table, and repeated its stories afterwards in his own wonderful way. Or you catch a chance illusion to Macbeth and Banquo, and prick up your ears for something wicked to come your way, and find it is not

Shakespeare who is quoted, nor even Hollinshed's Chronicles whence the Avon poet drew his plot, but Hector Boethius — not by any means *the* Boethius — from whom Hollinshed drew the story first. As you listen, what delicious old-time phrases fly about you! You hear of circumforanean rogues, of turgent and stupend titles, of pasquils and compellations, of parats and foliots, of kells and tunicles. You hear "indecorum" and "catastrophe" used with an air of apology, italicised as not yet fairly good English, not at all "ingenite" in the language, but only "acquisite" of late. If you offend, you may be bidden to "go wollward," but, while trembling at the awful unknown penalty, receive "so gentle and bartable a pardon" that you fear no more, and in the "obnubilation" from the burning of Sir Walter's new plant from the Americas, the vision vanishes, and you are back in the nineteenth century again.

If you are a comfortable Latinist you have needed no interpreter. *The Saxon and the Roman speech will serve. With all Burton's varied and recondite learning, he makes little use of any other than the universal language of scholars and his own vernacular. In reading with care nearly or quite half his treatise, the reviewer has come across no single Spanish or Italian or German citation, but a dozen words of Greek (could Burton have read his Plato or Thucydides with a "pony"?), and but two briefest phrases from the French, which any lad might have picked up from some traveled neighbor or monsieur in exile, *sans argent* and *à la mort*. But anything extant in choice or dubious Latin, anything on Burton's own crowded shelves or in the alcoves of the Bodleian, may be drawn upon at any time, with quite undistinguishing regard.

I do not think it was often the beauty, the fancy, the imagination of the passage that brought it to Burton's mind. Like many another master of style, he was comparatively insensitive to the charms of style — was seeking not for ornament but use. The line of Ovid or the sentence of Livy was no more welcome than the passage from Struthius or Curio. If it was in the line of his thought, that was all he cared for. The seeker for epigrams, for gems of verse or prose is not often gratified. Burton quotes to confirm what he has said or to lead up to what he wants to say. The witness may talk twattle if he will only testify to the one point in question.

For in those days, a book was *per se* an au-

thority. What got in print was gospel until at least a conflicting gospel was revealed. There was a certain presumption in its favor, however questionable that which it contained. An author was still not far removed from his old-time priesthood. It was not yet credible that words in type conveying the observations of learned men might be as valueless as old crone's tales. The sifting, discriminating, critical judgment of science, that tests all things, that tries each antecedent plausibility by repeated experiment, that proceeds by cautious induction from selected facts, and not by brilliant deduction from axiom or postulate, was not yet in vogue. The contemporaries of Francis Bacon still bowed to the authority of Aristotle, and the author of the "Novum Organum" was still an unaccredited innovator. So Burton quotes, with varying emphasis indeed, and half suggestion of a hesitating credence, but on the whole with large acceptance, ancients and moderns, thinkers and pedants, philosophers and charletans, of Italy and Germany and France and England, and lets them bear their quite unequal testimony to all sorts of marvellous events and opinions. That melancholy men are witty, Aristotle is authority; that blind men never blush, Dandinus says it; that the devil is an expert physician, so Godelman bears witness; that a Spanish Marquis made one of his slaves young again, as Renatum Morey declares, — all these things Burton gravely records, as what a sober mind would hardly deny, though an emancipated philosopher might hold his judgment in suspense as to some of them, where the doctors differ too widely. The mediæval identification of faith and credulity was not yet broken up. Burton, though suspicious of a pagan or a jesuit miracle, still allowed occult causes generous playroom within the limits of his large belief.

The same deference to authority is visible in Burton's homage to the royal pedant who fidgetted uneasily in the great queen's seat. James I. had been eighteen years on the throne when the first edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," with its queer enigmatic frontispiece, appeared. And Burton pays him tribute, not in a set dedication, a mere form of custom, courtesying even to small kings, but full in the body of the text, once as "Another Numa, a second Augustus, a true Josiah," and again as "our Amulet, our Sun, our Ptolemy, our common Mæcenæ, Jacobus munificus, Jacobus pacificus, mysta Musarum, rex Platoniceus, grande decus, columenque nostrum." And when, thus

belauded, that earliest English Stuart, with his tincture of honest scholarship but his unroyal pettiness of fibre, had gone over to the majority, in his next edition Burton improves the occasion, and adds, "But he is gone, this Sun of ours is set, and yet no night follows. We have such another in his room," — and so makes his bow to that falsest of melancholy monarchs, Charles the First.

Did shrewd and sturdy men like Burton anatomize and decipher character no better than this? Did they believe and hope such things, or only say such things, as we use unmeaning social forms to-day? It is hard to tell. Perhaps in the eyes of a recluse of loyal Oxford, the divinity that doth hedge a King made such hyperboles of homage decent and credible. The turning of the compliment from James to Charles reminds us how a greater than Burton passed his plaudits on from Elizabeth to James

"This bird of honour dies, this maiden phoenix
Her ashes new create another heir
As great in admiration as herself

"Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed" —

transfixed, indeed, in sheer amaze at such an apotheosis. Shakespeare wrote in verse with all a poet's license, and his play was to be enacted before the Court, which might account for florid adulation. But, after eighteen years of James's inglorious reign, the thing is strange in Burton, who surely was no courtier.

It is strange also that with all his quoting, Burton should have made comparatively little use of the brilliant literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. Had he read Shakespeare's immortal works? There is a quotation from "an elegant poet of ours" in his "Rape of Lucrece," and another from the "Venus and Adonis"; but the only reference to the plays is a quotation, mis-cited, of the doggerel couplet that ends the last scene of "Romeo and Juliet,"

"For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo."

Of Francis Bacon we have three brief passages; while of Roger Bacon there are nine. Of Beaumont, of Fletcher, of Massinger, of Ford, of Middleton, there is not one. Daniel is more a favorite, and "the English Ovid" Drayton. Spenser, "our modern Maro," is quoted half a dozen times; Sidney's "Arcadia" once. Marlowe is noticed several times. But a treatise upon melancholy could have found its richest illustrations in Hamlet and Macbeth and Timon and Othello and King Lear, and all the world of diseased contemplations

that make up the sum of the Elizabethan drama; and Burton evidently hunted far afield, while regardless of much that lay close to his own door. After all, authors are not always "up" in the writings of their contemporaries. The "Fable for Critics" had been published half a dozen years before Emerson had come upon the passage that concerned himself.

It is comforting to note in any one direction a probable gap in Burton's omniscience. It is far easier to guess what he had not read than what he had. Make a list of Greek and Latin classics, of the Fathers of the Eastern and Western Church, of the Arabian sages, of the schoolmen, doctors seraphic and doctors angelic, of the voyagers on unknown seas and travellers in undiscovered countries, of the divines and the saints and the lawyers, the alchemists and the chemists, the physicians and metaphysicians of all lands and ages, — then go to the index of "Burton's Anatomy" as the likeliest place to encounter them everyone. As we turn the pages we forget that they are but print and paper. We seem to be seated on a magic carpet, or mounted on the horse of brass, and to be borne across the world from China to Peru, threading our way past Dodonian groves and Babylonian gardens, Egyptian temples and Roman palaces and Teutonic shrines, and listening to a Babel chorus of voices out of every nation under heaven. We cry, in Burton's own eloquent and Jeremy-Taylor-like outburst, "As a long-winged hawk, when he is first whistled off the fist, mounts aloft and for his own pleasure makes many a circuit . . . so will I, having now come into these ample fields of air . . . awhile rove, wander round about the world, mount aloft to those etherial orbs and celestial spheres, and so descend to my former elements again." As we descend, these former elements seem dull and paltry. When again shall we ride Leviathan, behold the Phoenix, talk with Prester John, and live with the wits, the poets, the scholars of all time? Only when once more we submit ourselves to Burton's mighty spell.

C. A. L. RICHARDS.

THE Turnbull lectures on "Dante," by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, are now in progress at the Johns Hopkins University, the dates being from March 29 to April 9. The first had for its subject "The Function of Poetry" and "The Thirteenth Century in Italy." The remaining five are devoted, respectively, to the "Vita Nuova," the prose writings, and the three *cantiche* of the Sacred Song. This is the fourth course of the Turnbull lectures on poetry.

AMERICAN POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.*

Mr. Barber, the author of "The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States," has been well known to china collectors for some years past as an indefatigable gatherer of items relating to the pottery and porcelain of this country. His little printed slips, asking for information and suggestions, are familiar to china-owners all over the country; and the result of his unwearied investigations may be found in this beautifully printed and illustrated book. As a work of the printer's art, it leaves nothing to be desired. The graceful and beautiful vases and jars, and the portions of table services so carefully and perfectly depicted therein—notably those of the Chesapeake Pottery and the Rookwood Pottery — make one thrill with patriotic pride, and renew the sense of satisfaction felt at the Columbian Exposition at the sight of the beautiful exhibits of the American manufacturers of pottery and porcelain.

As in his preface Mr. Barber avows that one of "the main purposes of the work is to furnish an account of such of the earlier potteries as, for any reason, possess some historical interest," it is to be deplored that the chapters on "Early Pottery in America" (seventeenth century) and "Potteries of the Eighteenth Century" are not fuller and more exhaustive. In the first-named chapter the author does not even refer to the possibility of pot-works existing in New England at that date. Yet in 1646 the General Court of Massachusetts ordered that "tyle earth to make sale ware shall be digged before the first of 9 mo, and turned over in the last or first before it be wrought." In Connecticut and Massachusetts, potters were frequently on the list of freemen. Higginson, writing of the town of Salem, Massachusetts, in 1629, said: "It is thought here is a good clay to make bricks & tyles and earthen-pot as may be. At this instant we are setting a brick kiln to work." The Salem or Danvers kilns were certainly as early in operation as any pot-works in the colonies. In Mr. Barber's chapter on eighteenth century works he scantily notices the progress of ceramic manufacture in the New England colonies. The Danvers potteries, unnamed by him, had become important. Morse's Gazetteer of 1797 says of this town: "Large quantities of

* THE POTTERY AND PORCELAIN OF THE UNITED STATES. An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By William Atlee Barber. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

brick and coarse earthen ware are manufactured here." It is said there were twenty pot-works in Danvers at that date. On Long Island many potteries existed, though Mr. Barber does not name them; at Whitestone, Flatbush, New Lots, and other Long Island towns, quite an extensive manufacture of coarse pots, pans, urns, etc., was carried on. That considerable pottery was made in other parts of Massachusetts, we cannot doubt. In the advertisements of the "Boston News Letter," as early as 1716, among the "servants to be disposed of" on board the ship on which these "redemptioners" came over, were "earthenware Pottery-makers." "Mangness" for the use of potters was an article of barter. By 1769 much encouragement was given to the manufacture of various fictile wares, and good wages were offered to potters—"Twenty Dollars per month, with Victuals, Drink, Washing and Lodging." And the Connecticut newspapers, of dates immediately previous to and after Revolutionary times, contain many references to pot-works and potters. Doubtless all this New England pottery was simple porous stoneware—milkpans, jugs, and pipkins,—but quite as worthy of extended reference as the pottery of Pennsylvania, of which Mr. Barber writes.

I would also note, in passing, Mr. Barber's rather confusing arrangement. In the chapter entitled "The Eighteenth Century" he places manufactories and manufactures of much later dates—some 1809; Sgraffiato ware marked 1826; John Nases wares, 1812 and 1830, and even as late as 1847; Jacob Sholl's wares, 1831; and several others. The part of this chapter devoted to slip decorated and Sgraffiato ware is perhaps the most interesting portion of the book. The succeeding chapters on wares of our own times have been prepared with great care and intelligence, and appear to be very exhaustive. The one on china-marks will certainly be valuable in future time, and the ones on tiles and decorative terra cotta are very instructive.

It is certainly praiseworthy to preserve in such handsome form the actual accomplishments of the pottery manufacturers of the United States to-day, for facts are quickly forgotten; the history of the much disputed Lowestoft ware may be held up as an example of the short length of time in which authentic data of a certain pottery manufacture may be lost. Still, the Lowestoft wares were made before the days of trade catalogues, before the vast advertisement of all manufactured materials.

It would seem that such a contingency could scarcely arise in the future with regard to our present productions.

Though this book is very valuable as a catalogue or manual, it need not be criticised as literature. Stopford Brooke says, "Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said." Mr. Barber's "way of saying"—his style—is not interesting. This fact does not, of course, impair the worth as a book of reference. It might be argued that a technical work like this is usually rather dry reading; but as an example of what such a book may be, or rather what a work on precisely similar lines is, let me call attention to Llewellyn Jewitt's "History of the Ceramic Art of Great Britain," a book universally interesting even to the reader who cares nothing for china.

Ruskin says, "Side-glances sometimes bring home better results than a broad stare." It is the side-glances at the potter's art of early times that we miss in Mr. Barber's book. We should like to have known a little of the amount of production and exportation of pottery and porcelain in England; somewhat of the condition and number of foreign-born potters in America at that day; to be shown more fully why so little was made of American resources in pottery materials, why so slowly they were developed. But we have only a very broad stare at the blank facts of the manufacture of china in the United States.

And yet some side-glances are given. For instance, we are told much of one Mr. Taylor; that he served in the army in the war of the Rebellion, that he has been postmaster of his town, that he is a warm personal friend of Governor McKinley, etc., etc.,—all very estimable traits,—and then, after the index at the end of the book, we have also a very pretty advertisement of Mr. Taylor's hotel ware. But these scarcely answer our notions of what might be said on such an art-subject as china.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

THE Woman's Education Association of Boston offers two foreign fellowships of \$600 and \$400 respectively. Applications for these fellowships for the year 1894-95 should be sent before May 1, 1894, to Mrs. N. P. Hallowell, chairman of the committee, West Medford, Mass. Candidates must be graduates of the colleges recognized by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae or graduates of the Harvard Annex, and should be women who expect to follow permanently professional, scientific, or literary work.

STUDIES IN AMERICAN POLITICS AND
POLITICAL HISTORY.*

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson's "Politics in a Democracy" is an incisive study of some features in our American political life—from a point of view. The author has very pronounced partisan prejudices, and he sees facts accordingly. His characterization of the modern Republican Party reads quite like the indictment which Callender or Benjamin Franklin Bache were wont to draw against the Federalists. The trouble with any strong partisan is, not so much that he is blind, as that his eyesight gives out before the facts do. Mr. Thompson has a way of seeing quite clearly facts which are convenient. But one who reads his discussion of Tammany is apt to wonder whether a realizing sense of the value of that remarkable institution to the fortunes of a national party may not perhaps envelope the tiger in a somewhat mellowing atmosphere of sweetness and light. Mr. Thompson repeats some of the familiar things which Lalor's *Cyclopædia* has to say about Tammany Hall, adds a few other equally familiar facts, and then proceeds to chat and generalize in a very entertaining way. While he points out the evils of Tammany, still he spends a large proportion of his strength in showing the good features. And really he makes out a pretty strong case. As one closes the book one is apt to feel a dawning suspicion that the standards of judgment taught in the colleges and churches and magazines are perhaps rather artificial and superfine—that these stalwart liquor-dealers who make up half of the Tammany executive committee are on the whole an honest and amiable set of fellows; that in managing politics with an eye single to the emoluments of office and contracts, there is after all nothing vicious, but merely a tendency. Of course no moral quality inheres in a "tendency." And there may be something essentially mistaken in having high ideals at all. If democracy implies

*POLITICS IN A DEMOCRACY. An Essay. By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY. Sixty Years' March of the Republic. Revised Edition, based on the Census of 1890. By Andrew Carnegie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MR. FISH AND THE ALABAMA CLAIMS. A Chapter in Diplomatic History. By J. C. Bancroft Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WILLIAM JAY and the Constitutional Movement for the Abolition of Slavery. By Bayard Tuckerman. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

HISTORY OF ELECTIONS IN THE AMERICAN COLONIES. By Cortlandt F. Bishop, Ph.D. Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, edited by the University Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. New York: Columbia College.

HISTORY OF SLAVERY IN CONNECTICUT. By Bernard C. Steiner, Ph.D. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, Baltimore.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT IN THE SOUTH AND THE SOUTHWEST. By Professor Edward W. Bemis, Ph.D. (J. H. U.), and Students of Vanderbilt University, Baltimore.

POPULAR ELECTION OF U. S. SENATORS. By John Haynes, Graduate Student in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

low-downness, and this is a democratic country, the only rational thing is to get down to the general level as soon as possible.

But is it true that democracy and venality are inseparable? If a man earns a living by driving a cart, is it so sure that he has more moral obtuseness and less rugged common-sense than his polished neighbor in the brown-stone front?

There are two things which Mr. Thompson makes plain, but the significance of which needs more emphasis than he gives them. The essence of Tammany Hall is venal politics. It is an organized conspiracy to get and keep control of the public funds of the city of New York. All other matters—sympathy with foreign-born citizens, affiliation with the Roman Catholic church, fellowship for the "common people," alliance with one national party, support of the liquor business—all these are incidental and subordinate. Of course, controlling the city funds does not necessarily mean stealing them—though Mr. Tweed showed quite plainly the possibilities in that direction. But Tammany means, at best, getting the offices and the salaries and the contracts and the jobs of all sorts. How much more it means in that same line of pecuniary profit is one of those things, as Lord Dundreary would say, "which no fellow can find out." But before and above all else, Tammany is the incarnation of the spoils system in politics. If that is a good and a necessary system, then Tammany Hall is merely the natural and laudable efflorescence of our democratic society. If that system is radically needless and vicious, then Tammany is simply one of its sheet-anchors to windward.

This fact of the identity of Tammany with the spoils system has an immediate bearing on another consideration. Tammany cannot be overthrown by any mere revolt against the organization. An alliance of anti-Tammany democrats with the Republican organization of the city is no more than a temporary expedient. The victory of a rival machine—such as Fernando Wood's "Mozart Hall," just before the war—is merely the perpetuation of Tammany methods under another name. In other words, the thing to attack is not the organization, but the system which is the life of the organization. Tammany is not a disease; it is merely a symptom—a cutaneous eruption indicative of poisoned blood. And if the system of spoils in city offices can be destroyed, Tammany Hall will vanish into the air.

Whether such destruction is possible, may perhaps fairly be questioned. But it is quite sure that it will never be at all likely so long as city elections are conducted by the machinery of national politics. If we can get rid of national politics in local elections, we may be able to find something better than the spoils system. If we can break down the spoils system, Tammany will at once become innocuous, and its braves may celebrate the season of flowers in peace. The ghost of Tweed will be laid.

Mr. Thompson's remedy for the evils of Tam-

many is increase in righteousness. No doubt that would do. But it will take considerable righteousness to purify Tammany Hall.

A new revision of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's "Triumphant Democracy," with the numerous figures adjusted to the census of 1890, is evidence that there is a demand for the canny Scotchman's optimism, notwithstanding Homestead. Mr. Fuller, in "The Cliff Dwellers," speaks of a Chicagoan's favorite occupation as talking about his city to a stranger. And fully a half-century ago, young Martin Chuzzlewit was meaningfully informed by one of the solemn Western Americans of that day that "We has to be cracked up." Mr. Carnegie certainly pounds the drum and toots the horn with great skill and volume of sound. His theme is the general bigness of the Republic; and he piles up figures and rattles off adjectives with the enthusiastic abandon of a Western real-estate agent. The late Mr. Disraeli once referred to Mr. Gladstone as "a sophistical rhetorician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity." One is inclined to fit the coat on Mr. Carnegie, letting it out in spots: "A sophistical statistician, inebriated by the exuberance of his own statistical fecundity." He oozes figures at every pore. He points on nearly every page to totals so tall that it makes one dizzy to look at them. The reader feels inclined to sympathize with the honest Englishman who set out from New York to cross the continent, but came back having gone no farther than Salt Lake, explaining that he was discouraged by "the blarsted bigness of the country."

Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," reminds us of the German whom Coleridge met at Frankfort. He always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. Mr. Phillips adds, "It seems to me the American people might be painted in the chronic attitude of taking off its hat to itself."

The achievements of the American democracy have been very great, no doubt. The world has never before seen a virgin continent occupied by a vast migration of civilized men armed with all the appliances by which human power has in these last decades been so vastly multiplied. There have been other historic race movements. But the German Franks who went out west so many centuries ago and preëmpted homesteads in Gaul did not have railroads or newspapers or steam threshing-machines. They created a great nation, to be sure; but it took a thousand years to do it. We have created a greater nation, and it has only taken us a hundred years. And we do enjoy bragging about it.

But are we quite sure that it is a greater nation which we have made? Are we sure that we have the right unit with which to measure greatness? If the unit is square miles, or millions of people, or dollars, it is all plain sailing. A little of Mr. Carnegie's arithmetic will do the business. And there is no manner of doubt that we do dearly love bigness. Chicago has a greater area than London,

has taller buildings than Paris, packs more hogs than Rome. *Ergo* —. To be sure, the Louvre is lacking, and the British Museum. But we are big — so big!

Mr. Carnegie's book needs to be read with caution. The truth is that in America our real tasks have just begun. To succeed with them we shall need all the rude strength which we have thus far lavished so prodigally — and we shall need fineness of mind and delicacy of touch as well. We shall need all the wide diffusion of knowledge which our schools and newspapers afford — but we need knowledge much deeper and more exact than come from either. It wouldn't hurt us if we had less bragging and more books — less show and fuss and more honest living — less pork and more scholars. An old definition was, "Gentleman — one who eats more than he earns." That fits exactly both extremes of our social organism — the pauper tramp and the millionaire tramp. The wise man will consider both with grave attention, not for themselves, but for what they mean. Material obstacles we have overcome easily. How will our materialistic democracy handle social difficulties which have perplexed the wisest men and the greatest nations?

A disputed question of our political history so recent as 1871 is the subject of an interesting little volume by Mr. Bancroft Davis. It will be remembered that at the organization of the Senate of the United States in March of that year, Charles Sumner, long the chairman of the Committee on Foreign relations, was displaced in favor of Simon Cameron. This act of the Republican majority in the Senate has been claimed by Mr. Sumner's friends to have been in revenge for that gentleman's strenuous and successful opposition to President Grant's policy of annexation in San Domingo. On behalf of the President and of Secretary Fish, on the other hand, it has been asserted that Mr. Sumner was removed from the chairmanship on account of his radical disagreement with the administration in reference to the claims against England, the settlement of which was then pending.

Mr. Sumner had insisted, in a speech in the Senate in April, 1869, that the English recognition of Confederate belligerency was itself an act which made that nation responsible for any resulting damage in the United States. Then, in estimating the amount of damages, besides computing the direct value of the ships destroyed by the Southern cruisers fitted out in England at about \$15,000,000, Mr. Sumner added a claim for our loss of the carrying trade, estimating that at about \$110,000,000. And to cap the climax he declared that the action of England had doubled the duration, and hence the cost, of the war. As that cost was about \$4,000,000,000, it followed that half that was justly due from England, if the theory was correct.

Of course for the United States to insist on such claims would have meant that any peaceable settlement would be impossible. England would have

incurred the risk of war with the United States rather than pay amounts so enormous. President Grant and Secretary Fish were content to place the English responsibility merely on official negligence in allowing the Confederate vessels to sail in the first instance, and on aid given them subsequently in British ports. The damages they did not desire to extend beyond the direct loss.

But in January, 1871, when negotiations with Great Britain were assuming shape, Secretary Fish consulted the Massachusetts Senator to get a final statement of his views. These were embodied by Mr. Sumner in a memorandum dated January 17, 1871. He retained emphatically the extreme ground he had already assumed, and now added the suggestion that the readiest solution of all matters in dispute would be for England to cede Canada,—in short, “To make the settlement complete, the withdrawal should be from this hemisphere, including provinces and islands.” Such a scheme of settlement might have been practicable had it come at the close of a victorious war against Great Britain. It was certainly chimerical under the conditions prevailing in 1871. True, English relations with Russia at that time were such as to make a settlement of troublesome disputes with the United States highly desirable. But to secure India against a possible danger by the surrender of America, or to avert the cost of a contingent war by a contribution equal to the cost of an actual one, was hardly to be expected.

Under these circumstances it certainly made for the success of a peaceful settlement to have another chairman at the head of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. And Mr. Davis makes a plausible case in showing the development of the breach between Mr. Sumner and the administration, and the apparently irreconcilable nature of those differences. However, he does not attempt to prove—which indeed might be difficult of proof—that aside from this grave question of public policy the smart of the successful opposition to other administrative plans may have made it much easier for supporters of the President to realize the pressing importance of a change in the committee. And the precise fitness of Mr. Simon Cameron to succeed Mr. Sumner would be an interesting matter of inquiry. The political bearing of the quarrel between President Grant and a portion of the Republican party did not become quite obvious till much later. The grotesque nomination of Greeley in 1872 prevented present danger to Republican ascendancy. But yet this break in the party was the “beginning of woes.” Ten years later it was followed by the second great quarrel among leaders. And these dissensions disrupted the party. The history of the Federalists in 1800 was repeated in 1884.

As to Mr. Sumner's position on the main question, it must be admitted that it had the sympathy of the American people very generally. The unfriendly, selfish, and malicious conduct of Great

Britain during our Civil War sank very deep into the public consciousness. There is no manner of doubt that the moral and material support which the South received from England did greatly prolong the war, and did add largely to its cost in life and property. This was felt very bitterly at the North, and there was no time from 1865 until 1871 at which a war with England would not have been an exceedingly popular measure. In fact, war would have been regarded by many as far preferable to any money compensation. There are some injuries in private life for which it is commonly felt that law affords no adequate redress, and for which retribution in blood, stern and speedy, is the only possible atonement. This may not be the most advanced civilization, but it is an elemental instinct of human nature. And that feeling to this day modifies the regard of great masses of Americans for Great Britain. The settlement affected by the treaty of Washington was undoubtedly a wise act of statesmanship. Imperfect as it was, it was better to accept it as final, and to close the account. National revenges are better unsatisfied. But it is not easy to forget. And Mr. Sumner in 1871 was a more accurate interpreter of the popular feeling than was Secretary Fish.

Mr. Tuckerman's life of Judge Jay is a contribution to the history of a peculiar phase of the abolition movement. It exhibits the share in that movement taken by a man of excellent birth, of inherited wealth, of high religious and intellectual culture, and at the same time of great sanity and sweetness of character. Such men were not many among the agitators; and the course of Judge Jay throws in strong relief the erratic and fanatical tendencies which did so much to stamp the name Abolitionist with contempt.

The son of Chief Justice John Jay, a graduate of Yale College in the year which witnessed the inception of Jefferson's embargo, a churchman high in the counsels of the Protestant Episcopal church in the State of New York, a jurist of so great purity and ability that for a quarter of a century he was continued on the bench by appointment from governors irrespective of party,—these are the outward features of the life of William Jay. Early interested in the question of freedom for the slave, his pen was active in disseminating ideas of emancipation. But he was from the outset firmly of the opinion that interference with slavery in the States in which it existed was wholly beyond the constitutional power of Congress. That power, he held, could be exerted only to abolish the institution in the District of Columbia and in the territories, and to put a stop to the inter-state trade in human beings.

This constitutional doctrine was very conservative in the view of the advanced abolitionists. It was essentially the ground on which the Republican party was formed later, and was the only possible ground for political action against slavery, short of revolution and civil war. But it was with great dif-

faculty that the American Anti-Slavery Society was held to this view of the question. Reformers tend to become extremists, and Judge Jay found his abolition associates becoming more and more restive under any declaration of principles short of root-and-branch extermination.

There was another difficulty. In the view of a variety of people, society needs reforming in a variety of ways. And a mind which has once for all adjusted itself to some radical social reconstruction has usually so effectually thrown itself out of adjustment with what is that it fits in readily with almost any scheme of alleged reform. And so all sorts of "isms" in which the decades before the Civil War were so prolific naturally attached themselves to the Abolition movement. Women's rights, dress reform, food reform, temperance, table-tipping, communism, all sorts of odds and ends of social vagaries, become thoroughly mixed up with Abolitionism. The resolutions of Anti-Slavery societies became more and more turgid and multifarious. And people in general came to associate the Abolition cause with the general domain of crankdom. All this must be taken into account in trying to understand the odium which attached to the name Abolitionist among so many excellent people. It was not pure wickedness which caused the violent opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement in New England and New York and other free States. If that cause could have been kept clear of "entangling alliances" with other "causes" — good, bad, indifferent, immoral, whimsical, what not, — Abolitionism would have quite a different savor.

Judge Jay devoted all his large influence and clear intelligence to keeping opposition to slavery independent of other movements, and within constitutional lines. When he saw that the American Anti-Slavery Society was hopelessly in the hands of the professional "reformers," he withdrew, and aided in forming another association. He always opposed the disunion schemes of some Abolitionists and the "no government" policy of others. The Constitution, the Union, lawful methods—these he held adequate to a reasonable movement against the system of human slavery. And his constant efforts were given to the effort to hold the friends of Abolition in this impregnable position. He lived long enough to see a great national party founded on his principles—a party destined to destroy slavery without destroying the Union. His death in 1857 was too soon for him to share in the great events which at last made the Republic the home of free men. But it cannot be doubted that his was a powerful influence in giving shape to that wise popular view of the case which in the end was able to deal with slavery. Jay and Lincoln and Seward, not Garrison and Phillips and John Brown, represent the Anti-Slavery force which put the Thirteenth Amendment into the Constitution.

Twenty-five years ago, but little attention had been given to the study of political history in

America. Since then there has been a renaissance of patriotic scholarship, and the scientific method has been applied with energy and intelligence to the study of our own institutions. The patient and minute work which has been encouraged at Johns Hopkins and Columbia has already sufficed to amass material which will be of priceless value to the historian. Three of these studies are before us. Mr. Bishop's "History of Elections in the American Colonies" is a valuable compilation from the early laws and records, and will be of decided help in tracing the form taken by the elective franchise in our early State constitutions. Mr. Steiner's "History of Slavery in Connecticut" is a contribution towards a systematic and scientific study of that institution in the United States—a work which still remains to be done. The study of "Local Government in the South and the Southwest," by Prof. E. W. Bemis and students of Vanderbilt University, is an example of what may be done by college students when their work is directed to a purpose. A more exact bibliography would add to the value of the work. Mr. Haynes' paper on "Popular Election of U. S. Senators" is an argument for that method. It should be timely reading just now in many quarters.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A graphic picture of Irish life.

Dr. William Wright's "The Brontës in Ireland" (Appleton) is a rarely interesting book, almost as much so, to our notion, as the best of the novels which have made the Brontë name famous. (And touching this name we may add that Dr. Wright decides once for all that it is and always was Brontë—not "Brunty," or the still more ignominious "Prunty," as some authorities have it. "Brunty," however, seems to have been the local Irish pronunciation.) We have several Lives of the author of "Jane Eyre"—Mrs. Gaskell's, Mr. Wemyss Reid's, and Mr. Birrell's, each capital in its way; but it has remained, we believe, for the present author to trace the current of Brontë life back to Ireland, and to explore its head-waters there. This he has done with patience, enthusiasm, and literary skill; and the result is a book that is not only satisfactory from a biographical standpoint, but is a strikingly fresh and graphic picture of Irish rural life as well. The Doctor is a capital hand at a story. Thrilling indeed—almost Homeric—is his account of the combat between Welsh Brontë and Sam Clarke of Ballynaskeagh—an era-making event even in County Down, and, in a way, the Hegira of the local calendar. "Women," he says, "would speak of their children as born or their daughters married so many years before or after the fight, and old men in referring to their ages would tell how they had been present when Welsh Brontë licked Sam. Clarke, and that they must have been of such an age at the

time." We are glad to record, to the Brontë honor, that the victor, more magnanimous than Achilles, bore the defeated Samuel home in his arms, and put him to bed for bodily repairs. Striking, too, is the picture of stern Hugh Brontë, Charlotte's uncle, as he prepared his new blackthorn and crossed to England to wreak Irish vengeance on the scoundrel who traduced his niece's honor in the infamous "Quarterly" review of "Jane Eyre":—"Hugh had for many years been watching over the growth of a young blackthorn sapling, as if it had been an only child. It had arrived at maturity about the time the diabolical article appeared in the 'Quarterly.' The supreme moment of his life had arrived, and the weapon on which he depended was ready. . . . His first act was to dig up the blackthorn carefully, so that he might have enough of the thick root to form a lethal club. Having pruned it roughly, he placed the butt end in warm ashes night after night to season. Then, when it had become sapless and hard, he reduced it to its final dimensions. Afterwards he steeped it in brine, or 'put it in pickle' as the saying goes; and when it had been a sufficient time in the salt water, he took it out and rubbed it with shamois and train oil for hours. Then came the final process. He shot a magpie, drained its blood into a cup, and with the lapped blood polished the blackthorn till it became glossy black with a mahogany tint. . . . No Sir Galahad ever valued his shield, or trusted his spear, as Hugh Brontë cherished and loved his shillelagh." Dr. Johnson's memorable preparations for Ossian Macpherson were nothing to this. Dr. Wright adds an interesting chapter concerning the long-disputed identity of the rascally reviewer in question, and he seems to have solved the mystery satisfactorily. For the culprit's name, and for the degree of his or her responsibility in the case, we must refer the reader to the original.

*Historical
Interpretations
of Philosophy.*

Professor John Bascom's "Historical Interpretation of Philosophy" (Putnam) would make an excellent course of lectures for the senior class of a minor college, whom it was not desirable to feed on too strong meat. Are we mistaken in suspecting that much of the material of the book has already seen service in this way? It presents a judicious but not burdensome selection of facts from Ueberweg, and a sensible pleasantly written commentary which warns the student against pernicious tendencies of thought, and directs him into the safe *via media* of an intuitionist realism, avoiding the dangerous extremes of monistic idealism and monistic materialism. The style is easy and flowing, and in places prettily figurative, reminding us occasionally of Dr. Martineau, to whom Professor Bascom will not object to be compared. The various systems passed in review are judged mainly by their tendencies, and approved of or condemned according as they approach or diverge from the standard of what the author, although he nowhere defines it, clearly feels to be the true

philosophy. It is asserted in the introduction that "all conclusions that lie beyond the primary convictions of men will be found aberrations, vagaries." Punctilious historical accuracy was perhaps hardly compatible with the main design of the work. But it is a little startling to find Berkeley removed from his true position in the development between Locke and Hume, and classed with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Clark, and Dr. Martineau among the dissenters from the predominant school of English philosophy. The exigencies of Professor Bascom's method have led him, we fear, into unintentional injustice towards the estimable Locke. "He raised the question," we are told, "Does matter think?" Why not, pray, if the mind be material? Can things fly? Why not, if flying is being hurled from a catapult?" But surely Professor Bascom is aware that Locke never asserted the possibility of matter thinking as an ultimate metaphysical principle. He declared that, for aught we know, God might have arbitrarily annexed to a certain arrangement of matter the power of thought, but he explicitly denied that the divine thought itself could result from any disposition of material particles. In other words, he affirmed that thought could ultimately originate only in mind. "Dear old Locke," as Professor James calls him, has often before been misrepresented upon this point, and is likely to be so again.

"How to Study and Teach History," (Appleton), a duodecimo of three hundred and forty-six pages, appears in the "International Education" series, whereof Dr. William T. Harris is editor. This volume, by Professor Burke A. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan, is introduced by a delicious bit of Hegelianism by Dr. Harris, and a brief preface by the author, who says that he has had in mind more particularly the needs of teachers in elementary and in secondary schools, though he thinks much of the work should interest teachers of history in colleges. He calls it a practical work, "not indeed in the narrow mechanical sense of the word: no effort is made to tell the teacher *just what* he shall teach or *just how* he shall teach it." The wisdom shown in that statement appears throughout the book in many valuable suggestions of method, the author recognizing the fact that every good teacher is his own method, while the best may learn from others. He discusses the educational value of history; its field; its sources; choice of facts; organization of facts into history: time, place, cause, and effect in history, both physical causes and spiritual or human. There are valuable chapters on historical geography. Then, as the book is for the benefit of that large number of teachers who in that function are never called to go beyond the history of the United States, Professor Hinsdale proceeds to exemplify his methods and philosophy in one hundred and twenty-two pages on North America and the United States. There is an abundant suggestion of books to be read or consulted. We have thus

*A practical book
for history teachers.*

given an outline of the book as the best beginning of a criticism of it. For the ordinary reader, and still more for the teacher, it is a very valuable book. We have read with interest many of its pages, and young teachers will find all the book helpful and instructive. The chapter on the Slave-Power shows in a good light Dr. Hinsdale's judicial qualities of mind. He writes good English, not ornate or rhetorical, but clear and forceful. We have found but a single sentence to alter: on page 122 he says the sea was "not too far off to prevent" trade: he means the opposite—"not so far off as to prevent" trade. And surely on the next page he should prefer *Aquila* to the rarer and hardly correct form *Aquilina*. When a new edition is called for, will he not favor us with a bibliographical index?

*A pleasing
literary memorial.*

Professor Vincenzo Botta, of New York, has edited an interesting volume intended as a memorial to his wife, the late Anne C. Lynch Botta. Mrs. Botta was a conspicuous figure in New York literary circles during a long period of years, and her drawing-rooms were the scene of many a brilliant gathering. She came as near, in fact, as any woman has done in this country to the maintenance of a *salon* in the Parisian sense. Her own literary work included a useful compendium of the history of general literature, a considerable number of poems, and many productions of a more fugitive character. How happy she was in her friends appears from the list of those whose personal tributes make up the first half of this memorial volume. There are contributions from Messrs. A. D. White, S. Parke Godwin, James A. Froude, Justin McCarthy, E. C. Stedman, Charles Dudley Warner, R. W. Gilder, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Edith M. Thomas, and many others. Professor Froude, for example, writes: "I have known many interesting women in my life, but about her there is a peculiar grace which I have never seen in any other person." This tribute may be taken as typical of all the collection, which leaves unstruck few notes in the whole gamut of possible praise. Mrs. Botta, among other good works, it seems, "discovered" Miss Edith M. Thomas. "When Miss Thomas presented herself at Mrs. Botta's door, she was entirely unknown; but the portfolio of manuscripts she had under her arm made it impossible for her to remain so any longer. Mrs. Botta detected the divine spark, and passed the poet on to that other poet, Helen Jackson ('H. H. '), who set herself to work at once to make Miss Thomas known to the world." The second half of this memorial volume includes letters to and from Mrs. Botta (among her correspondents having been Kossuth, Emerson, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, George Ticknor, Frederika Bremer, and "Fanny Kemble"), and selections from her writings in prose and verse. The volume makes a pleasing impression, and enshrines a personality that was clearly of the most lovable sort. The editing has not always been done with accuracy, as is witnessed by the descrip-

tion of Frederika Bremer as a "Norwegian," and by the curious reference (p. 203) to "Arnold's scholar, Gypsy." Messrs. J. Selwin Tait & Sons publish the work.

*A good Life
of Reynolds.*

A compact yet comprehensive Life of that amiable man and, in his way, great painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has long been a *desideratum*. Such a life is that written by Mr. Claude Phillips, and imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Mr. Phillips is a competent art-writer, and his summary of Sir Joshua's merits is, on the whole, just and discriminating. He notes *en passant* the grain of truth in shrewd Horace Walpole's paradox—contained in his parallel between Sir Joshua and Allan Ramsay—that "Mr. Reynolds seldom succeeds in women: Mr. Ramsay is formed to paint them." To say that "Reynolds seldom succeeds in women" is of course an over-statement. Says Mr. Phillips: "Where Reynolds approached nearest to greatness, and showed a measure of that much-abused word genius, was in the presentment of the great *men* who were his friends, and for observing whom, in every phase and every mood, he had all through his career opportunities unequalled by those afforded to any artist of his time." Mr. Phillips's observation is a very just one. Gracious and charming as Sir Joshua's women and children nearly always are, they still fall short (not excepting even the superb "Nelly O'Brien") of such masterpieces as the portraits of Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Sir Joseph Banks,—and, farthest of all, of the pathetic picture of Goldsmith, in which the artist has succeeded, without sacrificing truth, in conjuring away the traditional homeliness, whim, and absurdity, leaving for posterity the underlying kindness, modesty, and worth. "I shall never think Dr. Goldsmith ugly again," said a lady after reading "The Deserted Village." Certainly no one could think him ugly after seeing Reynolds's portrait. Every face, the plainest, lights up at times, under the proper emotion, into a degree of beauty and dignity; and Reynolds seemed to have the gift of evoking this look in his sitters, and of fixing it upon his canvas. Mr. Phillips's book combines biography, criticism, and anecdote in due proportion, and the photographic plates after Reynolds are pleasing and well-chosen.

*A new edition
of "The Social
Contract."*

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons' neat and inexpensive edition of Rousseau's "Social Contract" is a useful and, in a special sense, a timely publication. Professor Huxley and others have pointed out the fact that Rousseauism, so far from being dead, is coming to the front again, and bids fair once more to exert a grave influence on practical life. It is easy at this day to criticise, from the "hard fact" standpoint, the *Contrat Social*; to point out its contradictions, its impracticabilities, the hopeless disagreement with ascertained facts of its theory of society. It is no less easy to show that, underlying its errors of lit-

eral detail, is a ground-work of moral truth, a body of logically-flawless abstract principles that to the end of time will continue, in one form or another, to justify revolt against social and political injustice. In proportion as the natural inequalities of men ripen into the iniquities of caste and tyranny, so will the gospel of Jean Jacques, or this or that rendering of it, grow in favor. Its errors of fact will finally be once more cast to the winds by those in need of a theoretical justification for the doing away of a greater by the perpetration of a lesser injustice. Professor Huxley hints that Rousseauism, with modern variations, has been coming into fashion at a rather alarming rate of late. If this be true, there is no surer sign of the growth of abuses which pave the way for it and render it acceptable. Certainly readers of the present volume will not fail to note that the views of our modern political *a-priorists* essentially coincide with those held long ago by the Savoyard Vicar and applied by Robespierre and Saint Just—with what results, immediate and net, the world knows. The present edition of "The Social Contract" is well translated by Miss Rose M. Harrington, and Professor E. L. Walter furnishes a really luminous critical and historical introduction.

Florentine life in the Renaissance.

Dr. Walter B. Scaife's "Florentine Life during the Renaissance" (Johns Hopkins Press) is the work of an American who has spent some time abroad and been attracted by the charm which Florence has always possessed for "those who live by thought." The volume derives its interest from the material which it contains rather than from any special excellence of style or method of treatment. The author's style is awkward and at times obscure, and the generalizations which he deals out, in order to make the book "helpful amidst the trials and complications of modern life," are usually of a commonplace and superficial sort. Authorities are not always used with proper discrimination; Roscoe is frequently referred to, and in one case Webster's Dictionary is quoted as a better authority than Burckhardt. Even a slight acquaintance with the correspondence of the fifteenth century would have prevented such a mistake as occurs on page 84, where the use of the common form "I recommend myself always to you," at the close of a letter from the wife of Lorenzo de' Medici to her husband, is said to show lack of conjugal affection, and the phrase characterized as "an expression which a person seeking office or favor might adopt."

Life and genius of William Blake.

William Blake was a man who in his character and in his poetry was so unlike an ordinary genius (if so anomalous an expression may be used) that it seems extremely hard to write a biography or criticism of him that shall be impartial and sympathetic too. Especially does sympathy with his work incline a writer to hold a brief for him. Mr. Alfred T. Story's sympathetic study of his mystical subject is

no exception to the rule. The book—"William Blake: His Life, Character, and Genius" (Macmillan)—is a special plea, full of animated superlatives whose very passion deprives them of persuasiveness. The happenings of the poet's life are rather diffusely told, and the rest of the book is given to a running commentary on his poems. Mr. Story rightly praises the few beautiful things that Blake wrote, and interprets, probably as well as anyone could, the incoherent mass that remains. Waiving Blake's power as an artist, and thinking of him merely as a literary man, a reader who had previously deemed the mystic half-mad would rise from the perusal of the book deeming him three-fourths so. But that is only another way of saying that this book is not the final interpretation of the man.

An English view of Dr. Holmes.

An attractive number of the pretty "Dilettante Library" series (Macmillan) is Mr. Walter Jerrold's critical and biographical study of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Mr. Jerrold writes with warmth as well as discrimination, and his pages are very liberally peppered with quotation and anecdote. From the verbal portraits cited we select the following, which describes the Doctor as he appeared to a Scotchman who heard him lecture in the sixties: "Holmes is a plain little dapper man, his short hair brushed down like a boy's, but turning gray now; a trifle of furzy hair under his ears; a powerful jaw, and a thick, strong underlip that gives decision to his look, with a dash of pertness. In conversation he is animated and cordial—sharp, too, taking the word out of one's mouth." The last touch rather bears out "the landlady's" view of her Autocratic boarder: "He was a well-behaved gentleman at table, only talked a good deal, and pretty loud sometimes, and had a way of turnin' up his nose when he didn't like what folks said, that one of my boarders, who is a very smart young man, said he couldn't stand, nohow, and used to make faces and poke fun at him, whenever he see him do it." The volume contains a bibliography and a fair portrait.

Completion of Vol. I. of the "Dictionary of Political Economy."

With the publication of Part Six, the first volume of the "Dictionary of Political Economy" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, is completed. A title-page, introduction, and table of contents are furnished, and cases for binding will be supplied by the publishers at a low price. The remainder of the work will be issued in completed volumes only, and of these we assume there will be two, as the first volume covers the first five letters of the alphabet. Some expansion beyond the original plan is already manifest, since the early announcements contemplated but twelve or fourteen parts. As the several instalments of this work have appeared, its great usefulness has become more and more apparent. It does not conflict in any way with Cherbuliez or with Lalor, its scope being more restricted, and its articles at once more numerous and more

compact. It bears to those works about the same relation in plan as is borne by the new Chambers's to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is thoroughly up to date, and must be considered indispensable to the working library of the economist.

The art of writing paragraphs. "Paragraph-Writing," by Professors Fred N. Scott and Joseph V. Denney (Allyn & Bacon), is one of the really practical books—there are not many of them—on English composition. It is a book that has already stood the test of classroom use, and the theory on which it is founded must be deemed established. The theory is novel and definite: the way to learn to write English is first to learn to write paragraphs. To teach this art is the object of the book. Part I. deals with the nature and laws of the paragraph; first, as an independent piece of discourse—the isolated paragraph,—and second, the paragraph as one of a series. Part II. briefly discusses the theory of the paragraph; and Part III. furnishes the teacher with an abundance of material for classroom work—selected paragraphs, hints on teaching, a list of about two thousand subjects, and useful references of many kinds. It is a book that successfully illustrates the three articles of the rhetorician's creed—theory, example, and practice.

Two new volumes from Mr. Huxley. The publication of Mr. Huxley's collected essays (Appleton) is continued with two volumes devoted, respectively, to "Science and Hebrew Tradition" and "Science and Christian Tradition." These volumes contain all of the author's contributions to the controversy into which he has been drawn of late years by the over-zealous champions of an over-literal Christian theology. They exhibit the author's polemic at its best, and will doubtless have a certain permanence as examples of brilliant controversial writing. The popular and unscientific forms of theological belief towards which Mr. Huxley's attack is directed no longer, of course, claim the assent of really serious thinkers even among professional theologians, and it may be said that *Voltaire suffit* for all that sort of thing. But for the battle of truth with superstition each age must forge its own weapons, and Mr. Huxley has shown himself an accomplished artificer. Each of these volumes has a preface written for the collective edition, that of the latter volume being considerably the more lengthy of the two.

The pleasantly-stated faith of an optimist. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's account of "The Religion of a Literary Man" (Putnam) is a pleasantly-written essay, which shows the author to have thought seriously if not deeply upon the most important of human concerns. This *religio scriptoris* is a very undogmatic sort of faith, so vaguely expressed that the most liberal-minded will find little difficulty in accepting it, if, indeed, it do not appear to be made up of the merest truisms. Occasionally the author registers a most amazing judgment, as when he calls

Schopenhauer "a small philosopher," with an "ineffably petty and uncomfortable disposition." Uncomfortable, possibly, or rather uncomfortable, to the mild optimist of Mr. Le Gallienne's type, but not exactly petty. Such vagaries, however, are not of the essence of the author's doctrine, which is, for the most part, as sweetly reasonable as even Arnold could have wished.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. H. S. Salt's "Richard Jefferies" ("Dilettante Library," Macmillan) is a concise and soberly-written study, critical rather than biographical, which may be read to advantage in connection with Mr. Besant's delightful, if rather over-charged, "Eulogy." The author discusses, very briefly, Jefferies as "Man," as "Naturalist," "Thinker," "Writer," etc., presenting what seems to be the net result of current criticism, with a due measure of shrewd comment and observation of his own. There is a useful appendix, and a portrait of Jefferies, the expression of which confirms in a way what has been said regarding his being a far less agreeable companion as a man than as a writer.

M. Paul Gaulot's spirited Life of Count Fersen, Marie Antoinette's chivalrous Swedish ally and admirer, loses little if anything of its charm in Mrs. Cashel Hoey's capital translation, lately issued by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. under the title "A Friend of the Queen." Recent disclosures have enabled M. Gaulot to throw additional light upon the romantic episode upon which his narrative naturally hinges, as well as upon the characters of those most concerned in it. The story of the ill-starred flight to Varennes is admirably told, and the book altogether forms a not unimportant contribution to the annals of the period. There are portraits of Count Fersen and the Queen.

Professor Rawlinson's "Story of Parthia" (Putnam) is an adaptation and in many places a close paraphrase of his "Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy," which first appeared more than twenty years ago. The importance of the story lies in the clearness with which it brings out the character and position of the power which for three centuries "balanced Rome, acted as a counterpoise and a check, had to be consulted and considered, held a place in all men's thoughts, and finally furnished a not intolerable refuge to such as had provoked Rome's master beyond forgiveness." Such negative forces have an influence in history which we too often overlook.

Mrs. Frances Elliot's "Old Court Life in France," which was published some twenty years ago, enjoyed a considerable popularity with readers who were not exacting as to accuracy of statement, and who liked to take their history well-diluted and strongly flavored with romanticism. The author now puts forth two volumes of "Old Court Life in Spain" (Scribner), similarly told, and likely to attract the same sort of audience. It tells us of the Moors, of Bernardo del Carpio and the Cid, and of various kings and other potentates down to the times of Ferdinand and Isabella. The manner of the telling is both incoherent and stilted, and serious readers will not care for the work.

Modern language texts are multiplying at the usual rate. From the Cambridge University Press (Macmillan) we have Delavigne's "Louis XI.," edited by

Mr. H. W. Eve; Mérimée's "Colomba," edited by Mr. Arthur R. Ropes; and "Die Deutschen Heldensagen" (Hagen and Hilde: Gudrun), by Dr. Gotthold Klee, edited by Mr. H. J. Wostenholme. Messrs. Ginn & Co. send us a new collection of "Morceaux Choisis d'Alphonse Daudet," edited by Mr. Frank W. Freeborn, and authorized by M. Daudet himself, who has written one sketch especially for this volume. "Gustav Adolf's Page," by Herr C. F. Meyer, edited by Professor Otto Heller; and two "Novellen" by Herr W. H. Riehl, edited by Miss Abbie Fiske Eaton, are published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. Last of all, we must mention Miss Carla Wenckebach's abridgement of "Ekkehard," also published by the Messrs. Heath.

The "Practical Business Book-keeping of Double Entry" (Heath), prepared by Mr. Manson Seavy of the Boston English High School, appears to be an exceptionally complete and up-to-date presentation of the subject, useful not only as a text-book, but also as a book of reference and as a self-instructor. The book is attractively printed and substantially bound.

"Letters to Marco" (Macmillan), an attractive little volume of letters from George D. Leslie, R.A., to his friend H. Stacy Marks, R.A., should appeal to readers who love Nature for her own sake and can seek her precincts unallured by the proverbial Anglo-Saxon craving to "go and kill something." Mr. Leslie's letters teem with original and curious observations on plant and animal life in the southern counties of England, with occasional "asides" on art topics and on the life bucolic in general. The letters are crisply and pleasantly written, and there are many wood-cuts, mainly corrected reproductions of the original pen-and-ink scribbles.

Mr. St. George Mivart's "Introduction to the Elements of Science" (Little, Brown, & Co.) is a book intended for the general reader, and not at all like, for example, the "Elements of Science" of Professor Jevons, although having the same universal scope. Mathematics, mechanics, physics, biology, logic, and history are the main subjects taken up. Neither Mr. Mivart's psychology nor his philosophy of history is likely to find general acceptance, for the personal equation of the writer gives them too marked a coloring; but in the simpler matters of physical and biological science he is a competent, and usually a trustworthy, guide.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, March 26, 1894.

The publication of Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" will be the most significant literary event of the coming week. Doubtless this third work of importance will be made the criterion of Mrs. Ward's success as a novelist. The general impression seems to have been that "David Grieve" did not quite fulfil the promise of "Robert Elsmere." To my mind, "Marcella" is an advance, in the art of novel-writing, upon both of the former books. The story is more connected, and the characters as a whole are drawn with greater clearness, although there is no one character which equals that of the Squire in "Robert Elsmere." The girl of the period, either with or without a purpose, seems just now to engross the attention of the English-speaking race, and Mrs. Ward has hit the spirit of the times very happily with her "Marcella." The latter young woman is decidedly purposeful, and sets out to reform her part of the world,

an English country village, along the lines of the new Socialism. An engagement to the son of a lord is not allowed to interfere with this work, and it is the engagement and not the work that comes to an end when interests clash. I am not sure, however, that Mrs. Ward makes the new Socialism attractive, or does it full justice. She seems to have studied it "from above," as Marcella accuses her lover of doing in the case of a condemned poacher. The book is quite as long as the two which preceded it, but it is well proportioned, interesting, and full of material for reflection. Mrs. Ward has evidently taken the advice of her critics, for the action of the story is not interrupted by long descriptions of unimportant characters or by digressions into the fields of religion and philosophy.

Edgar Stanton Maclay, whose "History of the United States Navy" is just about to be published, is the son of the president of the Maclay Theological Seminary of Los Angeles, California. He graduated from Syracuse University in 1885, having devoted himself particularly to the study of history. Since his graduation he has been constantly engaged upon this history of the navy. He has spent much time in France, where the Minister of Marine opened the official archives to him, and also in England, where he was aided by the late Admiral Provo Wallis, a survivor of the Chesapeake-Shannon fight. In this country Mr. Maclay has been given access to many family papers and unpublished documents, and has been assisted by Admiral Jouett and other naval officers. Mr. Maclay will have an article descriptive of the cruise of the United States frigate "Potomac" for the chastisement of the Qualla Battocoans in 1832, in the May "Harper's."

In addition to the volumes of the "Ex Libris" series, edited by Gleeson White, already mentioned in this correspondence, Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce "The Decorative Illustration of Books," by Walter Crane, "Modern Book Illustration," by Joseph Pennell, and "Decorative Heraldry," by G. W. Eve. The interest in book-lore seems to have culminated with the proposed new English bibliographical magazine.

Interest in Napoleon seems to increase with each successive work relating to his life and surroundings. The latest Napoleon volume is the "Memoirs of the Baron de Meneval," which Messrs. Appleton are about to publish. As private secretary to the emperor from 1802 to 1814, Baron de Meneval had, of course, special opportunities for observation, which he did not neglect, as these selections from his diaries and notes plainly show. They have been edited by his grandson.

The poems of the unfortunate Richard Realf are at last to be collected in a volume. Since his suicide at Oakland, California, in 1878, there have been several announcements of proposed volumes of his poems, but none of these has appeared. Meanwhile, Realf's literary executor and former comrade, Col. Richard J. Hinton, has gathered together copies of all the poems that could be found, and has awaited a favorable opportunity for publication. This has now come about through the instrumentality of Col. Alexander T. Hawes, of San Francisco, also a comrade of Realf, having commanded a regiment in the Army of the Cumberland. "The Poems of Richard Realf," with a brief biography by Colonel Hinton, will be issued in the Fall under the direction of Colonel Hawes, to whose address in the Mills Building, San Francisco, subscriptions may be sent. A large number has already been received. Colonel Hinton has collected nearly two hundred poems by Realf,

and the volume will also contain the latter's youthful verses originally published in London as "Guesses at Truth." There will be three portraits, one taken during the John Brown period in Kansas, another during the War, and the third at a later date.

In "Joanna Traill, Spinster," Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, one of the most popular of the younger English novelists, has drawn an interesting picture of rescue work in the London slums. Much is expected of this book, which will be published in London and New York simultaneously on the first of the month. Mr. W. T. Stead, who is particularly interested in this author and her work, has said of the book, which he saw in manuscript, that "It is a tale of London life, painted from life, full of the pathos and tragedy and also of the brightness and vitality of modern London."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Professor R. T. Ely's forthcoming work on "Socialism" will be published by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Messrs. C. H. Sergel & Co. announce a "History of Bohemia," by Mr. Robert H. Vickers, author of "The Martyrdoms of Literature."

The Rev. Dulaney Addison, of Beverly, Massachusetts, is preparing a life of Lucy Larcom, and asks for the loan of any of her letters that are likely to prove helpful to him.

The Jewish Publication Society of America announce Volume Three of Professor Graetz's "History of the Jews" and the "Papers of the Jewish Women's Congress" of last summer.

Mr. A. D. F. Hamlin, of Columbia College, will personally conduct a class in architectural history through Italy during the coming summer. The cost of membership will be at least five hundred dollars.

The Baker & Taylor Co. announce "With the Wild Flowers," by Miss E. M. Hardinge; "The Amateur Aquarist," by Mr. Mark Samuel; and "Christianity Practically Applied," being the proceedings of the 1893 meeting at Chicago of the Evangelical Alliance.

Messrs. C. L. Webster & Co. announce for immediate publication a new novel by Miss Annie E. Holdsworth, entitled "Joanna Traill, Spinster," and also a new story from Mark Twain's pen, depicting the adventures of "Tom Sawyer Abroad." The latter volume will be illustrated by Mr. Dan Beard.

The following Bülow story is from "The Saturday Review": "It will be remembered how, some two or three years ago, the German Emperor in a speech referred rather rudely to the 'Grumblers' (*Nörgler*) at the existing régime, and advised all such to shake off the dust of the Vaterland's soil. The speech created an unusual stir in all circles, and there was a large contingent of officials and others who took the hint, and became known forthwith as *Staubabschüttler*. Bülow, who had always something to say or to write, held his tongue this time; but, at the first Philharmonic Concert he conducted in Berlin, as he stepped on the platform he took out a very large handkerchief and in full view of the audience began to dust his shoes, just to show that he was not satisfied with the existing state of things! He took it also musically out of Count Hochberg when that amiable despot had him turned out of the Berlin Opera House. It was at a pianoforte recital at the Singacad-

emie, where, by way of a prelude, Bülow just played the first few bars of Figaro's aria, 'Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino!'"

Perhaps the most extensive literary work ever undertaken in this country is the military history now being produced by the government of the United States, under the title of "War of the Rebellion, a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies." It was begun just twenty years ago, and will be practically finished at the end of the next fiscal year. The work when completed will embrace 120 large royal octavo volumes of 1000 pages each, and a gigantic atlas, and the ultimate cost will be something like \$2,500,000 for the 11,000 copies printed. Up to this date eighty-nine serial volumes have been published, and about \$1,800,000 has been spent in all branches of the work, or about \$20,000 per volume. The printing and binding alone cost \$10,000 per volume, while the previous preparation of each volume for the printer's hands cost an equal sum of \$10,000. Something like a thousand copies of this work are offered for sale at a trifle above actual cost. The price of the eighty-nine parts now published is \$56.10 in cloth, and \$145.10 in half morocco.

A remarkable literary find has been made by the American Press Company of Baltimore, in the shape of an original first edition of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, one of the rarest books in the world. For many years this unique volume was sought in vain by collectors of rare books, the only copy known to be in existence being an imperfect copy in the British Museum. Two years ago, a copy was offered at a book auction sale in Boston, and, after a lively bidding, was bought by a New York dealer for \$1,850; it was then sold to a private buyer for \$2,500, who sent the treasure to Paris, where it was exquisitely bound at a cost of \$300. The copy just discovered by the American Press Company was picked up at a second-hand bookstore some sixty years ago, and has since remained in the possession of the purchaser. It is in an excellent state of preservation, and is worth its weight in gold ten times over. The title-page reads as follows:

TAMERLANE,

and

Other Poems.

By a Bostonian.

Young heads are giddy, and young hearts are warm,
And make mistakes for manhood to reform.—*Cowper*.

Boston:

Calvin F. S. Thomas . . . Printer.

1827.

A new work by Mr. Ruskin is just being published, entitled "Verona, and Other Lectures," and illustrated with frontispiece and photogravure plates from drawings by the author. Of its five chapters, four were prepared to be delivered as lectures, during Mr. Ruskin's tenure of the Slade Professorship at Oxford. One has been written since his resignation. The lecture which gives its title to the volume, "Verona and Its Rivers," was delivered at the Royal Institution in 1870, and is now printed *in extenso* for the first time. The second, "The Story of Arachne," dealing with Greek mythology, was read at Woolwich in 1870, and has hitherto been represented only by a brief report in a daily newspaper. "The Tortoise of Aegina" was prepared for the Oxford course on Greek sculpture, known as "Aratra Pentelici," but it was not delivered, and has remained until now in manuscript. The last two chapters of the book are connected with the projected series of "Our Fathers

Have Told Us"; "Candida Casa, treating of the beginnings of Christianity in Britain," and "Mending the Sieve," a lecture on the Cistercians and their architecture, given at the London Institution in 1882.

The Department of Philosophy and Education of Columbia College announces the early appearance of the first of a series of contributions on philosophical, psychological, and educational subjects that are to appear under the editorship of the members of the Department. These contributions are not intended to interfere in any way with existing journals, to which the members of the Department will continue to lend their cordial support as heretofore, but the new series will contain: (1) the longer and more important dissertations submitted by advanced students in philosophy and education, in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; (2), occasional longer and more technical studies by the professors and instructors themselves; (3) reprints from other journals of contributions made to them by members of the Department of Philosophy at Columbia. The contributions will appear at irregular intervals, and will be numbered consecutively for binding and preservation. The editors propose to conform in every respect to the directions regarding such publications recently formulated by the Trustees of the Columbia University Press. The new contributions will appear under the editorial direction of Professors Butler and Cattell and Drs. Hyslop and Farrant. The first of the contributions to appear will be entitled "Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi: A Study in the Origins of German Realism," by Mr. Norman Wilde, A.M. The second will be "Kant's Inaugural Dissertation of 1770," including a translation of the dissertation, together with an elaborate introduction and notes, by Professor W. J. Eckoff of the University of Colorado. Orders for these numbers, or requests for information concerning them, should be addressed to the Department of Philosophy at Columbia College.

THE EDITOR: A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY.

The following notes upon that interesting specimen, the common editor, are taken from "The Author" of London: "The common editor is chiefly remarkable for the mixture of ferocity and cunning which he displays. He lives in a remote cave, or cell, situated in almost inaccessible places, and extremely difficult to find. The approach to his lair is commonly invested with swarms of the Office-Boy Hornet (see Chapter LXII.), which do all in their power to prevent the intrusion of a stranger. Strychnine, done up in the form of chocolate drops, is probably the best means of destroying these. But even when they have been overcome, the zoölogist is not unlikely to find the lair deserted; for it is a habit of the editor to roam forth in search of food, which he does at frequent intervals. Those scientists who have made a determined effort to capture an editor, declare they have approached his den at all times, from eleven in the morning to late in the afternoon, and that they have been informed on each occasion that their prey has 'just stepped out to luncheon,' and is not expected to return for several hours. Another well-marked trait in the creature's character, and one upon which all writers are agreed, is his passion for unused postage stamps, which he obtains from innocent contributors in enormous quantities. Hence a learned Professor has conjectured that it is the habit of the editor to lie concealed in his den until such time as he has accumulated sufficient stamps to secure him a meal, and that he then sallies forth to

spend these, after which he again rests in hiding until another supply of stamps has been obtained. When in his den, his favorite employment is tearing up manuscript, with the exception of a few especially worthless articles, which latter he uses for filling his paper. It is also a well-known fact that he puts all the poems he receives into a hat, and draws out one or two at random for use from time to time; the rest he destroys. A further point observed by many zoölogists is the editor's fondness for cliques; they do not explain very clearly what these are, or how they are formed, but their existence is denounced by almost every writer on editors. Some facts concerning them will be found in a later chapter. It is sufficient to say here that they are represented as herds of selfish and incompetent monsters, whose only aim is to prevent any recognition being given to true genius."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1894 (First List).

"Americanism," Theodore Roosevelt. *Forum*.
 American Politics and Political History, Studies in. *Dial*.
 Arnold, Matthew. Florence Earle Coates. *Century*.
 Art in the Theatre. Illus. Richard Marston. *Mag. of Art*.
 Art, Origin of. M. Lazar Popoff. *Popular Science*.
 Battle Ship in Action. A. Illus. S. A. Staunton. *Harper*.
 Beaver Eater, The. Illus. H. T. Martin. *Pop. Science*.
 Bowery and Bohemia, The. Illus. H. C. Bunner. *Scribner*.
 Capital, Combination of. E. B. Andrews. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Comet-Finder, A. Illus. Frank W. Mack. *Century*.
 Consular Service Reform. Wm. F. Wharton. *No. American*.
 Democritus Redivivus. C. A. L. Richards. *Dial*.
 Co-operative Housekeeping. H. C. Walsh. *Lippincott*.
 Emperor William's Stud-Farm. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper*.
 English at Cornell University. Hiram Corson. *Dial*.
 English Senate, The. George W. Smalley. *Harper*.
 English Speech in America. Edward Eggleston. *Century*.
 Farmer in the South, The. Illus. Octave Thanet. *Scribner*.
 Flying, The Problem of. J. Le Conte. *Popular Science*.
 Forgery, Professional. R. A. Pinkerton. *No. American*.
 Foulis Academy and James Tassie. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
 French Caricature of To-Day. Illus. *Scribner*.
 Geographical Discovery in the Interior of North America. *Dial*.
 Gods of India. Illus. F. Marion Crawford. *Century*.
 Hawaiian Traditions. Abraham Fornander. *Lippincott*.
 Homing Pigeons, Method of. Illus. *Popular Science*.
 Ice Age, The. A. R. Wallace. *Popular Science*.
 Immigration, Restriction of. J. H. Senner. *No. American*.
 Inter-State Commerce Law, The. A. F. Walker. *Forum*.
 Italian Crisis, Causes of the. W. R. Thayer. *Atlantic*.
 "Italy and the Papacy." Mgr. Satolli. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Latin Poetry, Early. R. Y. Tyrrell. *Atlantic*.
 Lee in the Seven Days' Campaign. E. G. Scott. *Atlantic*.
 Life under Water. Illus. Gustav Kobbé. *Scribner*.
 Lincoln's Literary Experiments. John G. Nicolay. *Century*.
 Literature, The Approach to. *Dial*.
 Memoirs of Two Englishwomen. *Dial*.
 Millet's Life at Barbizon. Illus. Pierre Millet. *Century*.
 Municipal Reform. Herbert Welsh. *Forum*.
 Nature in Old English Poetry. Richard Burton. *Atlantic*.
 Navigation Laws, Our. C. H. Cramp. *No. American*.
 Occult Compensation. H. C. Lea. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Painting. William A. Coffin. *Scribner*.
 Parliament, New Parties in. Justin McCarthy. *No. Amer.*
 Pottery and Porcelain, American. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial*.
 Punishment. F. H. Bradley. *Journal of Ethics*.
 Referendum in Switzerland and America. *Atlantic*.
 Republican Outlook, The. Thomas H. Carter. *No. Amer.*
 Roseberry and the Liberal Crisis in England. *Forum*.
 Sewage Disposal, Methods of. G. E. Waring, Jr. *Century*.
 St. Paul's, The Decoration of. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.

Storage Battery Cars. George J. Varney. *Lippincott*.
Surgery in America. George F. Shrady. *Forum*.
Swan, John Macallan. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
Tariff and Monetary Reform. *North American*.
Telegraph in France, The. Illus. *Popular Science*.
Trusts. George A. Rich. *Popular Science*.
Tyndall. Herbert Spencer. *Popular Science*.
Universities, American. G. Stanley Hall. *Forum*.
Yale University. Arthur T. Hadley. *Harper*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 76 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Sir Harry Parkes, K.C.B., sometime Her Majesty's Minister to China and Japan. By Stanley Lane-Poole, author of "Life of Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe." In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$8.
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John Larkin Lincoln, 1817-1891: A Memorial Volume. With portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 641. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. \$3.
Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Edited by the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier; trans. by Charles E. Roche. Vol. II., 1812-1814, 8vo, pp. 474. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

HISTORY.

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A History of Chile. By Anson Uriel Hancock, author of "Old Abraham Jackson." Illus., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 471. Charles H. Sergel & Co. \$2.50.
Bill Nye's History of the United States. Illus. by F. Oppen. 8vo, pp. 329. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.

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EDUCATED MEN IN THE FOREIGN SERVICE.

The gravest of the charges brought against democracy declares it incapable of selecting suitable representatives for the performance of its public functions. This charge is no mere speculation, but rather an induction from sufficient experience to give it considerable weight. Our own experience of a century joins with the briefer but no less emphatic experience of the more democratic among the European communities in showing, or tending to show, that the rule of average opinion in a country results in putting the average man into public office, and that the average man is not often competent to perform the delicate and highly specialized work of administration. Even the Athenian democracy, at the time when its representatives were chosen by lot, was in better case than our more modern examples, for the average Athenian had a better training in the duties of citizenship than is got by the average Frenchman or American of to-day. If our modern democracy cannot solve the problem of making the common suffrage result in the selection of uncommon men for public office, its future is not promising, and its boastful predictions will prove anything but justified. That the problem eventually will be solved, we firmly believe; but the first step towards its solution must be taken by forcing the popular consciousness to a recognition of the fact that the problem exists, by getting a healthful spirit of unrest at work, instead of the complacent but deadly optimism that has come to be thought patriotic.

Civil service reform is, of course, one of the agencies whereby thoughtful people expect to see brought about the performance of work for the public by persons selected upon a basis of fitness for the work to be performed. But what is at present practically understood by reform in the civil service is only the beginning of what must be accomplished before democracy can safely lay aside that problem to engage upon some of the others that will be certain to confront it. When we shall have found out how (or rather agreed, for we perfectly well

know how) to organize without any reference to politics the clerical forces of our municipal, state, and national governments, we shall still have to face the difficulty of getting the right men into the elective and higher appointive offices. If these are to remain what they now are, the stake of the professional politician and the sport of popular caprice, the cause of civil service reform, even if triumphant upon the lines now laid down by its devoted champions, will have won but a dubious and imperfect victory. The stability of its triumph will, moreover, remain uncertain, constantly menaced by powerful adverse influences.

It is because of these considerations that we welcome, as a step in the right direction, the bill for a reorganization of our diplomatic and consular service, just introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Morgan. Our foreign service is not numerically important, but a great deal depends upon its efficiency, and it is peculiarly well fitted to serve as an object-lesson in administration. How completely demoralized it has been in the past, and still is, may be read in many a paper upon the subject (such, for example, as Mr. Wharton's recent review article), and illustrated from the recollections of every intelligent American who has kept an eye upon public affairs for a few years past. What it might become is well enough shown by a glance at the similar service of France, or England, or any other nation of the first class. Senator Morgan's bill proposes to take the foreign service out of politics, and make of it a professional career that may be chosen by a young man just as he chooses law or divinity. It provides for a systematic classification of the diplomatic and consular posts, for entrance examinations in foreign languages and such subjects as history and political science, for promotions based upon merit, and for fixity of tenure unless incumbents shall prove inefficient. Such an organization of our foreign service would certainly attract the best sort of men, for it would insure the proper qualifications, and would open as definite a career as is now offered by the military and naval services. The two highest grades of diplomatic appointments are not included within the proposed scheme, and it is not well that they should be at present. But twenty years from now, with such a reformed service in full operation for that period, there would be no good reason for going outside the ranks even for the selection of ambassadors and ministers plenipotentiary.

Such a plan as Senator Morgan contemplates

has for many years been urged by all thoughtful persons having regard for our national dignity and honor. It is entirely practicable, for it is what every other important nation does as a matter of course, and what we ourselves do in the naval and military branches of our public service. We might criticise some of the details of the bill, such as the low scale of salaries proposed, the failure to recognize certain university degrees as evidence of fitness in lieu of examination, the proposition to examine existing incumbents, and some aspects of the machinery suggested for the work of reorganization and of examination. But the plan as a whole is so commendable, and its adoption would prove of such incalculable value to the nation, that we are not disposed to dwell upon minor objections.

That almost anything would be better than the state of things existing in our foreign service is apparent to most serious people, and to all who have had occasion to observe the workings of that service in foreign countries. Our recent experiences with a South American republic provided a humiliating object-lesson in the consequences of using diplomatic appointments for the payment of political debts. Every American who has lived for any length of time in foreign capitals knows how we suffer as a nation from the frequent incompetency of our representatives. The American minister or consul and his queer doings furnish in almost every important European city the subject of a choice collection of anecdotes to which every newly arrived American colonist is called upon to listen with feelings of mingled amusement and shame. In some cities, the antics of a succession of American representatives becomes fused into a sort of legendary epic, from which the type alone emerges, the individual being lost to sight. That he is not dear to the memory of self-respecting Americans goes without saying. Of course, our haphazard system of pitchforking office-seekers into diplomatic and consular offices, with regard to neither their training, nor their culture, nor the peculiar requirements of the posts to which they are respectively assigned, sometimes results in a fortunate selection. But in view of the whole measure of our offending, there is little consolation in the thought that we did contrive to send Taylor to Germany, Motley to Vienna, and Lowell to Madrid and the Court of St. James. And for the sake of having a body of thoroughly educated and cultivated gentlemen in our foreign service, of providing them with an

occupation that they might honorably select to follow as a life-calling, most of us would gladly consent to see even the highest posts filled by regular promotion from the ranks, and to renounce the privilege of occasionally honoring a distinguished man of letters by making him our officially accredited representative in some foreign capital.

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.*

It has been pointed out by Professor March that the study of English in America may be traced to two men, Noah Webster and Thomas Jefferson. It is well known that as early as 1818 Mr. Jefferson included Anglo-Saxon "as a part of the circle of instruction to be given to the students" of his projected University. When the University of Virginia was finally opened, in 1825, Anglo-Saxon was included in the courses offered, and from that day to the present it has always been given. But it was intrusted, along with some eight or ten modern languages, to Dr. Blättermann, whose time must have been very fully occupied. After him, Dr. Kraitsir occupied the chair for two years; and in 1844 Dr. M. Schele DeVere entered upon his distinguished career, which with the end of the present session rounds out its fifty years. It is computed that since the establishment of the University about seven hundred students have elected courses in Anglo-Saxon. But the influence of Jefferson was not limited to the University of Virginia. Professor March, trained under the Websterian influence, but acquainted by residence in Virginia with the work of the University of Virginia, was called in 1857 to Lafayette College, where "English and Anglo-Saxon as a separate department of philological study coördinate with Latin and Greek" was first recognized. The influence that had previously led to the study of English at Lafayette was Jeffersonian. Professor March says: "Mr. Jefferson's plans for his University attracted attention through the whole country, and it was very likely on their suggestion that the founders of Lafayette College, which was chartered in 1826, made the study of Anglo-Saxon and English prominent in their proposed curriculum."

There is a tradition—how well-grounded it is impossible to say without further examination—that the first distinctive course in English Litera-

ture ever offered in America was planned and carried out by three University of Virginia graduates, who were associated in the management of a school for young ladies. But the interest in the English language and literature, indicated by the importance attached to them by the founder of the University and her sons, did not manifest itself in any very active development of their study. These subjects, at first assigned to the chairs of Modern Languages and of Philosophy, and later grouped in part with History, were not recognized as a distinct department until 1882, when Professor James M. Garnett was elected Professor of English Language and Literature. Ten years later, in 1892, the Board of Visitors created the Linden Kent Memorial School of English Literature. The establishment of this chair enables Professor Garnett to devote his entire time to English Language, while the new chair includes Rhetoric and Belles Lettres besides English Literature.

With the full freedom of election characteristic of this institution since its foundation, young men may pursue courses in either or both of these schools. In the School of the English Language, B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. courses are offered. A synopsis of these courses is herewith given:

B. A. Course: Modern English.—In this class, the study of the English drama and of the descriptive history of the language is pursued. Shakespeare is made a special subject of study. The critical study of one or two plays of Shakespeare, with private reading of about a fourth of the plays, is followed by similar study of selected works of other dramatic authors. Lectures on the history of the Elizabethan drama are given in connection with the study of Shakespeare. These treat the early dramatic forms prevalent in England, the rise of regular comedy and tragedy, the Pre-Shakespearian dramatists, the Shakespearian period, and the Post-Shakespearian dramatists to the close of the theatres in 1642. The study of the English drama occupies the first half-session; that of the history of English treated from an elementary point of view, the second half-session. The course closes with the reading of some work in practical illustration of the formation of English. The aim is to give such a knowledge of the history of the language as every educated man should possess. Three lectures a week are given.

The object of the B.A. course is to treat specific periods of the language from both a philological and literary point of view, stress being laid upon the former; and the Shakespearian period has been selected as that best suited to the beginner, and perhaps the most interesting.

M. A. Course: Old and Middle English.—In this class the historical and philological study of the language is pursued, the class beginning with its oldest forms, and tracing the language, by the study of specimens, through its different periods to the formation of modern English. After a thorough

* This article is the sixth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); and English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1).—[EDR. DIAL.]

study of the grammar, selected pieces of Old and Middle English prose and poetry are read, with a view to acquiring a philological knowledge of the origin and structure of English. Lectures on the position of English in the Indo-European family of languages, and on the history of the language, are also given. These treat in outline the other branches of the Indo-European family of languages, and in detail the Teutonic branch. Special stress is laid upon the development of the language during the Old and Middle English periods, and the infusion of the Romance elements which so greatly affected its character. The study of Old English (Anglo-Saxon) occupies the first half-session; that of Middle English the second half-session. In addition to what is read in class, assigned parallel reading of Old and Middle English works is also required. It is well for the student to have studied the history of English as given in the class of Modern English, or some similar course, before entering upon the study of the course in Old and Middle English, although this is not essential, as the two may be studied together. Some antecedent philological study is, however, necessary. The aim is to lay the foundation for more advanced studies in English Philology. There are three lectures a week.

Ph.D. Course. — In this course, to which the M. A. course is a necessary preparation, the method pursued is freer, and the taste of the individual student is consulted to a greater degree. The more advanced study of English Philology is the general subject; and whether the students shall accomplish this by a more extensive reading of Old and Middle English works, or by a study of Gothic as the basis for comparative study of the Teutonic languages, is left to the student himself. In either case, encouragement to individual research is given by the requirements of a dissertation on some subject cognate with the course pursued. In all classes the work is not limited to that assigned for class-preparation, but a course of parallel or private reading is prescribed, on which also the class is duly examined.

In the Linden Kent Memorial School of English Literature, as in the School of the English Language, three courses are offered.

B. A. Course. — The class meets three hours a week throughout the session. For convenience of presentation, the course is divided as follows:

1, Rhetoric. This comprises a careful study of the principles of style and of invention in prose discourse, with exercise in essay-writing and in the critical analysis of selected specimens of English prose.

2, Versification. This course is based on the Professor's notes on Poetics. The lectures discuss theories and principles of versification, morphology of verse, history of verse forms, kinds of poetry, etc. Class exercises of various kinds are assigned from time to time.

3, History of English Literature. This course comprises: — (a) Lectures on the Development of

English Literature prior to Chaucer; (b) English Literature from Chaucer to Dryden; (c) English Literature from Anne to Victoria.

Besides general references published in the Catalogue, numerous special references for authors, periods, works, etc., are given throughout the course. In addition to the various written exercises of the class, five essays are required of each student applying for graduation in the B. A. course.

M. A. Course. — In this course there are occasional lectures, but in general the exercises of the class are conducted by means of questions, conversations, and conference. Readings are assigned, independent investigations insisted upon, and written reports required from time to time. The students are encouraged to form their own judgments, and to express these orally and in writing. References for each author or period studied are given, and the free use of the library in this and all courses is cordially recommended. There are four and a half hours a week. As an essential part of this course a dissertation showing independent and original work is required.

Ph. D. Course. — This course will be, in some measure, adapted to the needs of the students desiring to pursue it. Its purposes will be to cultivate more fully the love of letters, to encourage independent and scholarly research, and to further the art of literary expression. It will include the study of some writer, or school of writers, or of some period or movement of literature, and will take into consideration the political, social, and literary characteristics of the time under discussion.

In conclusion it may be said that the relations existing here between students and professors is so cordial and frank that there is no lack of opportunity for personal contact and conference. This enables the Professor of Rhetoric to supplement the written correction of essays and the general remarks before the class by private conversation and individual advice. On the other hand, some of the best of these essays are published in the "University of Virginia Magazine." This students' publication and their weekly "College Topics" are appreciated adjuncts to the work in composition; while the debating societies, in lieu of systematic training in oratory, give abundant opportunity for practice in speaking.

The foundation for the library (now about 52,000 volumes) was judiciously laid by the purchase of works of permanent and substantial value, and the wisdom which characterized the selection made by the first professors has in the main been exhibited by later literary committees. The library is stronger in English Literature prior to the nineteenth century than it is in the products of this century or of our own country, but the deficiencies are fully recognized and the want is being supplied as fast as limited means allow.

CHARLES W. KENT.

Professor of English Literature, University of Virginia.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE EARLY HOME OF THE ARYANS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Your issue of March 16 contains a review of Clark's "Manual of Linguistics," under the heading of "Popular Studies in Language," in which the following statement is made: "As regards the early home of the Aryans, our author wisely contents himself with stating the various arguments in favor of a European and an Asiatic site, and leaves the choice to his readers. He seems to show, however, a leaning towards Schrader's selection of Eastern Iran."

Knowing that Schrader abandoned the Asiatic theory a number of years ago (see his *Sprachvergleichung und Urgeschichte*, 1883), I was somewhat startled at the above statement, and upon examining Clark's work was surprised to find that the author not only showed no predilection for the Asiatic theory, but did not even represent Schrader as favoring it. This the following extracts from his book will show:

"If it be right to locate, with Schrader, the original home in the district of the Middle Volga," etc. (P. xxix.)

"The absence of common names for ass and camel does not suggest an Asiatic site for the original home." (P. liii.)

"It falls now to utilize all that has been learnt regarding Aryan culture to assist in determining the scene of the joint-life. This used to be laid in Asia. The primitiveness of Sanskrit, the ancient civilization and traditional antiqueness of the East, the reputation of Asia as the *officina gentium*, all tended to the allocation of an Asiatic site as the scene of the joint life. Primitiveness of language proves nothing as to primitive home, and the presence of archaic traits in a language manifestly does not prove its speakers autochthonous in the district or zone." (P. lviii.)

Concerning Schrader's contention for a European origin, Clark says: "Schrader's theory of the original home is plausible, well-reasoned out, and merits attention." After having given a brief account of it, he adds: "A good case is thus made out for the site tentatively chosen as the scene of the joint-life. The inductions that an examination of the language caused to be drawn are fairly well borne out by the objective realities of the steppe country of the Middle Volga." (P. lxiii.) But the author goes on to say: "It seems to me that Hirt (*Die Urheimat der Indogermanen*, Brugmann's Journal, Vol. I., p. 464) has picked some holes in this theory. . . . If this presentation of cognates is correct, the site chosen for the original home must be one where the four Indo-European trees (the birch, the willow, the pine, and the oak) grow together. Such a condition throws out of count not only Asia, but Schrader's steppe country. The site must be European and wooded, and Hirt pitches on the country on the Baltic just outside the N. E. corner of the beech zone." (P. lxix.)

Would it not seem from this that Clark rather has a "leaning towards" Hirt's selection of the Baltic country?

After having read Clark's book I was at first at a loss to account for Professor Dodge's slip, but I think the following sentence from Clark (p. lxi.) will show what, in a hasty reading, has misled him: "The choice of Eastern Iran as the scene of the Indo-Iranian period of common culture has much to recommend it." Evidently he has read Indo-Iranian as being synonymous with Indo-European.

Just a word more: Professor Dodge says that the

author "wisely contents himself with stating the various arguments in favor of a European and an Asiatic site, and leaves the choice to his readers." Now, as a matter of fact, Clark does not state the arguments in favor of an Asiatic site any more fully than is given in the extract from p. lviii., and there only to pronounce against it. The time has come for repudiating the Asiatic theory. There is not one single indisputable argument to commend it.

JULIUS E. OLSON.

University of Wisconsin, April 5, 1894.

Two jurists of the highest eminence, a great English orientalist, and a popular American novelist crowd the literary death-roll of the closing days of last month. Sir James Fitzjames Stephen (born in 1829) found time to do the work of a journalist for many years, contributing, among other things, to "The Saturday Review" those remarkable historical papers that have recently been published in book form as "*Horæ Sabbaticæ*." He also wrote a profound treatise on "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality," a "History of the Criminal Law of England," and "The Story of Naucomar," which latter work showed the career of Warren Hastings in its true light, and relegated Macaulay's famous essay to the realm of fancy or of fable. George Ticknor Curtis (born in 1812) was the author of many legal works of standard value, as well as of biographies of James Buchanan and Daniel Webster, "John Charaxes, a Tale of the Civil War in America," and a "Constitutional History of the United States." William Robertson Smith (born in 1846) was of the first eminence as a student of Hebrew and Arabic. As the former, he published "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," "The Prophets of Israel and their Place in History," "Lectures on the Religion of the Semites," and the "Old Testament" article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which brought him into bad odor with the orthodox and into high esteem with scientific theologians. In Arabic, he succeeded the lamented Palmer at Cambridge, and occupied the chair of Arabic at the time of his death. Mrs. Jane G. Austin will be remembered as the author of a remarkable series of novels of early life in Massachusetts, "Standish of Standish" being perhaps the best of them, although many votes will be recorded for "A Nameless Nobleman." She depicted the Puritan life and character with both knowledge and sympathy, and endeared herself to all readers having New England blood in their veins.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is reported to have said in a recent conversation, *apropos* of his autobiography: "I work at the memoirs an hour or two each day, and am making satisfactory progress. That is, I have about one-half completed of all I shall write. Then I shall place the manuscript in the hands of my publishers, and they will keep it in their safe until I shall have passed away. My belief has always been that a man's memoirs should be distinctly posthumous, and I shall carry out that belief in my own case."

Mr. Gladstone's Hawarden library, consisting of over twenty-four thousand volumes, having been placed in the iron building constructed for it, he has just issued a circular declaring it ready for the use of "students, lay and clerical, of any age, of inquirers, and of clergy or others desiring times of rest"; and he does not desire the visits to it of mere sightseers. It is expected that students will reside in the hostelry adjoining.

The New Books.

HENRIK IBSEN.*

With respect to the fundamental classification of poets, the classification based upon the distinction between poetic form and poetic thought, between energy and beauty of expression, Dr. Ibsen must be ranked with the inferior class, with the class of poets who aim to say things forcibly rather than to say them beautifully, with the Brownings rather than with the Tennysons. Like all the greater poets of this class, he offers abundant evidence of the ability to express himself in supremely excellent form, but obviously does not care to make the effort except upon rare occasions. Nearly always his chief purpose is to say something forcibly; hence he uses prose or verse indifferently as the vehicle of expression. With what energy he is able to embody an idea, how provocative of thought and discussion is his direct and compact mode of speech, we have all seen in the little drama of "A Doll Home," and in the eager interest with which that comparatively unimportant play was received a few years ago by our reading public. And it excited the same eager interest in the Scandinavian countries when it first appeared. It is stated upon excellent authority that in Stockholm, the winter of the production of this piece, invitations to social gatherings often included a particular request that guests should abstain from discussing "A Doll Home." How often we all wished that some such practice might obtain during the acute stages of the "Robert Elsmere" fever! This incident shows very clearly how imperative is the demand made by Dr. Ibsen upon the attention of his readers. Far more, even, than the play mentioned do such works as "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the poet's real masterpieces, rivet the attention and stimulate the thought. For their author is distinctly a poet with a message. To borrow a phrase applied by Professor Royce to Hegel, and far more truly applicable to the subject of these remarks, he "is one of the most noteworthy of all the chosen instruments through which, in our times, the Spirit has spoken."

Nearly all nineteenth century poetry has

* BRAND. A Dramatic Poem in Five Acts. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated in the Original Metres, with an Introduction and Notes, by C. H. Herford, Litt.D., M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A COMMENTARY ON THE WRITINGS OF HENRIK IBSEN. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. New York: Macmillan & Co.

been laden with some message. This is perhaps the chief characteristic of modern, as distinguished from earlier, poetry. Goethe's message was that the experience a man gets is the experience he needs, that we may find in our environment the means of the broadest culture if we will but determine, once and for all, to do away with half-measures and all forms of incompleteness, and live with fixed resolve in the whole, the good, and the beautiful. Hugo's message was that of the Gospel repeated, of the brotherhood of man and the freedom of the soul. Shelley's message took the form of a dazzling dream of the future, held up for the comfort and the inspiration of men battling with the darkness and the folly of the present. Wordsworth's message was one of healing and consolation. Arnold shall tell us what it was:

"He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears;
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth return'd; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
The freshness of the early world."

It takes no Browning Club to discern what Browning's message was. We may find it anywhere in his pages, and perhaps as well as anywhere else in "Pippa Passes":

"God's in his Heaven,
All's right with the world."

And Tennyson's message? That, too, seems clear enough. It is, if anywhere, in the second "Locksley Hall":

"Follow Light, and do the Right—for man can half-control
his doom—
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb."

Now, Dr. Ibsen's message may be described as an intensified form of Goethe's. The injunction of both alike is to live wholly, to make life as complete as possible; but Goethe lays more stress upon range, upon wideness and diversity of interest. Dr. Ibsen, on the other hand, with all the emphasis at his command, enjoins an absolutely consistent and unflinching persistence in some definitely chosen path of life. Both Goethe and Dr. Ibsen appeal to us to do away with incompleteness, with vacillation, with "halfness," to use the latter poet's favorite word; but Goethe's meaning is that we should be broad and catholic in our view, while Dr. Ibsen's meaning is merely that we should follow out logically whatever course we

have chosen. With him, the distinction between good and bad is not half so important as the distinction between hesitancy and firmness, between the haphazard life and the life that has a purpose of some sort.

"If pleasure's thrall
Thou art, be that from year to year;
But be not that to-day, to-morrow,
And then next year a prey to sorrow;
Be altogether what thou art,—
Be something wholly, not in part!"

We moderns bungle our lives so unspeakably because we are so ready to make concessions; because we bow down to the spirit of compromise in order to get along comfortably with our fellow-men. What Dr. Ibsen says upon this point has no uncertain sound. Being a dramatist, his characters do not always give expression to his own opinions; but we may be sure that Brand is speaking for the author when, after a vehement harangue addressed to the wavering multitude, he tells them that the Spirit of compromise is no other than Satan himself.

In other words, Dr. Ibsen stands for individualism first and last. A man's first duty to himself and to the world is to make sure that he is an individual; not a thing of cross-purposes and wavering impulses, a caricature of humanity. The modern State—especially the military State—with its paternalisms and its artificial class distinctions, is the curse that rests upon individualism at present. Revolutions do not accomplish much, for they only substitute one form of machinery for another, and the individual remains almost as trammelled as ever. The only revolution that ever amounted to anything, that was not hopelessly mismanaged from the start, was the Deluge; and even that resulted in Noah's assumption of a dictatorship, affording a prototype for the action of the First Consul some thousands of years afterwards. Dr. Ibsen watched with much interest the developments of the War of 1870 and the creation of the new French Republic. Here at last seemed to be the opportunity for a new order of things. He wrote to a friend:

"The old illusory France has gone to pieces; when the new actual Prussia likewise shall go to pieces, we shall advance with a leap into the coming age. Hej! how ideas will tumble about us! And it will be high time, in truth. For up to date we have been but living upon the crumbs from the revolutionary table of the last century, and that food has been long enough chewed and re-chewed. Our concepts call for new meanings and new explanations. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are no longer what they were in the days of the guillotine, of blessed memory. This is just what the politicians will not understand, and for that reason I hate

them. Men still call for special revolutions—for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery. It is the human soul that must revolt."

But the Paris Commune came with its excesses; then the inevitable reaction, and the hopes thus expressed were rudely dashed to the earth.

This plea for individualism, one of the strongest that have ever been made, is chiefly embodied in two great dramatic poems, "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." Nothing could be more instructive than a detailed analysis of these two works; but such an analysis would take us far beyond the limits of this brief paper. The barest outline must content us here. "Peer Gynt" is a semi-allegorical creation, suggestive, with its richness of incident and bewildering scene-shifting, with its variety of figures real and fanciful, of nothing so much as of the second part of Goethe's "Faust." Peer Gynt, like Faust, sees something of the lesser and the greater world, and works out a rude sort of salvation for himself; although the certainty of any sort of salvation for him remains problematical enough at the end, for the drama closes with the menace of the melting-pot—into which all souls that have frittered away their individuality are cast to be melted over for the sake of the raw material—hanging over him, and the suggested possibility of redemption is, as with Faust, through the instrumentality of a woman's faith and unswerving devotion. For in Peer Gynt Dr. Ibsen has presented, with all the satirical energy at his command, what he conceives to be the essentially modern type of character: the soul that has stood for nothing positive, either good or bad, that has failed to assert its individual dignity, that has lived in dreams and in concessions, not in act and consistent purpose.

In Brand, on the other hand, the poet presents us with what is clearly his ideal type of character. He pictures him as a village priest, although he might just as well, for the purpose of the work, have pictured him as engaged in any other calling. But, since he is a priest, a priest he will be with all his heart and soul. "All or nothing" is the stern formula which sums up his creed, and in the light of which he shapes his own life. Thrown by chance or Providence into a little mountain village far to the north, he renounces the ambition that would impel him to seek a wider field for his activity, and devotes himself utterly to his mission. His mother lies at the point of death, but is unregenerate, according to his strict interpreta-

tion of the divine behest; he refuses to bear the consolations of religion to her bedside, and she dies in despair. His child falls a victim to the severity of the climate, but Brand will not forsake his mission for the chance of saving its life. Last of all, his dearly beloved wife pines away and dies in the struggle, strong in spirit but weak in the flesh. No amount of suffering can make him swerve one inch from the path of duty as he understands it. Yet he is not hard-hearted; on the contrary, there is something quite ineffable in the depth and tenderness of his human feelings. But his calling demands absolute and unflinching devotion, and shall have it as long as life endures. He cries in the hour of his anguish:

"Be steadfast to the end, my soul,
All to renounce is victory's goal;
What we gain is ours never,
What we lose we gain forever!"

And, contrasted with the splendid heroism, moral and physical, of his life, we have all the petty and provincial types of character that abound in such a village, and one by one they come under the lash of the poet's merciless satire. There is the sexton, the type of petty officialdom, who does not dare to exhibit ordinary human feeling—

"Not even he who would be can
At once official be, and man."

There is the bailiff, who has no conception of any higher life-purpose than that of performing, with strict regard to rule, the functions of his office. And then there is the dean, Brand's ecclesiastical superior, who looks upon religion as a convenient instrument for the preservation of the social order, and upon the Church as being merely a part of the mechanism of the State. Against all these narrow theories and influences Brand pits himself, single-handed, and wages with magnificent energy and singleness of purpose the hopeless fight. There are few more impressive things anywhere in literature than the story of the words and acts of this man—this type of what the poet conceives man could and might make himself, had he but the will to do so. To us, at least, this work has for nearly twenty years past been a source of consolation and inspiration. We have often recurred to it, and each time with a deepened sense of its almost matchless energy and elevation. As a moral tonic, the work has few equals in literature.

It is, then, with peculiar gratification that we welcome the English translation of "Brand" that has just been made by Professor Herford,

and provided with notes and an elaborate introduction. The prose translation published by Mr. William Wilson two years ago, was, from the very fact of being in prose, hopelessly inadequate to embody the passionate energy of the original. Professor Herford's translation gives us both the substance and the form, and everyone acquainted with the original knows them to be inseparable. Moreover, he has reproduced the form with singular fidelity, although it is so difficult to put into English mould that we frankly admit having doubted the possibility of anyone doing at all what Professor Herford has now so triumphantly accomplished. His version reads, for the most part, like an English poem, and many of its passages seem to us quite as strong and as beautiful as the original. We will not cavil about a few trifling defects here and there, when the work as a whole is deserving of such cordial commendation. To one slight matter, however, we must call a moment's attention. The two bits of macaronic verse that occur in the poem have been translated into plain English; and we cannot but think that much of the intended effect has thereby been lost. There is something too characteristic to be spared about Brand's last passionate cry:

"Svar mig, Gud, i döden's slug! —
Gælder ej et frelsens fnug
Mandeviljens *quantum satis* — ?

and the voice that calls from above, as the avalanche overwhelms him:

"Han er *deus caritatis*!"

The ending is thus translated:

BRAND.

"God, I plunge into death's night,—
Shall they wholly miss thy Light
Who unto man's utmost might
Will'd — ?

A VOICE.

"He is the God of Love."

Since the translator has given us one macaronic bit of his own devising—

"My worthy friend, I needs must hold
His breeding scarcely *quantum suff.*
For whom it is not great enough"—

he might have kept for us the Latin phrases that Dr. Ibsen saw fit to employ upon two critical occasions.

It only remains for us to exhibit the quality of Professor Herford's work by an extract or two. The satirical aspect of the poem appears to advantage in a conversation between Brand and the Bailiff (*Fogden*). The latter seeks to condone the degeneracy of his townsmen by recalling the fact that their ancestors made for themselves a name in history.

THE BAILIFF.

"Now the land's dwindled and decay'd,
But our renown still lives in story.
The days of our reputed glory
Were when the great King Bele sway'd.
Many a tale is still related
About the brothers Wulf and Thor,
And gallant fellows by the score,
Went harrying to the British shore,
And plunder'd till their heart was sated.
The Southrons shriek'd with quivering lip,
'Lord, help us from these fierce men's grip';
And these 'fierce men,' beyond all doubt,
Had from OUR harbours sallied out.
And how these rovers wreak'd their ire,
And dealt out death with sword and fire!
Nay, legend names a lion-hearted
Hero that took the cross; in verity,
It is not mentioned that he started —

BRAND.

"He left behind a large posterity,
This promise-maker?"

THE BAILIFF.

"Yes, indeed;
But how came you to —?"

BRAND.

"O, I read
His features clearly in the breed
Of promise-heroes of to-day,
Who take the cross in just his way."

Satire gives way to indignant scorn, when, in the subsequent scene with the Doctor, Brand is told that to be humane is the first of the modern commandments.

"Humanity! — That sluggard phrase
Is the world's watchword nowadays.
With this each bungler hides the fact
That he dare not and will not act;
With this each weakling masks the lie,
That he'll risk all for victory;
With this each dastard dares to cloak
Vows faintly rued and lightly broke;
Your puny spirits will turn Man
Himself Humanitarian!
Was God 'humane' when Jesus died?
Had YOUR God then his counsel given,
Christ at the cross for grace had cried —
And the Redemption signified
A diplomatic note from Heaven!"

The height of passionate expression is reached in the last act, when Brand, spurned by the people whom he has sought to lead to a higher life, and driven out into the ice-bound mountain wilderness, reviews the past and forecasts the future in the magnificent soliloquy of which these are the closing verses (the particular historical reference being to Norway's virtual refusal to join with Denmark in repelling the Prussian and Austrian invasion of 1864):

"Direr visions, direr doom,
Glare upon me through the gloom.
Craft, the wolf, with howl and yell,
Bays at Wisdom, sun of earth;
Cries of ruin ring to North,
Calls to arms by fjord and fell;
And the pigmy, quaking, grim,
Hisses: 'What is that to him?'

Let the other nations glow,
Let the mighty meet the foe,
We can ill afford to bleed, —
We are weak, may fairly plead
From a giants' war exemption,
Need not offer All as meed
For our fraction of Redemption.
Not for us the cup He drank,
Not for us the thorny wreath
In His temples drove its teeth,
Not for us the spear-shaft sank
In the Side whose life was still.
Not for us the burning thrill
Of the nails that clove and tore.
We, the weak, the least accounted,
Battle-summons may ignore!
Not for us the Cross He mounted!
Just the stirrup-slash's stain,
Just the gash the cobbler scored
In the shoulder of the Lord,
Is our portion of His Pain!"

These extracts sufficiently illustrate the spirit and the manner of Professor Herford's translation, and hardly less the spirit and the manner of the original poem. We may add that the translator's introduction is an admirable piece of thinking. This, for example, is a singularly profound saying about Dr. Ibsen's work: "His most vehement teaching is apt to be coupled with the materials for criticising it. His most definite and dominant thoughts come to the surface laden with that tangle of counter-thought which gathers about every peremptory conclusion in the depths of a critical mind."

Professor Boyesen's recent "Commentary on the Writings of Henrik Ibsen" consists of a lengthy introduction, followed by a dozen or more chapters upon as many separate plays. These chapters were originally written with little reference to one another, and published in THE DIAL and other periodicals. Taken separately, they are interesting; but taken as a whole, they do not make a very satisfactory book. There are many evidences of haste in the preparation of this "Commentary," and some of the verse translations interspersed are quite unworthy of the translator. Still, it is well that such a critical review of the whole of Dr. Ibsen's work should have been placed before English readers, many of whom base a distorted notion of the Norwegian poet upon a few of the social dramas, these being, to one who knows his Ibsen, relatively unimportant. Occasionally Professor Boyesen says a notable thing, as when he remarks that in writing "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" the author polarized himself. And thoughtful readers of the great Norwegian will assent to our commentator's closing words:

"Though not always agreeing with Ibsen, I am greatly indebted to him for having kindled in my mind many

sparks of vital thought, and aroused my interest in subjects of vast concern which formerly I passed by with the Pharisee, and the Levite, and the rest of the respectable herd. He has the courage to look the ugliest truths in the face without flinching, and to record what he sees and feels with a relentless disregard of revered conventionalities. What he offers is not food for babes; but to a mature mind it is wholesome and stimulating reading."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THEORIES CONCERNING ART.*

The garden of art has been rather invaded, in these latter years, by the lovers of wisdom from the one side and by the lovers of mankind from the other. The philanthropists have urged that the flowers be cut for baskets to send out to the hospitals, or else decocted into herb-teas for suffering humanity, or even that essences might be distilled from them for the making of panaceas. The philosophers, at first content with mingling reminiscences of the garden with their other dreams, have now condescended to more particular acts of usefulness. Some of them analyze the flowers after the most rigid botanical methods; others devise the most scientific means for improving their growth; and others, finding the garden agreeable to such as happen past, explain to those fortunate why such should be the case. As to the gardeners, they view this irruption in various ways. Some of them retire to their own private arbors, where they either forget the strangers entirely, or else (sometimes) call out injurious names at them or make faces. Others, however, are a good deal fascinated by the philanthropists, and busy themselves with the hospital baskets and the herb-teas. And others still take council with the scientists, and by means of their phosphates and nitrates produce new blossoms of very strange loveliness. Meanwhile the world travels by on the highway outside, enjoys the flowers to some extent, but does not allow itself to become painfully excited at what is going on within.

At bottom there is good reason for all this. Ethics and science certainly have something to say here. A man cannot well make himself independent of duty or of facts by being an artist. So, on the whole, good will come of the matter in some way or other.

* ART IN THEORY. By George Lansing Raymond. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

PAIN, PLEASURE, AND ÆSTHETICS. By Henry Rutgers Marshall. New York: Macmillan & Co.

LA SUGGESTION DANS L'ART. Par Paul Souriau. Paris: Alcan.

Leaving ethics on one side, as far as the present article is concerned, there are several books among the recent publications which are interesting from the scientific point of view. Just at present the scientific æsthetician is very scientific indeed. In fact, it is often quite impossible for the average unscientific reader to understand a word of what he is saying. One is inclined at first to resent this difficulty, as Macaulay resented his inability to understand Kant: it may be that the reason is the same. Whether this be or no, Mr. Marshall, in his treatise on "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics," realizes the situation and provides against any such protest. His book is, first and foremost, a treatise in Psychology; but, as he himself remarks, he hopes to interest the artist and the general reader. For these last, therefore, he has resumed the sum of each chapter in language that they can understand. Elsewhere he feels free to be technical; but even here "the average reader" can sometimes follow him, although it must be confessed that he will often find himself beyond his depth. Mr. Marshall's book is a special treatise, and M. Souriau's "La Suggestion dans l'Art" is another. But the latter, perhaps because the author is a Frenchman, is not only expressed in terms comprehensible to the majority, but is written in a very agreeable manner. It is based on a theory quite fascinating in itself, and worked out into a very interesting presentation.

More general in scope than either of these is "Art in Theory," by Professor G. L. Raymond. In this book the author's previous works are seen to have their place in a definite system, the general plan of which is now for the first time, I believe, made public. This particular book, the third in publishing, would be the introductory volume. Next would come "The Genesis of Art-Form," which appeared last year; a volume on "Rhythm, Proportion, and Harmony in Art" is promised; and lastly, I should suppose, are special treatises on the various arts, of which that on Poetry was published some time since. But whatever be the order in which Professor Raymond arranges his work in his mind, he has done enough already to show that he intends a systematic view of Art, both in its general characteristics and in particular. Of such a view "Art in Theory" supplies the standpoint. It is, in general, on the nature of the fine arts (including, of course, music and poetry), considering also, of necessity, the theory of beauty and the relation of the arts among themselves.

Perhaps the first thing to be said of this book is that in general structure it is an exceedingly nice piece of argument and exposition. One may differ on particular points, one may even hold that the logic is not always severe, but I think every careful reader must be delighted at a handling of the subject at once so harmonious and symmetrical as well as natural. It is not the easiest of reading, naturally enough; but there is a pleasure in considering the general plan of what one has read when it appears in a form which one may almost call artistic in itself.

The basis of Professor Raymond's work is the idea that so long as we consider art as the mere representation of the forms of nature or as the mere expression of the conceptions of the mind, we take a view that is wrong, not only because it is partial but also because it is indiscriminating. And even if we recognize both elements, so long as we recognize them as independent we fail of a full understanding. The representation of nature in the arts involves the ideas of the mind, and the expression through the arts of mental conceptions demands the forms of nature. The two are interdependent. On this basis is worked out a determination of the Higher Representative Arts. Here the subject divides. On the side of the forms of nature, we come to a consideration of beauty, and reach a definition involving a recognition not only of nature but of the mind. On the other hand, in a study of the modes of representation as affected by the conditions of the mind we are led through a discussion of the characteristics of the different arts and their relations to each other. Here the treatment terminates as far as this particular book is concerned, but the two lines of study are continued in the other volumes of the series.

One will hardly be expected, in an article like the present, to offer special criticisms. It must be enough if one can give a general notion of the purport of a book and indicate its relation to other lines of thought. Professor Raymond's work has one value which some systems of æsthetics by no means possess: that of laying out the ground in such a way that one can readily find a local habitation for such other notions as one may have on hand. This is an excellent thing; until one has such a basis it is difficult to feel that one has any consistent ideas at all. It will be useful, therefore, to show what relation to Professor Raymond's theory is borne by the studies already mentioned of M. Souriau and Mr. Marshall.

When Professor Raymond reaches the conclu-

sion that the Fine Arts are arts which (among other things) represent the effects of nature upon the mind, he uses a phrase which, although necessary to his line of thought, rather veils an interesting branch of inquiry. If we said, rather, that art was the presentation of that which will cause in the mind of another the effects which have been caused in the mind of the artist, we should at once see that it was of importance to know what it was that was presented and how it caused its effects. This, remarks Professor Raymond in a later part of his book, is the subject of other volumes of the series. It is also the subject of M. Souriau's book — a book extremely interesting, comprehensive, and entertaining. How do works of art induce in our mind the ideas which nature has called up in the mind of the artist? For one thing, M. Souriau propounds a curious theory. The mental state caused by a work of art, he argues, is physiologically akin to the state of hypnosis: a state in which the imagination works powerfully while the will is reduced. Hence, however art creates its effects, the matter is rendered more easy by the physiological condition of whomever is affected. But this idea, although it is wrought out in some detail in the book, is not necessary to the main theme, which is an inquiry into the means whereby the artist suggests (to use the word in the technical sense) to another mind such things as he desires. And here develops a most interesting study of the methods and effects of the arts, which, unfortunately, can be followed no farther just here.

M. Souriau's book, then, covers a field that is not treated in the present work of Professor Raymond. Mr. Marshall, on the other hand, studies some matters which Professor Raymond has treated very differently. "Pain, Pleasure, and Æsthetics" is a special work in Psychology; its general purport has for some time been known through the author's articles in "Mind." It will therefore call for no elaborate notice here; an indication of its drift will be enough for our purpose. Here we have a new theory of art, of beauty; a theory which differs from Professor Raymond's in that it arises from a consideration of the causes of art and its effects, while Professor Raymond considers chiefly its character and conditions. Not that either view excludes the other; indeed, the theories may be compared. According to Mr. Marshall, the impulse to art is an instinct that leads us to wish to attract others to ourselves, and beauty is that which causes

in us pleasure which exists not only in the moment but in revival. According to Professor Raymond, the impulse to art is an instinct that leads us to exercise our faculties in ways not needful to our existence (the so-called "play impulse"), and good art is that which gives us in a great degree apprehensible unity of varied effects upon the sensation or the imagination or upon both. Without going into details, it is not hard to see that where the two theories come into contact there is a clash (Marshall, pages 103-5, 332-3). Of the two, in spite of the value of Professor Raymond's basis, Mr. Marshall's is by far the stronger, and it is probable that when fully apprehended and applied it will prove the more vital and pregnant. At present, however, it stands in great need of an interpreter before the public; not on account of its technical expression only, but because its very ideas, both in premise and conclusion, are such as can be fully appropriated by the psychologist alone.

Interesting as the study of such books is, one is led in reading them to ask, What is the use of it all? They are as a rule pretty hard reading, and it hardly seems as if an increased knowledge concerning the nature of art resulted in any increase in our enjoyment of art itself. Mr. Pater remarks that "the value of such attempts has most often been in the suggestive and penetrating things said by the way." If such were certainly the case, it would be a great saving of time if someone would go through the great tract of æsthetic writing in order to pick out the suggestive and penetrating things and make a little book of them. But it may be that such is not the only value. The intellectual exercise we may set aside, for the philosophy of art as philosophy gives no more pleasure and no less than other branches of the science. The question may be, rather, Is our power of artistic enjoyment made greater, more vigorous, by such reading? There are certainly not a few who would say that the case was quite the reverse, that our power of artistic enjoyment was crowded to the wall and smothered by the force of scientific inquiry. To the point is the remark of Sir Joshua, who once said that a reason which lessened his affection for the study of criticism was that critics, so he had observed, "debar themselves from receiving any pleasure from the polite arts, at the same time that they profess to love and admire them." I do not think he is right about all critics, but there is certainly something in his view.

Whether one gains greater artistic pleasure or not may be doubtful. What is not doubtful is that, whatever may be our artistic pleasure, we all love to talk about art. Rightly or wrongly, people cannot be restrained from talking about it. And such being the case, it is, on the whole, a thing greatly to be desired (if people are to be still allowed to talk to others on the subject or to write about it) that they should talk or write sense instead of nonsense, which end may possibly be attained by the diffusion of a more accurate knowledge of the nature of beauty and of the conditions under which only the arts can be rightly pursued and enjoyed. In other words, we all tend to think about those things which delight us, and hence every real step toward clearer and surer thought on such matters is of some general interest.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL.*

It is impossible to justly characterize in brief space so comprehensive a volume as that on "Secularism,"

***SECULARISM: Its Progress and Its Morals.** By John M. Bonham. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RELIGION. By G. De Molinari. Translated from the French by Walter K. Firminger, B.A., Merton Col., Oxford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

INSPIRATION. Bampton Lectures for 1893. By W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

SPECULUM SACERDOTUM; or, Divine Model of the Priestly Life. By the Rev. W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE. The Hulsean Lectures for 1891. By Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. New York: Macmillan & Co.

NATURAL THEOLOGY. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Edinburgh in 1893. By Prof. Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart. New York: Macmillan & Co.

WITNESSES TO THE UNSEEN, and Other Essays. By Wilfrid Ward, author of "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement," and "William George Ward and the Catholic Movement." New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE TRIAL OF DR. BRIGGS before the General Assembly. A Calm Review of the Case. By a Stranger who attended all the sessions of the Court. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.

THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS. An Illustrated and Popular Story of the World's First Parliament of Religions, held in Chicago in Connection with the Columbian Exposition of 1893. Edited by the Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary. Chicago: The Parliament Publishing Company.

REVIEW OF THE WORLD'S RELIGIOUS CONGRESSES OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY. By the Rev. L. P. Mercer, Member of the General Committee. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

HEART-BEATS. By P. C. Mozoomdar. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. By Samuel J. Barrows. Boston: George H. Ellis.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD. By P. C. Mozoomdar, author of "The Oriental Christ," "Heart-Beats," etc. Boston: George H. Ellis.

by Mr. John M. Bonham. The author is earnest, thoughtful, and means to be candid; he has also a real contention: yet his oversight of the world—the entire world to which we belong—is so narrow that he has added one more book of dogma to the many books of dogma which he was striving to thrust aside. He understands by secularism, knowledge of the physical world which finds its most accurate expression in physical science; and he regards this knowledge, with the feelings and methods connected with it, as silently taking possession of the human mind to the ultimate exclusion of all other forms of thought. He accepts this tendency as both inevitable and desirable. “The hope of the theologian to make any final adaptation of theology which shall enable theology to remain permanently in such adaptation, must therefore be illusive” (p. 48). “The whole movement of her law determines that there is one path, and only one, which marks the course from ignorance to the highest attainable knowledge, and that this path lies in the line of the ultimate subjection of *all* ideals to the tests of progressive knowledge” (p. 375). Is it not a little strange that one who believes that all labor devoted to theology and metaphysics is futile, that there is but one form of real knowledge—that known as science,—should add to these worthless discussions a volume of four hundred pages, containing hardly a trace of science, and resting exclusively on a philosophical basis? This incongruity of method is hidden from the author by the superficial fact that his conclusions are negative in form. He is forgetful of the fact that it requires essentially the same knowledge to deny as to affirm, and that his entire method of reasoning, from beginning to end, is at one with that which he would reject as infinitely variable and wholly uncertain in its issue. The dogmatism of theology has often been battered; he batters it once again, but seems utterly oblivious of the large candor which has taken its place in many minds. He has evidently felt the powerful drift of secularism,—the force and value of which, in its own limits, we fully admit,—but hardly at all the strength of those deeper under-currents which are restoring the balance of our lives. He personifies theology, metaphysics, nature, science, in so positive a form that they seem to become malign and benign spirits in the world, having their way with it for good or for evil. He forgets that it is man alone, and precisely the same man, who has busied himself respectively with theology and science; and that if man has made of theology that complete mess the author supposes him to have made, it would be a most unexpected result to find him wholly and finally right in his second inquiry. Here is a single leap from darkness into absolute light. There is a class of physicists who do not understand their own doctrine of evolution in its bearing on spiritual life; and I know no better proof of the general validity of the spiritual movement among men than the way in which it constantly extends and renews itself.

The volume entitled “Religion” is written with

a very different estimate of faith from that which pervades “Secularism.” “It is religion, rather than the aptitude to invent tools, that has created civilization” (p. 29). “If religion shows itself too obstinate in maintaining its traditions and prescriptions, science, in its turn, shows itself too eager to impose theories whose truth it has not as yet verified, and practices whose morality is as yet doubtful” (p. 188). The author looks upon religion as a permanent school of human thought, a most pervasive and powerful incentive in conduct, and one, in common with all other natural tendencies, slowly purifying and perfecting itself as civilization progresses. The discussion is clear, concise, and cool to the point of frigidity. It expresses the conclusion of one who looks upon religious evolution in the world from the outside, but is not disposed to underrate the importance of the phenomena involved in it. It does not identify religion with any one faith, but treats in a critical way the successive phases through which it has passed, and the successive difficulties it has encountered. The discussion leads up to one conclusion—the separation of religion from the State as a necessary condition of its own liberty and highest development. The aloofness of the author makes the work the more effective in enforcing this one purpose—the ultimate independence and freedom of religious life. It is a book that is local in its atmosphere, in the sense that it is fitted to enforce on Frenchmen the respect which is due to religious evolution, and the free form it is destined ultimately to assume.

Dr. Sanday’s lectures on “Inspiration” are comprehensive and liberal. The author deals with the history and construction of the canon of the Old and of the New Testament with reference to a more definite and admissible doctrine of inspiration. He accepts, in a conservative way, the results of criticism as expressed in the works of Kuenen and Wellhausen. He thinks, however, that this criticism is pushed too exclusively in the interest of naturalism, and is not sufficiently free in recognizing the divine element in the sacred history. Inspiration, in the author’s view, finds its typical highest expression in the words of the prophets, and from this point shades down in various parts of the canon till it quite disappears. “How do we know that they are not projecting their own thoughts outside themselves, and ascribing them to an external cause? This is the heart of the matter. And the one point on which we must firmly take our stand is the belief that in this contention of theirs the prophets were not mistaken, that their utterances had a cause outside themselves, a real objective cause, not to be confused with any mental process of their own” (pp. 145, 146). The theory of the author would seem more consistent if he were content to yield this objective source of inspiration and accepted the fact of inspiration on the personal side, with whatever limitations this may impose. The objective fact, whatever it may be, is very obscure, very troublesome, and very much out of harmony

with a truly spiritual method. The mind itself is the only medium of truth. Truth and the Spirit of Truth must finally work in and by it; and we gain nothing by delaying the process. The objective declaration must submit itself at once, in its spiritual uses, to the mind that receives it. The spirit alone is the vehicle of truth; it alone is capable of a true inspiration, an elevation into the region of spiritual light. God works under his own laws, according to his own methods, in quickening the thoughts of men; and this process loses character rather than gains it by any objective constraining cause whatever. Truth is not truth, nor inspiration inspiration, till the mind, by its own powers in its own right, grasps the revelation. We gain nothing whatsoever by delaying this consummation. The prophet is prophetic by virtue of his superior insight. The inspiration which blesses us is the inspiration of Christ, which enabled him to lift the familiar texts of Scripture into a new meaning, and run his lines of exposition parallel, indeed, with familiar ideas, but on a much higher level. The author might the more readily make this concession, as he regards the Messianic prophesies not as historic foresights, but rather as spiritual insights,—a foreshadowing of the things sure to be contained in the providence of God. Whatever trouble the supernatural may give us elsewhere, it ought not to give us trouble in inspiration, since the natural is here the best possible vehicle of the supernatural. The truth can declare itself no otherwise than by its own medium, the human mind.

The volume entitled "*Speculum Sacerdotum*" contains a series of addresses intended to present the true function and temper of the minister of Christ. The author is guided chiefly by St. Paul; and under such titles as "Self-Denial," "Purity," "Long-Suffering," "Reputation," "Self-Surrender," he defines on various sides the spirit of service in holy things. The temper of the work is conventional, very devout, and fairly penetrative. The conventionalism of the book is real, though decisively of the better order. It is in a distinctively religious method, though in a broad way, that the author would render his word and work. The preacher is not to bring social and political truth, but divine truth to his hearers. The region has not been attained in which the two are inseparable. Sacred things are still to be spoken as sacred things, and secular things as secular. In this method, neither is well spoken. We must, like our Lord, have the parables of life on our lips, before we can either deeply see divine things, or adequately expound them, or correct the world by them.

The volume of Hulsean Lectures, by Dr. Hort, is one of genuine insight. The passage, "I am the way and the truth and the life," must return frequently to every spiritual mind as a most comprehensive summation of the Gospel. Indeed, to me it seems a declaration so explicit, to put our faith so thoroughly and so exclusively within the range

of an interior personal life, as to exclude all the formal doctrinal renderings of the words of Christ. He is the way and the life because he is the truth. He, in his thought, character, and action, becomes such a disclosure of the spiritual world that he is henceforth and forever a guide in it; he deepens and widens all our experiences of it. Dr. Hort conceives very fully and tenderly the circumstances under which the words were called out; the sense of hopeless loss and confusion that was overtaking the disciples, as Christ, in bodily presence, seemed ready to slip away from them, leaving no sufficient clue, either to their thought or their action, by which they could follow him. Thomas, with disturbed and narrow vision, exclaims, "We know not whither thou goest; how then can we know the way?" To lift the disciples off from a semi-sensual life into a purely spiritual one, was what Christ assayed to do in the words, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." His departure demanded the transition; and the transition was secured by his departure. The spirit of this comprehensive text is rendered with great fulness, and often with much depth. The only criticism we make upon the book is that at times the connections of thought become thin and slight, and do not fully sustain the general force of the exposition. This may arise from the fact that the contents of the volume were first given as lectures.

Something of the same difficulty appears in the next volume, "*Natural Theology*," also delivered on a lecture foundation. The lecturer spins his thread thin, a little according to his exigencies. One cannot now write profitably on Natural Theology without a truly scientific temper; a thorough apprehension of how the world has come together, part with part; and without also being quite free from a disposition to fall back readily on the supernatural. Professor Stokes, being thoroughly versed in physics, meets well the first requisite, and fairly well the second requisite. There are two tendencies that are barren, though not equally barren, in discussing physical things in their spiritual bearings: a disposition to be satisfied with a mechanical explanation of them, leaving out of sight all the inner mystery of construction. The mind darts about, like a water-fly, just dimpling the surface of things, disturbing nothing and disturbed by nothing beneath. This tendency Professor Stokes wholly escapes, and is an earnest theist because of his deep sense of the ultimates our explanations are constantly reaching. The second impediment to any adequate growth of thought is an easy solution of all dependences by referring them at once to the will of God. I cannot feel that the author has come quite as fully into the light in dealing with the supernatural as in dealing with the natural. The two seem to remain somewhat in collision with him, as they still do with most minds. A reconciliation of the natural and supernatural in one coherent system of thought is a very urgent demand. It is not unlike that by

which we unite in man causal and free dependences. The universe can no more have spiritual life without that immediate presence of the Divine Spirit which is shadowed forth by the supernatural, than the brain of man can be the seat of the soul of man, obeying no causes except physical ones. Professor Stokes thinks there is a different force of proof in the pleasing marking of flowers and birds from that found in the colors of the rainbow. That is, physical law in its apparent necessity and permanence yields less proof, at least less impressive proof, than physical law in connections not involved in the entire system of things. The immanence of the mind of God—the supernatural at the centre of the natural—seems to be overlooked by this opinion. The book, especially in its treatment of physico-spiritual questions, is one of insight and feeling.

The volume by the Rev. Wilfrid Ward is made up of essays, published in English reviews. Though not formally united, they are united in their general drift. They are very able and interesting. This volume, like previous works by the same author, has been called out by his intimate connection with the Catholic revival known as the "Oxford Movement." He aims to show, and does show, the extreme overruling force which a sceptical or agnostic movement for the moment acquires, leading to the oversight of truths and tendencies equally permanent and more powerful than those with which it itself is dealing. There is no disparagement of the critical temper,—there is simply an assertion of the under counter-current that is deeper and no less inevitable. The work is well-fitted to awaken a more catholic temper by imparting a broader and more appreciative one. Its closing essay, "The Wish to Believe," is the longest one, and enters fully into those conflicting feelings which mingle with our beliefs and unbeliefs, inclining us to accept or reject conclusions even in the very act and attitude of asserting the power of pure reason. Indeed, outside of mathematics there is no pure reason. Reason, as it deals with the facts of being, dissolves at once into feeling, as certainly as light breaks into color when it falls upon this changeable world of ours. As color brings additional disclosure, so do feelings help to give us the very terms in life with which we are dealing. Half our errors come from the want of those truly empirical data which are due to the emotions. This volume touches deeply, interestingly, and instructively that true spiritual equilibrium that arises from both partaking of the spiritual world and thinking about it. It is a very admirable and instructive work, and cuts deeply into a great deal that is self-confident yet superficial in human thought. It puts a true logic of life over against the formal logic with which it is often confronted and apparently overthrown.

The trial of Professor Briggs before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church proved less significant, less of a landmark in our progress toward liberal faith, than it gave promise of being.

When it was first foreshadowed it seemed about to become one more sharp contention for religious liberty. It turned out rather a muddle, in which men, like disturbed bees, confusedly sought their enemy and inflicted their wounds at random. The somewhat voluminous account of the trial, now before us, is written with perfect candor by one in full sympathy with Presbyterian belief, who is prompted to his task by the feeling that Professor Briggs in no material way departed from that faith. He is convinced that the Assembly misapprehended the grounds of contention and fell into an act of injustice. This conclusion is carefully, quietly, and thoroughly presented. In tracing the history of the trial, we draw attention simply to the first charge, as indicating the kind of confusion which characterized it. This charge rested chiefly on the words in the inaugural of Professor Briggs. "There are historically three great fountains of divine authority, the Bible, the Church, and the Reason." Most men, inclined to accept liberal beliefs, looked upon this affirmation, when it was made, as a clear and earnest assertion of relatively independent lines of revelation in the minds of men, in human history and in the Scriptures. It was this conviction that aroused interest everywhere in the action of the Presbyterian Church toward so salient and suggestive a position. It is not strange that that church looked on the declaration—taken in connection with the universal movement toward liberality—as breaking with the authority of the creed, and was disturbed by it. The only surprising thing is that this adverse prepossession was so strong; that the Assembly gave no weight to the words of Professor Briggs discarding explicitly and repeatedly the ordinary interpretation, and putting in its place a rendering of the assertion to which the most rigid doctrinaire could hardly object without self-stultification. The natural conclusion of the trial would seem to have been, "How great a matter a little fire kindleth." Events, however, did not take this turn. The Assembly was disposed to force on Professor Briggs's incautious expression the obnoxious meaning first attached to it; and thus the trial added to its mediæval character a touch of the ludicrous. The Assembly was in haste for the *auto-da-fé*, and was not to be balked by any state of mind or change of mind on the part of its victim. It was in vain that Professor Briggs denied that he intended to assert any independence in these three sources of truth; in vain that he affirmed the dependence of each and all of them on the spirit of God; and in vain that he affirmed infallibility as attaching to the Scriptures alone. Instead, therefore, of a stimulating contention for higher forms of truth, we have, in the trial of Professor Briggs, a peculiarly perverse presentation of the narrowness of the human mind.

There has been, perhaps, no event on this continent in the religious world so simple, so spectacular, and so significant as the Parliament of Relig-

ions. It was not a more thorough disclosure of facts nor a sharper enunciation of principles that made it remarkable; but rather the direct address to the eye, ear, and heart, due to the spectacle of men from all parts of the world, and with great variety of faith, in warm and respectful conference with each other on the same platform before an enthusiastic audience. This is a fact reached by many years of preparation, and one which will define a point for many subsequent years of fulfilment. The more conservative minds—those who in cool religious decorum held back from participation, or were not willing by implication to weaken the infallibility of their own faith—cannot fail to feel the gentle sympathetic stir of thought which has gone forth from that assembly to the very corners of the earth. The religious world is altered by it. Its hostilities are softened; its spiritual penetration and power are enlarged. The call for a muster of the forces of faith, one and all, has been heard through all the land.

Two works, now before us, spread out fully this great event, and preserve, as far as possible, by a detailed report and by many illustrations from far and near, its sensuous power. The same marvellous executive ability that was everywhere present in the Columbian Exposition was also present in full measure in the Parliament of Religions. Dr. John Henry Barrows, the efficient Chairman of its Executive Committee, has summed up and finished, in two affluent volumes, his great labor in devising and securing this assembly.

The review by the Rev. L. P. Mercer necessarily suffers somewhat in the presence of the larger work. It has, however, a distinct purpose, and may meet the wants of many. It aims, by a careful analysis of the subjects involved in the speeches and papers presented, and by offering only those portions of them which bore most directly on these topics, to put in a brief, manageable compass the thought and intellectual force of this grand occasion. Those who are confused and wearied by the miscellaneous and multitudinous character of the complete event may be glad to sample it in this book. Those who wish the feast entire will prefer the larger volumes, even though they burden the table with 1600 compact pages.

A book that has grown immediately out of the Parliament of Religions is "Heart Beats," by P. C. Mozoomdar. It opens with a brief but very interesting biographical sketch of its distinguished author. It is in all respects a spiritual gem. Mr. Samuel J. Barrows says of it, at the close of the biography, "To me it seems the most remarkable devotional book since that of Thomas à Kempis." The work is made up of brief detached spiritual experiences, carefully treasured as they have occurred in the life of the author. They denote a keen, incisive intellect, strong and delicate spiritual sensibilities, and a practical, proportionate bent of mind. They are widely theistic. They escape the

warping force of dogma, and the perverting power of asceticism. They are the wholesome experiences of a healthy spirit, and yet of one that has the vision and impulse of the prophet. They contrast very favorably with the carefully reproduced devotions of the good Bishop Hall.

Another volume by Mr. Mozoomdar, entitled "The Spirit of God," gives expression to such a rhapsody of spiritual life that one needs to take it a little at a time, in an elevated mood. The soul is simply rising and riding, like a wide-winged bird on a strong wind. The immanent mind of God is most fully and freely present to the author under the term Spirit: Spirit in Nature, Spirit in Life, Spirit in Reason, Spirit in Christ, Spirit in History, Spirit in All Religions. Mr. Mozoomdar escapes mysticism more perfectly than most who are possessed of a like sweep and elevation of feeling. It is impossible that some things should not seem mystical in an author whose experiences are so remote from those of the average man. His own firm hold on things is especially seen in the chapter on "The Spiritual Power of the Senses." The coherence of the volume does not lie in any nicety of delineation, any orderly accumulation of thought, but in the single centre to which the eye is always turning—the spiritual glory of God in all his works.

We have united these brief notices under the title, "The Natural and the Supernatural." The first volume, "Secularism," rests very flatly on the physical world. The last volume, "The Spirit of God," rises very freely and serenely into the empyrean of spiritual life. Naturalism is the soul of the one; Supernaturalism of the other. Are these two things antagonistic? Not if our vision is single and wide. The supernatural is the inner force of the natural; the natural is the clear, definite expression of the supernatural. We have the same parable in many forms. Life does not work beyond the chemical and physical powers at its disposal; yet it disposes them in a way all its own. The mind of man does not transcend the nervous conditions which are its instruments; but it uses these conditions, wields this instrument, for objects hidden in itself alone. The world is God's chosen rational term of expression; but it is only an expression. The substance of spiritual being lies deeper in the mind of God. The natural is thoroughly supernatural,—not a bar to it, nor restraint upon it. When the supernatural pushes farther than it is wont, it is in no way other than itself. It is still the visible made vital by the invisible. Our first author has no more right to deny as hallucination the experiences of our last author, than the unpoetic mind has to characterize the impressions of the poetic mind as idle rhapsodies. The worlds in which the two live are very distinct, yet one world; no more distinct, nor less distinct, than are the dark day dying out in the cold gray light of evening, and the morning breaking through a golden and roseate mist on the earth which it claims as all its own. The one au-

thor has the taper with the extinguisher upon it, and hardly knows what use he can make of it. The other author carries it, lighted, in his hand, and it does not so much as occur to him to ask why it was given him. The one has the empty cup; the other, the same cup running over with water—the water of life.

JOHN BASCOM.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Astronomical
significance of
Egyptian Temples.*

The results of Professor J. Norman Lockyer's studies on the construction, orientation, and astronomical significance of the Egyptian Temples, written in the form of lectures delivered to classes in the School of Science at South Kensington, have now appeared in book form with the title "The Dawn of Astronomy" (Macmillan). The work opens up a wide field for speculation and for legitimate scientific research; but one cannot escape the feeling that of the many points put forth, only a few are really established. Its outcome tends to show that the ancient Egyptian Temples, or at least some of them, were erected for an astronomical purpose; and Professor Lockyer finds that different temples were erected for observing the rising and setting of different objects at certain seasons of the year. Since the Egyptian Temples are very numerous, and are oriented in all possible directions, it follows that they could not all be Temples of the Sun. Hence the author concludes that the various shrines were sacred to their respective deities, which were represented in the heavens by certain stars or constellations. In order to make his theory fit the facts, he takes account of the effects of Precession in changing the amplitudes at which the stars rise, and in this way, by taking stars small enough and spaces of time long enough, he can find some explanation of the orientation of nearly all the important temples in Egypt. The whole argument seems to proceed upon the supposition that the temples were erected mainly for astronomical purposes. But it will be evident to those who are at all familiar with the religions of antiquity that this view is untenable. It is certain that the temples were erected mainly for *religious purposes*; but since, in later times, the priesthood became a learned hierarchy, it is natural to suppose that some of the temples served incidentally to secure astronomical observations, and thus enabled the priests to discover the length of the year, and to institute the calendar, so that the religious and state festivals might be regularly observed. Most of that part of the work which treats of the year, the calendar, the Sothic period, etc., appears to be reasonably sound. It will also readily be conceded that a number of the temples may have been so oriented as to receive on their sacred altars (at sunrise) the light of the sun at the equinoxes or solstices. And it may be that some of the temples were so oriented as to receive

the light of certain bright stars, such as Vega, Arcturus, the Pleiades, Aldebaran, Sirius, and Canopus; but when Mr. Lockyer contends that the Egyptians oriented temples to such small stars as *a* Ursae Majoris, and *g* Draconis, his argument can hardly be deemed worthy of serious consideration. It is known that the Egyptians worshipped the sun under the name of Ra, because they were aware that the whole world depends upon the light and heat of the sun; they also worshipped Sirius under the name of Isis-Sothis, because the heliacal rising of Sirius heralded the rising of the Nile, upon which all life in the Nile Valley depended. It would therefore be natural to expect to find temples oriented to these fundamental celestial objects; but Mr. Lockyer's logic would imply that the temple-builders were primarily astronomers, and secondarily priests. Hence we may remark that while a number of the suggestions in "The Dawn of Astronomy" are interesting, and some of them doubtless correct, many of them are hypotheses pure and simple. The idea that astronomical considerations entered into the orientation of the Egyptian Temples is by no means new, and it had been treated in a scientific manner at an earlier date by Professor Nissen (*Reinisches Museum für Philologie*, 1885). Mr. Lockyer, however, deserves credit for presenting in a popular form the results of scientific research, and for personally inspecting the temples and securing rough measures of their orientation, in some cases where such data were wanting. It is unfortunate that the book is somewhat permeated by small incidental errors, which would of themselves prevent the work from taking high rank as a scientific contribution. For instance, on page 8, the author says: "Plato, on the ground that the cube was the most perfect geometrical figure, imagined the earth to be a cube, the part of the earth known to the Greeks being on the upper surface." It has long been recognized by all critical scholars that Plato fully understood that the figure of the earth was spherical (Zeller's *Grundriss der Geschichte der Griechischen Philosophie*, page 131); the same was known to Parmenides and many other philosophers who preceded Plato. Mr. Lockyer's work does not treat of the beginning of the Greek Astronomy; and since this is the real source of Astronomy proper, which depends upon exact observation and measurement, many will think that the title of the work should have been less comprehensive. It is well recognized by such authorities as Professor Zeller that Greek philosophy originated in Greece, and was not imported from the East, as the early and obscure traditions declared. In like manner, contrary to general opinion, it has been shown by Whewell and others that Astronomy proper did not arise from the Astrology of Babylonia and Egypt; Astronomy originated with the Greeks, at Athens and Alexandria, whence it was spread throughout the Roman Empire. We conclude, therefore, that whilst Mr. Lockyer's work is not critical or exact, it deals with

an interesting topic which is deserving of study and investigation, and the general reader will find in it a fairly complete presentation of the results of the studies of Egyptologists.

*Rapid sketches
of English life.*

"Our English Cousins" (Harper), a series of five descriptive sketches by Mr. Richard Harding Davis, is sure of its welcome. Mr. Davis is an entertaining writer, clever, off-hand, pungent, not profound certainly, yet not exactly superficial. No good observer is superficial; and Mr. Davis is, after the rapid journalistic fashion, a very good one. If asked to define Mr. Davis's special *genre*, we might say that he is, in current parlance, an eminently "up to date" writer—in phrase, tone, and equipment. Certainly the trait goes far to explain his vogue with the younger generation, whose literary *dulce decus* he now seems to be. They have decided unanimously, if not elegantly, in their figurative way, that Mr. Davis is "no back number"; which is high praise. He is master of their shibboleths, knows their ways, understands their ideals, and embodies them (say in "Van Bibber") to an iota; therefore they rejoice in him, and read him. They might do worse. In the present volume Mr. Davis presents the literary results of his recent jaunt to England, and it must be admitted he hits off John Bull remarkably well. He writes of English Race Meetings and General Elections; of the Oxford Undergraduate, the London Season, and the West and the East Ends of London; and his sketches are brimful of incident, local color, and character. Especially good are the reproductions of dialect. Here is a sample of oratorical "chaff" from two rival clothes-dealers in "Petticoat Lane": "Go on," one of the men will cry from the back of his cart—"go on an' buy 'is rotten clothes. O' course he sells 'em cheap. 'Cos why! 'Cos he never pays his pore workin' people their waiges. He's a bloom'in' sweater, 'e is; 'e never gives nothink to his workers but promises and kicks; that's all 'Ammerstein gives. Yes, you do; you *know* you do. And wot 'appens, why, 'is clothes is all infected with cholera, and falls to pieces in the sun and shrinks up in the rain. They aint fit for nothink but to bury folks in, 'eos if yer moves in 'em they falls to pieces and leaves yer naked. I don't call no names, but I *will* say 'Ammerstein is a — — — thief, 'e is, and a — — — liar, and 'is clothes is — — moth-eaten cholera blankets, robbed from 'ospitals and made over." To which the accused "'Ammerstein" (on the next cart), cheerfully replies: "You musd egs-cuse dot jail-birt on the nexd cart. He vas a clerk of mine, but he stole oud of der till, und I discharged him, und he feels bat about id." In the capital paper describing a General Election, Mr. Davis says, *apropos* of the part taken by women in the canvass: "I have seen women of the best class struck by stones and eggs and dead fish, and the game did not seem to me to be worth the candle. I confess that at the time I was so intent in admir-

ing their pluck that it appeared to me rather fine than otherwise, but from this calmer distance I can see nothing in the active work of the English woman in politics which justifies the risks she voluntarily runs of insult and indignity and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes, or of all of his sister's front teeth, and though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly." Mr. Davis's book is a long way the brightest and freshest one of its kind that we have seen of late, and it is capitably illustrated.

*The treasures of
unprinted books.*

Until the appearance of Mr. Falconer Madan's "Books in Manuscript" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), we had nothing on the subject, in handy-volume form, that served as adequate guide to the amateur. As Lecturer in Mediæval Palæography in the University of Oxford, and Bibliographer to the Bodleian Library, Mr. Madan has placed his rich store of knowledge at the service of those who wish to study the subject, and in the appendices to his book he has given us an ample bibliography compiled with great care and discretion. A list of Public Libraries that contain more than four thousand manuscripts each; another of Printed Catalogues of Manuscripts in European languages in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Cambridge University Library; and still another list of books useful for the study of manuscripts, enable us in a moment to find reference to the most minute and out-of-the-way information bearing on the subject. The printed book has so completely supplanted the work of the scribe that it is hard for us in the new world to realize what a wealth of manuscript material still rests in the depositories of the eastern hemisphere. With the thousands upon thousands of printed books in American libraries, we are somewhat startled, on referring to Mr. Madan's work, to find we have no place in his list of Public Libraries containing more than four thousand manuscripts each. That there are manuscripts in the Lenox and Astor Libraries of New York, and in our own Newberry Library, as well as in our private libraries, goes without saying; but our poverty would be apparent on comparison with the British Museum and its 52,000 manuscripts, the National Library of Paris and its 80,000, or the Vatican and its 25,600. The manuscript treasures housed in the great institutions of learning in the British Isles constitute one of the richest legacies left to an ungrateful posterity. A single instance of the wonderful human interest possessed by some of these relics of art and letters, described by Mr. Madan, is the "Book of Kells," the chief treasure of Trinity College, Dublin. The book takes its name from the Monastery of Kells, founded by St. Columba, and was written apparently in the seventh century. To abridge Mr. Madan's description, "the volume contains the Four Gospels in Latin, ornamented with extraor-

ordinary freedom, elaboration, and beauty. It exhibits, both in form and color, all the signs of the full development and maturity of the Irish style, and must of necessity have been preceded by several generations of artistic workers, who founded and improved this particular school of art."

The witticisms of some famous wits.

"Bon-Mots" is the title of three little books lately issued by Macmillan & Co., the witticisms of Sidney Smith and R. B. Sheridan making up the first, and "potted" puns by Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold the second. The third volume is devoted to Theodore Hook and Samuel Foote. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley decorates the margins of these comely volumes with "grotesques," and Mr. Walker Jerrold provides introductions. George Eliot has said that "a difference of taste in jests is a great strain of the affections." But there is sufficient variety here. Sheridan's dictum was that "a true-trained wit lays his plan like a general," but one of his best sallies was made in the coffee-house as he watched the burning of his theatre: "Surely a man may take a glass of wine at his own fireside." Wit bubbled from Sidney Smith and Charles Lamb, as from a spring. Their Irish bulls had not been "calves in Greece." When Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, entered a drawing-room with a rose-colored turban on her head, Sidney Smith at once knew the "meaning of the word grotesque." He tells us that Lady Cork was so moved by his sermon on the subject of charity that she begged a guinea of him for her contribution, and then spent the money on herself. Carlyle found Lamb's fun a "strain of the affections," but this verdict will hardly be assented to by readers of these volumes. The publishers have done well in putting them into portable form; either of them may be recommended for one's vest-pocket — to be taken as medicinal pellets, "as often as needed."

Studies and essays on dramatic art.

Mr. Brander Matthews's "Studies of the Stage" (Harper), though a book small as to size, is not small or insignificant as to contents, since it deals with some of the most interesting subjects now under discussion in relation to dramatic art. Professor Matthews announces in a prefatory note that he is "quite willing to have this little volume considered as an argument in favor of the contention that dramatic literature must approve itself as drama first, before it need be discussed as literature." The first of the ten essays composing the volume considers the subject of "The Dramatization of Novels," and shows the reasons why a good novel frequently fails to make a good play; in fact, how the difficulty in dramatizing it is increased in proportion to its delicacy and delightfulness in workmanship, its subtlety in psychology, and its fineness of treatment. The dramatist works under much greater limitations than the novelist. He is restricted as to subject, since he is obliged to choose such an one as will interest the broad public; as to treatment, since he

must adopt that which the broad public will accept; as to dimensions, since his work must be bulky enough to last "from half-past eight to half-past ten at the shortest, or from eight to eleven at the longest; as to characters, since there must be so many that no one shall seem unduly obtrusive, and, although sharply contrasted, most of them must be sympathetic with the spectators; and, above all, he is restricted as to external aids, since neither description nor comment nor analysis is available to him for showing the progressive and well-nigh imperceptible disintegration of character under the influence of its environment or circumstance. But the drama, notwithstanding these metes and bounds — in fact, because of them — has always had a fascination for the literary artist; it is really the noblest form of literature, because the most direct. Other important subjects discussed by Professor Matthews are: "The Dramatic Outlook in America," which is regarded as highly favorable; "The Old Comedies" — which seem less wonderful than they are commonly considered, when we note that only about twenty-five survive to-day, out of a list of five thousand written during the century and a half preceding our own generation; and two delightful bits of comment and analysis of the two French theatrical critics, M. Francisque Sarcey and M. Jules Lemaitre.

Venetian painters and paintings.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have made an exceedingly pretty volume of Mr. Bernhard Berenson's essay on "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance." Mr. Berenson's essay owes its origin to his belief that Venetian painting is the most complete expression in art of the Italian Renaissance; and in order to keep his main idea clearly before the mind of the reader he has written as succinctly as possible, pruning away all matter not strictly relevant to his thesis. The main points once grasped and connected with the more important painters, the reader will find little difficulty in seeing the proper place of any given work by a great master, or the relative importance of second-rate and third-rate painters of whom no special mention has been made. Apart from its purely critical value, the work makes a useful handbook to Venetian painting — to which end lists are appended of the chief works, in and out of Italy, of the Venetian school. There is an especially attractive frontispiece after Giorgione's "Shepherd" at Hampton Court.

Studies of insect life.

Two books about insects, intended for popular reading, have recently been published. The first of them, entitled "Romance of the Insect World" (Macmillan), is the work of Mr. L. N. Badenoch. In half a dozen pleasantly-written chapters the author treats of the food, the homes, and the metamorphoses of insects, and of the various cases of protective mimicry that so puzzled the observer until Darwin supplied the key to the mystery. The other book is by Mr. Edward A.

Butler, and has for its subject "Our Household Insects" (Longmans). They are all here, the nameable and the unnameable species, and their ways and propensities are minutely described. The author evidently views them as interesting objects of study rather than as obnoxious things to get rid of, and the housewife who is incapable of rising to the scientific plane of observation will have no use for this book. But amateur naturalists will find it both instructive and entertaining.

*Contemporary
biographies
of Washington.*

In a handsomely-printed volume, limited to an edition of 250 copies, Mr. William Spohn Baker has collected from many sources the "Early Sketches of George Washington" (Lippincott). The first account of Washington that may fairly be called a biography was compiled by Thomas Condie, and published at Philadelphia in 1798. Mr. Baker's collection comprises only accounts anterior to this publication, the most important of them (by John Bell and Jedidiah Morse) having been freely used by Condie. They range from 1760 to 1795, the first being from a letter written to a friend in Europe by Captain George Mercer, descriptive of Washington's personal appearance at twenty-eight. Among the sketches are some from Tory pens; and it is interesting, for example, to read in one of them that Washington's "total want of generous sentiments, and even of common humanity, has appeared notoriously in many instances."

*Fascinating stories
of the Civil War.*

An altogether capital sheaf of war stories, each by one specially qualified to tell it, is the Century Co.'s "Famous Adventures and Prison Escapes of the Civil War." The papers, seven in number, are reprinted, with the original cuts, from the Century Magazine. Notably graphic and stirring are the accounts of "The Locomotive Chase in Georgia," "Morgan's Rough-riders," and "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison." The last named paper, by Frank E. Moran, gives, we believe, the only accurate and circumstantial account yet published of this most ingenious and daring escape—an adventure before which the half-mythical feats of Jack Sheppard and Turpin sink into insignificance. The book should prove specially fascinating to younger readers, and it is wholesome and accurate into the bargain.

BRIEFER MENTION.

The "Athenæum Press" series, published by Messrs. Ginn & Co., "is intended to furnish a library of the best English literature from Chaucer to the present time, in a form adapted to the needs of both the student and the general reader." This is perhaps a trifle misleading as an account of a series of books which, if we may judge from the one now before us, would be better described as a series of critically edited texts selected from the best English literature, and mainly useful for college study. The volume just issued is a "Se-

lection from the Essays of Francis Jeffrey," and is edited by Mr. Lewis E. Gates, of Yale University. It probably contains all of Jeffrey that the general reader, or even the student, will want.

Two or three books of popular science call for brief mention. "Some Salient Points in the Science of the Earth," by Sir William Dawson (Harper) has all the charm of that accomplished writer's earlier books for the general reader. Some of his conclusions are over-conservative, and will gain little assent from the younger geologists; but no one can question the great ability of the writer, or his high rank among the scientists of a generation that has now nearly passed away. "The Fauna of the Deep Sea" (Appleton) is a popular treatise by Mr. Sidney J. Hickson, and brings together a good many scattered facts of recent determination. The government scientific expeditions of recent years have furnished the writer with the bulk of his material. "According to Season" (Scribner) is a little book by Mrs. William Starr Dana, and is made up of "talks about the flowers in the order of their appearance in the woods and fields." It is charmingly written in entirely untechnical language.

For many years, the Rev. T. W. Webb's "Celestial Objects for Common Telescopes" (Longmans) has been in use by astronomical amateurs, who have found it helpful if not indispensable in their work. The new (fifth) edition of the book has been prepared by the Rev. T. E. Espin, the author having died nearly ten years ago. It will occupy two volumes, of which the first, devoted to the solar system, has just appeared. The new editor (or author) has called a number of specialists to his assistance, and made the book far more valuable than ever, which is as high a compliment as we know how to pay it.

Volume by volume, the proceedings of the World's Congress Auxiliary of 1893 are getting into print, and the outside world is becoming acquainted with the range and weight of the discussions held upon that occasion. The latest publication of this sort takes the shape of two large volumes from the International Congress of Charities (Johns Hopkins Press). "Hospitals, Dispensaries, and Nursing" are the allied subjects dealt with in the thicker of these volumes, which is edited by Dr. John S. Billings and Dr. Henry M. Hurd. It contains many plates illustrative of hospital architecture. The other volume deals with "The Organization of Charities," and is edited by President Gilman of the Johns Hopkins University. The two volumes taken together contain over eleven hundred pages of matter, most of it of the highest practical value.

The Bishop of Peterborough's great "History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation" (Longman's) has reached its fifth volume, which is devoted to the German revolt of the decade 1517-1527. Luther is, of course, the chief figure of this portion of the history. The concluding chapter describes the sack of Rome in 1527. An appendix reprints a number of important contemporary documents, the most important of them being the letters of Gambara, Giberti, and Guicciardini.

In "Sunny Manitoba: Its Peoples and Its Industries" (Unwin), Mr. Alfred O. Legge writes with temperate enthusiasm of the Canadian Northwest. His book, which has both a map and pictures, will be found useful by the intending visitor or settler, and not uninteresting by the general reader. It contains a good deal of practical and up-to-date information.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, April 10, 1894.

Readers of "Scribner's Magazine" will remember a notable article in one of the earlier numbers, in 1887, I think, on "The Ethics of Democracy," written by Mr. Frederic Jesup Stimson, who is a lawyer and a writer of law books as well as of novels. In the course of his studies it had devolved upon him to examine and compare all the statute books of the United States. This examination and comparison had called his attention to certain socialistic tendencies in our legislation, and led him to the conclusion that "measures of universal socialism, although in no case yet enacted, appear to be on the verge of a trial"; also, to "the perhaps unforeseen result, that democracy, when crowned with power, seeks rather what it considers the well-being of the community than the liberty of the individual." This article of Mr. Stimson's created a good deal of discussion at the time. It was quoted in the House of Commons, and it brought the author a complimentary letter from Mr. James Bryce, who was then just completing his "American Commonwealth." The enormous success of Mr. Edward Bellamy's "Looking Backward" in the following year would seem, in a certain way, to have confirmed Mr. Stimson's discovery.

Without expressing any opinion as to the merits or demerits of universal socialism, it is interesting to state that Mr. Stimson will have in the May "Scribner's" another equally pertinent article on the same subject. He has examined and tabulated all the laws passed by all the States and Territories during the years 1889 and 1890 with reference to their socialistic character. Leaving out all private laws, regulative acts, etc., which involve no principle of social science, he has examined some twelve hundred laws, and of these he finds that almost thirty per cent are distinctly socialistic in character. The percentage varies, according to the section, from twenty per cent in the New England States to over forty per cent in the North and Northwestern States. In the light of these facts, Mr. Stimson asks, Are we still in possession of our liberty? "Yes," he writes, "we are still free. But no candid mind can rise from the perusal of these twelve hundred laws which a single period of two years brings upon us without the desire to call attention, if not to warn." Granting Mr. Stimson's premises, his article is extremely interesting.

"Chronological Outlines of American Literature," by Mr. Selden L. Whitcomb, which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will bring out late in the Spring, is, I am told, the first really scientific work of the kind yet published. It is, of course, uniform with Ryland's "Chronological Outlines of English Literature," and it contains tables of comparison with English and Continental literature as well as with historical events. Mr. Whitcomb is a fellow in literature at Columbia College, and Prof. Brander Matthews of that institution has written an introduction for the volume. Professor Matthews's own book, "Vignettes of Manhattan," will be published later in the season, from the press of the Harpers. Some of these "Vignettes" appear first in the magazine, but there are twelve of them in all, the aim being to present a picture of New York for each month in the year.

Mr. Luther J. B. Lincoln's "Uncut Leaves" readings end the season with next Saturday's meeting, when Mrs. Burnett will give her first reading in New York, and other writers will take part. This has been the most

successful year of "Uncut Leaves" yet, and what at first seemed a slightly impractical plan has turned out to be eminently practical and the means of bringing together under pleasant circumstances a large number of highly cultured people.

A few friends of the English poet and novelist Mr. William Sharp have received from him copies of his last book, "Vistas." It is composed of a series of dramatic sketches, in which the descriptive text occupies as much space as the dialogue. "Vistas" is the second volume of the "Regent Library," a series of books of romance by various authors, which deal with human emotions and passions in an unconventional spirit. Mr. Sharp in his dedication speaks of "Vistas" as "*ce livre d'âme et de rêve*," and this description is wonderfully accurate. The succeeding volume of the "Regent Library" will be "Pharais" by Fiona Macleod, the scene of which romance is laid among the lonely islands which lie between the Hebrides and Argyll. It seems that a "Celtic Renaissance" is now in progress in England, and this book is a manifestation of the Scottish side of the movement, the Welsh side of which is represented by the experiments of Mr. Ernest Rhys in Kymric prosody, already mentioned in this correspondence. The Cymmrodorion Society has, I learn, just reprinted Mr. Rhys's paper on "Welsh Bards and English Reviewers," which created some discussion on its original delivery, and in which there is a prediction of the brilliant career open to Celtic literature under modern conditions.

A long-time literary friend of Constance Woolson has asked a lady now visiting in Rome to place a wreath for him on Miss Woolson's grave in the Protestant cemetery. The letter he received in reply is so interesting that I have obtained permission to quote a few lines from it:

"The cypress-sentined garden, with the filtered golden light caught up by the new green of the budding willows beneath, the heavy velvet fall of violets flung everywhere, can never be more beautiful than it was this afternoon. The flowers here are as plentiful as dust anywhere else, and our man caught our idea and made a lovely thing, all violets, white azaleas and camellias, with an outer fringe of fern and white hyacinth. . . . Her grave is purple with the violets that flood everything—they flow up like waves over each new wreckage. . . . I send you two from Shelley's grave—under the shadow of the crumbling wall—two from your friend's, and the box leaves from Keats', most touching of all with its piteous epitaph, but very beautiful, almost joyous, in the royal Italian sunshine. Over the ripe old wall, and all along the foot of the Aventine Hill, the almond and cherry trees are in bloom, and still the west wind 'sends sweet buds like flocks to feed in air.'"

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Bliss Carman has accepted an engagement as the literary adviser of Messrs. Stone & Kimball.

An international exhibition of books is to be held at Paris in July, remaining open until late in the autumn.

Prince George of Prussia (G. Conrad), the author of "Phædra" and many other dramas, is reported to be writing his memoirs.

A monument to Madame de Sévigné is to be erected at Vitré in Brittany, a town near which many of the famous letters were written.

The hundredth anniversary of Bryant's birthday will be celebrated November 3, at Great Barrington, Mass., where the poet was married and lived for several years.

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard is to make his not very youthful *début* as a lecturer this spring at Cleveland, the subject of his course being "English Lyrical Poetry."

Miss Elizabeth Robins, who has played in several of Dr. Ibsen's dramas with much success, is to visit this country, and will probably appear in "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," and other dramas.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. announce "The Royal Natural History," to be edited by Mr. Richard Lydekker, in thirty-six monthly parts, each to contain two colored plates and many other illustrations.

Mr. Rounsevelle Wildman, late United States consul, has assumed business and editorial charge of "The Overland Monthly." Miss Shinn will remain "somewhat closely connected with the literary management."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are to publish a symposium, edited by Mr. Thomas Mackay, on "A Policy of Free Exchange"; "A Yellow Aster," by Mrs. Mannington Caffyn; and the memoirs of the Baron de Meneval, Napoleon's private secretary.

Some of the friends of the late Theodore Child have raised a sum of over seven hundred dollars to be used for a memorial. It has been sent to the American Presbyterian Mission in Tabriz, Persia, where Mr. Child was cared for during his illness with the cholera. Probably it will be used to establish a hospital room or bed, to be known by his name.

The Clarendon Press announces a posthumous volume of Freeman's "History of Sicily," covering the period from the tyranny of Dionysios to the death of Agathokles. It has been edited from his MSS. by his son-in-law, Mr. Arthur J. Evans, who has also added supplements and notes. It will be illustrated with maps and a plate of coins.

It is understood that one of the most prominent members of New York society is shortly to make a *début* in literature. The name of the coming author is known throughout the country and the book is certain to attract general attention. It appears that the writer has devoted much time to scientific studies, and the book is said to be a romance of the future showing remarkable knowledge and ingenuity in the development of the possibilities of science.

As an outgrowth of the Parliament of Religions of last September, an American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be held May 22-24, at Sinai Temple, Chicago. The call for this Congress is signed by many Unitarian, Universalist, and Jewish clergymen, as well as by such well-known laymen as Professor John Fiske, President J. G. Schurman, Dr. Paul Carus, Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, and Mrs. Potter Palmer. Dr. H. W. Thomas is chairman of the committee in charge, and may be addressed at 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Mr. Francis P. Harper, New York, announces that he will have ready early in April a new edition of the "Memoirs of King Richard the Third, and some of his Contemporaries," by John Heneage Jesse, who has been called the "Francis Parkman of English History." It will be published in two volumes, post octavo, with illustrations printed on Japan paper. The same house makes the announcement that Dr. Elliott Coues is editing Major Z. M. Pike's "Explorations and Discoveries through the West and South-West during the years 1805-1806-1807." The work will be published uniform with the edition of Lewis and Clark.

The "Phormio" of Terence is to be given at Harvard on the nineteenth of this month (Concord Day).

The libretto (Cambridge: Sever) includes the text, an English prose translation (highly vernacular) by Mr. M. H. Morgan, a prologue in verse (Latin and English) by Jac. Br. Gronovius (in such guise does Professor James B. Greenough masquerade for the occasion), and a series of twenty-six miniatures reproduced from a tenth century manuscript. This manuscript is one of the treasures of the Vatican, His Holiness the Pope having consented to a reproduction for the present purpose of these curious illustrations. This book of the play is well worth preservation on its own account.

The following quatrain is from "London Nursery Rhymes for Novelists":

"John Oliver Hobbes, with your spasms and throbs,
How does your novel grow?
With cynical sneers at young Love and his tears,
And epigrams all in a row."

The following Southey autograph, recently sold in London, is contributed to "Poet-Lore" by Mr. W. G. Kingsland:

"Mr. Southey, writer of autographs, in consequence of the great and unsolicited employment which he has obtained in that line of business, begs leave to lay before his friends and the public the following scale of charges:—

	£.	s.	d.
A Signature	0	3	4
Ditto in extra penmanship, with date of time and place	0	6	8
Ditto with a motto or text of Scripture	0	13	4
Ditto with an extract from the writer's poetry	1	1	0
Ditto with the poetry unpublished	1	11	6
Ditto with the poetry composed for the occasion	3	3	0
Ditto being sentimental, and not exceeding six lines	5	5	0
Ditto being humorous	7	17	6
Ditto being complimentary	10	10	0

N.B.—All warranted original.

OUTLOOK IN THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

The following interesting remarks on "The Spring Outlook" are quoted from a recent editorial in the "Publisher's Weekly":

"The book trade through all the panic has suffered less than almost any other branch of trade from which we have had reports. Publishing activity during the past six months, or, more strictly speaking, up to within two months, has been without abatement; if anything, it has been a trifle more than normal. Since the beginning of February there has been a tendency to put on the brakes, which can but be considered a healthy sign.

"We think there has been decidedly too much unhealthy activity in the publishing world here as well as abroad. A few weeks ago we gave a glimpse of the conditions of the book trade and literature in France. They are not much better in England, nor anywhere else, excepting possibly in Germany, where a rigid trade organization, and more conservative and scientific publishing methods generally tend to preserve the equilibrium.

"The tendency of modern publishing, as in other trades, has been towards over-production, without regard to the capacity for consumption. This has brought about a congestion that has entailed unnumbered hardships upon the bookseller, has rendered the public apathetic, and is beginning to react on the publisher. So, for instance, during the past season the publishers have had no trouble in disposing of the new books—the fads of the hour—while their best books of previous seasons rested idly in their bins. There is no overlooking the fact that books require leisure to read, and that the publisher who markets a few books well will in the end fare better than the one who indifferently tumbles many into the market."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

April, 1894 (Second List).

Art, Theories Concerning. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial* (Apr. 16).
 Atlanta, Ga. Illus. Anna W. Young. *Southern Mag.*
 Australasian Politics. Sir Henry Parkes. *Rev. of Reviews.*
 Battersea Polytechnic Institute. Illus. *Rev. of Reviews.*
 Beardsley, Aubrey. Illus. W. I. Way. *Inland Printer.*
 Canal, The Great. Illus. G. T. Ferris. *Cosmopolitan.*
 Colonial Women. Illus. Anne H. Wharton. *Cosmopolitan.*
 English at the Univ'y of Virginia. C. W. Kent. *Dial* (Apr. 16).
 Fitch, Dr. J. G. Francis Storr. *Educational Review.*
 Foreign Service, Educated Men in the. *Dial* (Apr. 16).
 Handel in the 19th Century. D. E. Herney. *Music.*
 Harvard, Spirit and Ideals at. Geo. Santayana. *Educ'l Rev.*
 Home Rule in Cities. E. E. Hale. *Cosmopolitan.*
 Ibsen, Henrik. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (Apr. 16).
 Law and Lawyers. R. D. Doyle. *Southern Magazine.*
 Liquor Traffic without Private Profits. J. Koren. *Arena.*
 Midwinter Fair, The: A Symposium. Illus. *Overland.*
 Monism, Three Aspects of. C. Lloyd Morgan. *Monist.*
 Municipal Reform. Leighton Williams. *Arena.*
 Music, Americanism in. Arthur Weld. *Music.*
 Natural and the Supernatural. John Bascom. *Dial* (Apr. 16).
 Negro Progress at Tuskegee. Illus. Albert Shaw. *Rev. of Rev.*
 Patents of Interest to Printers. Illus. *Inland Printer.*
 Plutocratic City Life. W. D. Howells. *Cosmopolitan.*
 Religious Parliaments. M. M. Trumbull. *Monist.*
 Russian Sailor, The. Illus. V. Gribayédoff. *Cosmopolitan.*
 Schumann. W. S. B. Mathews. *Music.*
 South and Its Problems. L. B. Evans. *Educational Rev.*
 Southern Flowers. Illus. Patty Thum. *Southern Magazine.*
 Tramps, Rights of. Elbert Hubbard. *Arena.*
 Tenement-House Curse: A Symposium. *Arena.*
 Tennyson's Religion. W. H. Savage. *Arena.*
 Three English Liberal Leaders. W. T. Stead. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Von Bülow, Anecdotes of. Frances E. Regal. *Music.*
 Women, Exemption from Labor. L. F. Ward. *Monist.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 51 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

The Story of Australasia. By Greville Tregarthen, author of "New South Wales." Illus., 12mo, pp. 444. Putnam's "Story of the Nations" Series. \$1.50.
 Brave Little Holland, and What She Taught Us. By William Elliott Griffiths, author of "The Mikado's Empire." Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 252. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. By M. Creighton, D.D. Vol. V., The German Revolt, 1517-1527. 8vo, uncut, pp. 384. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
 History of the Jews. By Professor H. Graetz. Vol. III., 511 C. E.—1291 C. E. 8vo, pp. 675. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society of America. \$3.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Edward Livingston Youmans, Interpreter of Science for the People: A Sketch of his Life, with Selections from his Writings and Correspondence. By John Fiske. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 597. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.
 Josiah Gilbert Holland. By Mrs. H. M. Plunkett. Illus., 12mo, pp. 208, gilt top. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 Sir Thomas Munro and the British Settlement of the Madras Presidency. By John Bradshaw, M.A. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 233. Macmillan's "Rulers of India." 60 cts.
 Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. XXXVII., Masquerier to Millyng; Vol. XXXVIII., Milman to More. Each, 8vo, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. Per vol., \$3.75.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Orations and Addresses of George W. Curtis. Edited by C. E. Norton. Vol. 3, Historical and Memorial Addresses. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 407, gilt top. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.
 The Writings of Thomas Jefferson. Collected and edited by Paul Leicester Ford. Vol. III., 1781-1784; 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 502. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
 The Letters of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Edited, with notes, by Edmund Gosse, M.A. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 271. Macmillan & Co. \$2.
 Salome: A Tragedy in One Act. Translated from the French of Oscar Wilde; pictured by Aubrey Beardsley. 8vo, pp. 70, uncut. Copeland & Day. \$2.
 Random Roaming, and Other Papers. By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 264. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.
 Aphorisms from the Writings of Herbert Spencer. Selected and arranged by Julia Raymond Gingell. With portrait, 16mo, uncut, pp. 170. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 Bon-Mots of Samuel Foote and Theodore Hook. Edited by Walter Jerrold. Illus., 24mo, pp. 192, gilt top. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.
 In Maiden Meditation. By E. V. A. 16mo, pp. 217. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.
 Juliet and Romeo. From the Italian of Luigi da Porto. Illus., 32mo, gilt top, pp. 158. Joseph Knight Co.'s "World's Classics." Boxed, \$1.
 The Sorrows of Werther. By Goethe. Illus., 32mo, gilt top, pp. 329. Joseph Knight Co.'s "World Classics." Boxed, \$1.

POETRY.

Brand: A Dramatic Poem. By Henrik Ibsen. Trans., with introduction and notes, by C. H. Herford, M.A. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 288. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
 A Sheaf of Poems. By George Perry. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 149. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

FICTION.

Marcella. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere." With portrait, 2 vols., 16mo. Boxed, \$2.
 The Stickit Minister, and Some Common Men. By S. R. Crockett. 12mo, pp. 283. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
 On the Offensive: An Army Story. By George I. Putnam. 16mo, pp. 300. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 Under the Red Robe. By Stanley J. Weyman, author of "The House of the Wolf." Illus., 12mo, pp. 339. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
 A Costly Freak. By Maxwell Gray, author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." 16mo, pp. 298. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 Yellow Aster. By Iota. 16mo, pp. 307. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 The Abbé Constantin. By Ludovic Halévy. Illus., 18mo, pp. 166. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cts.
 Cranford. By Mrs. Gaskell. With a preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie. Illus., 18mo, pp. 290. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cts.
 Stand Fast, Craig-Royston! By William Black. New and revised edition; 16mo, pp. 408. Harper & Bros. 80 cts.

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CANADIAN LITERATURE.

Our esteemed contemporary over the northern border, "The Week" of Toronto, has recently been publishing a series of letters from Canadian writers of more or less repute, upon the subject of the Canadian literature which they unite in thinking ought to result from the literary activity of the younger generation, but which they regretfully admit to have given as yet hardly any signs of existence. The term literature has many meanings, but we are now using it (as these anxious inquirers seem to use it) for the purpose of designating such writings as produce a distinct impression upon the mass of the people in whose language it is written. In this sense, no production of merely local interest or appeal may be called literature, however vehemently its friends may put forward a claim to the title. In this sense, the United States has not yet produced any great quantity of literature, while Canada and Australia have produced, we may almost say, none at all. England can still claim most of the writers whose audience is coëxtensive with the English-speaking world; there are a few names from our own country, such as those of Emerson and Longfellow, upon the list; the other English-peopled lands remain unrepresented.

The test that we have suggested is doubtless a severe one, and there is no other language whose literature must, as a condition of success, answer to the wants of so many communities geographically so far apart. On the other hand, there is no language comparable with our own in the compensations which it offers to the successful man of letters. He who gains the ear of the English-speaking world commands an audience so vast that the imagination does not easily grasp it, and his reward, whether in profit or in fame, is proportional to the numbers of those whom he addresses. It is vain to deny the unifying effect of a language upon the communities that share its use; however alien the race-elements concerned, a common bond of speech must make them one in sympathy and in ideals.

Looked at from this point of view, the question of Canadian literature is very simple. There are not many Canadians altogether (for

the French are not to be included in this calculation), and it is only within a very few years that the conditions have been found under which the very existence of literature is possible. When the "epic passion" of a people has to vent itself in the felling of forests and the building of cities, there is little chance to cultivate the rather exotic flower of literature, and poets are likely to be of the inarticulate sort so dear to Mr. Carlyle. Other reasons for the non-existence of a Canadian literature are furnished by the contributors to "The Week." One of these reasons is found in the fact that there is no recognized intellectual centre for English Canada. Toronto comes nearer than any other city to being such a centre, but Toronto is still so provincial, we are told, that it seems to have a prejudice against books produced outside of Ontario. Another reason is the absorption of Canadian literary talent by the publishers and magazine editors of the United States. Still another reason is the tendency of Canadian writers to produce hasty and slovenly work. This is brought forward by Dr. Bourinot, who certainly speaks with authority. But no reasons are really needed to explain so natural a fact as that of a small and struggling community, as yet hardly infused with national feelings, having produced no distinctive literature of its own.

Of course we do not ignore the fact that many Canadian writers have done excellent work in prose and verse. Haliburton and De Mille, for example, among those who have passed away, Professor Roberts and Mr. Carman, for example, among the younger men, are widely known, as widely in this country as in their own. And Canada has at least half ownership in that great scholar and profound political thinker, Professor Goldwin Smith. But these excellent writers, and a dozen more whose names at once occur to any well-informed person, are not enough to make a literature, at best they add but a slender rill tributary to the broad stream of English letters.

One thing is quite certain: Talking about a national literature and the desirability of having one will not do anything to stimulate its emergence. Literature is almost never the product of self-consciousness; self-conscious periods in the life of a nation may precede or follow periods of productivity, but the two are not likely to coincide. Some day, when our Canadian friends have ceased to scan the horizon for the coming literature, and have turned to thinking about other things, they may make

the happy discovery that a literature has been growing up unnoticed in their midst. But we do not expect it for some time, and we are sure that it will not come with observation. There is a good deal in this discussion of "The Week" to remind us of discussions not unfamiliar in our own country. With us the question is somewhat more complicated, for we have not only loud outcries for an American literature, but still louder and more blatant demands for a Western, or a Southern, or a Mississippi Valley, or a Pacific Coast literature.

Reduced to this absurdity, the contention becomes merely amusing, and is made none the less so by the efforts of our too-zealous section-alists to decry the work done in older and more cultivated intellectual centres, and to exalt, by all the devices of the clique for mutual admiration, every petty local performance. We are not even sure that the demand for a distinctively national literature of our own is a justifiable one, and we may certainly be permitted to doubt the wisdom of a similar demand for a Canadian literature. One of the "Week" correspondents speaks of certain causes which "tend to intensify the general movement towards literary centralization throughout the English-speaking world, and to choke the independent literary life of the smaller communities." Instead of deprecating this tendency, as the writer seems to do, we are inclined to think it a fortunate one. The best literary life for the small community is likely to be a life fed from the best sources of inspiration, and drawing its nourishment from the common stock of English literary achievement. It seems to us that no other than a stunted literary life would be possible for a community that should seek a strictly independent development. The great tradition of expression, as embodied in the five centuries of our literary production since Chaucer first fashioned English speech for the purposes of art, is too splendid a heritage to be disdained or lightly cast aside. There is but one English literature at present, and we hope that there will never be more than one. Of the many things that make for unity among all English-speaking people, literature is the most important, and experience affords no warrant for the apprehension that unity may ever generate into mere uniformity.

"In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister," said Goethe. For the literary artist who has as a medium of expression the English language, whether he live and work in the United States or in Canada, in Africa or in

Australia, the lesson of this dictum must be that truth to himself will always mean truth to the English literary tradition, coupled with a recognition and a cheerful acceptance of whatever limitations that tradition may be found to impose.

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.*

The courses in English at the Illinois State University being at present confined to the undergraduate classes, an account of the work must differ materially from one dealing with the full university curriculum. The aim of such a course is, or should be, the development of general culture rather than the preparation for later scientific research. It aims to be, as far as possible, complete in itself.

Keeping this end in view, we devote the whole of the first year to a general survey of English and American literature, dwelling particularly on the great names and the significant periods. From this as a centre all the subsequent courses are made to radiate. Those students, furthermore, who wish to devote only a single year to the subject are thus given a bird's-eye view, which, while necessarily incomplete and superficial, is the best substitute for an extended course. In connection with this subject, as with all others, much outside reading is required.

In the three succeeding years the time is divided as equally as possible between two subjects, so that the students may have variety without distraction. In the junior and senior years the line is drawn between language and literature, and anyone so desiring may elect only one of these. As might be expected, the preference in the large majority of cases is given to the latter subject. This comparative unpopularity of language-study suggests the advisability of providing a special course of one or two terms in elementary Old English (Anglo-Saxon) grammar and prose for literary students. This is the more desirable as the earliest period of our literature cannot satisfactorily be included in the general survey, and yet some knowledge of it is essential to a comprehensive knowledge of our literary development. It is also a serious question whether Chaucer should be studied in the language course, as at present. But in any case, stress should be laid, in an ordinary college course such as ours,

upon his artistic and ethical qualities, rather than upon the language in which these find expression.

But of far greater importance is the question of how to approach Shakespeare. It is bad enough to confine ourselves to the grammatical forms of Chaucer; it is little far from criminal to do so with our mighty dramatist. Not that the grammatical and linguistic side shall be ignored; it must, however, be reduced to a minimum, as a means to a greater end. Richard Grant White to the contrary, Shakespeare requires much annotation of various kinds, in order that the study may yield its full return. Our Shakespeare class devotes two hours a week throughout the year to the detailed investigation of four plays—a comedy, an historical play, a tragedy, and one of the so-called romances. One hour a week during the first term is devoted to the pre-Shakespearean drama, and the same time during the last two terms to the reading of eight or ten of Shakespeare's plays in the order of Furnivall's chronological table, bearing chiefly in mind the development of the author's genius. In these "Hamlet" is invariably included. Free discussion by the members of the class is heartily encouraged. Special stress is laid upon the different conceptions of characters and situations by leading actors, and upon the stage requirements of the plays,—the student being never allowed to forget that Shakespeare wrote primarily for the stage and not for the closet. Textual criticism is treated even more sparingly than grammatical study, its proper place being in the advanced courses. The results of this method of Shakespeare study have been very encouraging, many of the pupils seeming to develop from it a real love for the subject, which it is to be hoped may be carried still further outside of the college walls.

The other courses offered are the prose of the nineteenth century, the poetry of the nineteenth century,—special stress being laid in the former on the novel, in the latter on Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson, eighteenth century literature, the literary study of history, and Old and Early English, including Chaucer. There is also a special course of one year for scientific and engineering students, consisting of a general survey of the literature, English grammar, and the critical study of scientific prose.

In addition to the instruction in language and literature, which is elective, a certain amount of work is required in rhetoric and theme-writing of all members of the university, the object of which is the practical one of endeavoring to give training in the use of English. Much freedom is left to the students in the choice of subjects, and satisfactory articles in the college paper and the various college societies are accepted as equivalents for the regular class themes. This latter plan has yielded admirable results this year, the first of its trial.

It may be added that while, as has been stated, no attempt has yet been made to offer systematic instruction in English for graduates, provision is

* This article is the seventh of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); and English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16).—[EDR. DIAL.]

made for all those desiring to pursue higher studies in this subject. The time is not far distant, it is hoped, when this deficiency will be remedied.

DANIEL KILHAM DODGE.

Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Illinois.

COMMUNICATIONS.

INTERPRETATIONS OF IBSEN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In the recent review of Ibsen's "Brand" in THE DIAL there are two statements that to my mind do not quite do justice to the work, nor to Ibsen himself. It is not always possible for foreigners, even if they are familiar with a language, to appreciate its nature thoroughly; and thus it may be permitted me to express a different opinion concerning some things stated in the review. For example, at the beginning, where the distinction is made between authors of poetic form and those of poetic thought, Ibsen is classed with the latter, and somewhat categorically denied beauty of form. Now, to all Norwegians, nay, to all Scandinavians, without exception, Ibsen is the master of form *par excellence*; none of our poets being, as is he, the absolute artist that bends and shapes the language into perfect rhyme and perfect rhythm alike. Surely he is no Tennyson; he carries the sword rather than the wreath of roses; but his weapon is as finely-wrought and well-tempered a blade as any masterpiece of Damascus. The question of his superiority of form may safely be left with his people, who have long deemed him beyond criticism on that point. The English-speaking nations naturally have a standard of form of their own, but it would be rather unfair to apply this to other languages. Besides, the miserable translations in which Ibsen's works have suffered in almost every foreign tongue have done their utmost to obscure the excellence of his style. Those that understand his "Terje Viken" and his "Comedy of Love" know better what to think. The Norwegian tongue, with its stock of good dialect words, is capable, we are proud to say, of expressing whatever an artist may choose to confide to it; and Ibsen has been able not only to use it with virtuosity, but also to increase even further its capacity of expression. But as the tongue is spoken by only two millions of people, students of European literature, naturally, do not generally take the trouble to learn it; but in order to gain some acquaintance with the leading ideas in works that have caused such stir as have Ibsen's, they turn to translations that are often translated from other translations, both alike being misrepresenting and poor.

Another remark concerning the idea and bearing of "Brand." The author justifies his hero less, perhaps, than the reader is apt to think. Ibsen is anything but dogmatic; his satire is entirely too keen and clear-sighted for that, — or, as the translator so well puts it, "His most definite and dominant thoughts come to the surface laden with that tangle of counter-thought which gathers about every peremptory conclusion in the depths of a critical mind." We wish the reader could always keep these lines in mind. Humanity has no heroes to Ibsen, unless it be his women; but there he is probably influenced from other sources. The figures are never seen with a *naïve*, admiring glance, but rather with a searching eye, in order to bring out their whole charac-

ter, to give us the *sense* about them, if you will. Neither does the poet so absolutely "stand for individualism first and last," as the reviewer seems to think; that sounds a little too much like celebration of egotism, and to this Ibsen is vehemently opposed. His demand is much more strictly ideal. He asks for the true man as "God saw him in his mind on the day of creation," the man with character and yet humble, the man that knows his will and is still obedient, the man that has learned and broadened his spirit and grown in mind and body. Herein is his point of contact with Goethe. That he does not remain in this serene tranquillity and mental elevation that characterizes the teaching of Goethe, but wages incessant warfare, is due to the critical fault-finding and active idealism of his spirit. In this, perhaps, is found the reason of his chief distance from the great Olympian father and the source of his own abundant originality: that where Goethe is always synthetic, Ibsen is the born revolutionary and analyst. But to return to "Brand."

The book itself dates from the period of the great pietistic movement in Norway, and is in the widest sense a poetical-philosophical summary of the interest for life of such a wave of strong religious feeling and fanaticism as that period witnessed. This great question certainly touched Ibsen's searching mind more than any other man's, far and wide. It is with the glaring light of his Diogenes' lantern that he reveals the scene as it is stereotyped in "Brand." If any moral sentence should be the motto of the book, it might be that of Goethe: "*Licht, mehr Licht!*" Broader views, better understanding! Ibsen is here questioning the right and value of the spiritual supremacy that some ardent natures claim (in religious matters) over their fellow-beings, and he shows the form such spiritual supremacy takes when the mind is powerfully agitated. Brand is the type of a leader, a prophet, a spiritual fire, as his name indicates, the reformer that will strike down and annihilate by the blaze of his wrath the dull and vicious vermin that poison the world and infect the pastoral herd, and will put up instead a new altar and establish a new devotion to God. He means to wake them up with his word as well as with his example. He is of unflinching belief in his right and his mission, a zealot with as narrow a view of Christianity as any of the fanatics fostered in those valleys where the mountains crowd out the sky and the hardships of life seem to lie in wait for one's very soul. As severe as is existence are the views of all those that strive for it. The word "sin" covers such a vast field of harmless enjoyment! The minds are shy and bitter, the deadening of the flesh is the highest achievement comprehended. The most innocent play incites severe reproof — how can feeling or compassion, warmth of heart and spontaneity, but freeze and crystallize in such surroundings?

Brand is as erring in his converting frenzy as are those that beguile him and finally drive him out beyond the boundaries of his parish into the lonely wilderness, to perish in the cold and snow. This utter lack of responsiveness, the absolute failure of his mission, strikes a harder death-blow than his exposure and his unhappiness. The doubt, the feeling of inability to understand more than one side of the reforming work, gnaws on his conscience; he feels overcome, and in the anguish of death the cry goes up to heaven whether after all, he has not been mistaken, whether the unswerving energy of his man's will shall not be the feature that redeems him; and he receives as an answer that God is not the God of law but of love. Thus

Brand sinks perishing at the feet of the mercy he has not understood, and the snow-storm that has swept around him covers him up and extinguishes the last sparks of the fire that burned so fervently.

To translate Ibsen, we may safely say, is by no means an easy task. How many efforts have been made in earlier times to interpret other masters of thought and fiction—such as Shakespeare, Byron, and Goethe—without succeeding in making the authors at home in a foreign literature. If Professor Hereford in his rendering of Ibsen is able to introduce him at his best to the American world of readers, the admirers and friends of the great poet cannot but be deeply beholden to the translator for his noble work.

M. WERGELAND.

Champaign, Ill., April 21, 1894.

LOCAL USAGE IN AMERICAN SPEECH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The systematic study of American speech and customs is made difficult by the fact that no map has yet been made of the centres and currents of diversity of usage. In order that this may be done it is necessary that as many answers as possible be obtained to a number of test questions. Such a list has been prepared from questions suggested by members of the Modern Language Association of North America. I would call the attention of readers of THE DIAL to this list, and urge those that have interest in the matter to answer as many of the questions as they conveniently can, and forward the answers to me; or hand the list to some one who has the time and inclination to do so. Other information than that asked for will be gladly received, but would better be written on a separate sheet. It may be some time before the results of the investigation can be published, but when they are, THE DIAL will be notified. What is wanted is a report of natural speech, without regard to what dictionaries and teachers say is "correct." If a word or usage is in vogue only among the illiterate, mark it "I"; if only among negroes, "N"; if rare, "R." Correspondents will please write only on one side of the paper, and number the answers as the questions are.

1. State your name and present address. 2. Where was your usage formed? [Give county and state, and add "S," "SW," "C," etc., according as the county is in the southern, southwestern, or central part of the state. The basis of one's usage is usually what one hears between the years 8–18.]

3. Has your speech been modified by that of persons speaking differently from what is usual in your neighborhood? If so, explain. [For example, are your parents foreigners, or from another state, or have you been taught by or associated much with such persons?]

4. Where did most of the settlers in your neighborhood come from? 4½. If there is a large foreign population, of what nationality is it?

5. Is to you the word 'stoop' (= porch) familiar, strange, or unknown? 6. Is 'hayou' to you a familiar word or a book word? 7. If a familiar word, does the first syllable rhyme with 'by' or 'bay'? 8. Does the second rhyme with 'go' or 'you'? 9. Are the two syllables separated by the sound of *y* in 'yet'? 10. Which syllable has the stress? 11. At what time of day do you begin to say "Good evening"? 12. Do you speak of the 'forenoon'? 13. Of the 'afternoon'? 14. Do you say "Good forenoon"? 15. "Good afternoon"? 16. Do you use 'pack' in the sense of 'carry'?

17. Does 'you all' mean 'every one of you' or sim-

ply 'you'? 18. Which word has the stress? 19. If you say 'you' all, do you do so in speaking to one person? 20. Is 'yous' in use for 'you'? 21. Is 'you'n's' used for 'you'? 22. Is 'yous' used in speaking to one person. 23. Is 'you'n's'? 24. Do you say "What all did he say"? 25. "Who all were there"? 26. Is 'a bunch of cattle' familiar to you? 27. Would you say "I want up" = 'I want to get up'? 28. Would you say "The butter is all" = 'It is gone, there is no more'? 29. Do you occasionally say "I guess" = 'I think'? 30. Do you occasionally say "I reckon" = 'I think'? 31. Might you say "I wonder if I shall get to go" = 'shall be able to go'? 32. Would you say "I got to go riding yesterday" = 'I had the opportunity'? 33. Do you say "I shall wait on you" = 'for you'? 34. Do you use 'carry' in the sense of 'escort'? 35. Is the word 'creek' in common use? 36. Does it usually rhyme with 'speak' or with 'stick'? 37. Is 'tote' to you a common word, or a comparatively recent slang word? 38. Just what does it mean? 39. Would you say "Just taste (smell, feel) of it"? 40. Or "Just taste it"? etc.

41. Does 'to' rhyme with 'grow' or with 'true'? 42. Do you pronounce 'where' and 'wear,' 'whet,' and 'wet' alike? 43. Has anyone ever said he thought you pronounced *wh* like *w*? 44. Do you pronounce 'excursion' with the *sh*-sound in 'shun' or that of *s* in 'vision'? 45. In which (if any) of the following does *s* have the sound of *z*: 'the grease,' 'to grease,' 'greasy'?

46. Do you pronounce *th* in the following cases as in 'thick' or as in 'the': (a) *with' em*, (b) *with' me*, (c) *with all'*? 47. Do *thought*, *taught*, *ought*, *daughter*, *author*, etc., sound like 'hot'? 48. Does the vowel in 'hot' resemble that in 'law' or that in 'board,' or neither?

49. Which of the following words usually have a *a* as in 'eat,' or nearly that? 50. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in 'make'? 50½. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in 'art'? 51. Do any have a sound resembling *a* in 'all'? *after*, *almond*, *answer*, *ant*, *ask*, *ant*, *basket*, *calf*, *calm*, *can't*, *command*, *dance*, *draft*, *drama*, *fasten*, *gape*, *glass*, *grasp*, *half*, *haunt*, *laugh*, *ma'm* (in 'yes ma'm,' etc.), *nasty*, *past*, *path*, *plant*, *psalm*, *rather*, *salmon*, *sample*, *sha'n't*, *staff*.

52. Which is most usual: 'pa'pa,' 'papa,' 'pap' or 'pa'? 52½. If 'pap,' does the *a* sound as in 'art,' 'hat,' or 'all'? 53. If 'pa,' does the *a* sound as in 'art,' 'hat,' or 'all'? 54. Do you say 'down' town' or 'down town'?

55. Is the word 'skilling' in use in business? If so, what is its value? 56. Is 'levy' in use? If so, what is its value? 57. Is 'bit' in use? If so, what is its value? 58. Is 'fip' in use? If so, what is its value? 59. Do you call the pipe that conducts smoke from a stove to the chimney a 'stovepipe' or a 'funnel'? 60. Do you call a small tin vessel of the size of a cup and with a tin looped (not long straight) handle a 'tin cup' or a 'dipper'? 61. Would you call an iron utensil having a large open top and used for boiling potatoes, meat, etc., a 'pot' or a 'kettle'? 62. If large and made of brass, what would you call it? 63. Would you call a wooden vessel for carrying water, etc., a 'pail' or a 'bucket'? 64. What would you call a similar vessel of tin for carrying water, milk, etc.? 65. Would you call a covered tin vessel for carrying a small amount of milk or a dinner a 'pail,' a 'can,' or a 'kettle'? 66. Do you say 'frying pan,' 'skillet,' or 'spider'? 67. If more than one, how do you differentiate?

GEORGE HEMPLE.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., April 20, 1894.

The New Books.

PASQUIER'S PICTURES OF NAPOLEONIC TIMES.*

Chancellor Pasquier's second volume, covering the period (1812-1814) from the French advance on Moscow to the first Bourbon restoration, serves on the whole to strengthen the favorable impression left by the first. As a picture of Napoleonic times it is of special value — partly in that it is the account of a fresh witness and not a mere editorial pouring of old wine into new bottles, and partly because the witness himself is a rarely competent one. As prefect of police under the Consulate and the Empire, it was his official duty to keep himself informed on public matters and to carefully sift and generalize his information. Police business, too, at that time of civil unrest and shifting opinion, took on a color strongly political. Briefly, then, we are to regard Pasquier as a first-rate authority on the questions handled in this volume, and not as the mere *quidnunc* and retailer of the current political chit-chat of the period of Napoleon's waning fortunes.

The narrative opens, as we have said, at the outset of the Russian campaign. The early optimistic bulletins from the Grand Army did not, says Pasquier, impose on those at Paris in a position and a temper to judge coolly of the Fabian policy of the Russian commanders. The continuous retrograde movement, from which many drew the brightest conclusions, was rightly viewed by others as the result of a system the primary object of which was to exhaust the French army by long marches through a country in which it had no base of supplies, and to draw it away from its stores and reinforcements. It was even feared—and with reason, as the event proved—that Napoleon himself would end in sharing the illusions he sought to disseminate. His situation was, even at the outset when he had most to hope, and irrespective of the inherent dangers of a Russian campaign, a serious one. The peace concluded between Russia and Turkey had released a Russian army corps and left it free to attack the French in the rear. It was known, moreover, that a meeting had taken place at Abo between the Emperor of Russia and the Prince Royal of Sweden, and that an under-

standing was reached allowing the Russian troops to leave their cantonments in Finland and march to the rescue of Riga; to this was to be added the diversion likely to be made in Pomerania by a Swedish army. Yet in the face of it all Napoleon decided, after taking Smolensk, not to halt his sorely fatigued troops for rest, but to move on to Moscow! Had he halted for the winter on the Düna, he might, Pasquier thinks, have organized in his rear the old Polish provinces, and have thus placed himself in a position either to dictate a peace or begin a decisive campaign in the Spring. The apparent infatuation of the Emperor was freely censured by his officials at Paris. Said M. Decker, the Minister of Marine, after detailing the facts just noted:

"What everybody sees the Emperor does not see, or else he is mad enough to cast from him all that seems to run counter to his presumptuous hopes. In the meanwhile Marmont is being beaten in Spain, and, within six months, the result of his defeat may be the loss of Spain. . . . All this, moreover, has not and will not have any effect on him. He will imagine that he can find a way out of the difficulty, by making a further demand for conscripts; the Senate has just turned over one hundred and forty thousand of them to him, which makes four hundred and forty thousand for the year; and do you think that a rope on which there is such a tension can endure for any length of time?—No, I tell you he is a lost man."

Evidently the Napoleonic superstition, like the Napoleonic star, had already begun to wane. Meanwhile the Emperor pursued his fatal journey. On September 7 the battle of the Moskowa was fought, and a victory was won, which, however, at Paris, "struck consternation into the hearts of the most steadfast of Napoleon's friends, and produced a sort of stupor in the public mind." The road to Moscow lay open; but never, in twenty years of stubborn combats, had so many generals and officers of note been killed or wounded. The substantial fruits of victory, moreover, were lost through default. All are agreed that the battle of the Moskowa was wrongly engaged by the Emperor—who was, however, it is fair to say, indisposed, and consequently obliged to act largely on the advice of his generals. Moreover, after the day was won, argues Pasquier, by refusing to send his guard into action, he failed to complete the rout of the Russians and allowed them to organize their retreat and to re-form their lines without hindrance. "He therefore, through his own fault, reduced almost to nothing the result of this so eagerly sought for battle." The truth is that Napoleon's situation, after crossing the Niemen, was such that he had no

*A HISTORY OF MY TIME: Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Edited by the Duc D'Audifret-Pasquier. Translated by Charles E. Roche. Volume II., 1812-1814. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

knowledge whatever of the disposal or numbers of the forces opposed to him. He had completely lost his reckoning, or was, at least, feeling his way by the roughest of dead-reckoning. Perhaps, like Wallenstein, he trusted to what he called his "star"—an astronomical or astrological figment whose baleful influence on the fortunes of France culminated in 1871. The swarms of Cossacks did not permit him to extend his reconnoitring beyond a league or so, and as the peasantry fled at his approach all means of getting information were shut off. It is known that he was for two days after the battle of Moskowa unable to discover the road by which the Russian army was retreating. Is it not, then, asks Pasquier,—

"Perfectly just to conclude that his enterprise, conceived with the greatest rashness, was no less madly executed, without any settled plan of campaign, without any assured means of communication with the reinforcements of which he daily stood in greater need? Pursuing, as he was, an enemy whose strength was unknown to him, he was marching on Moscow without being able to say what he would do when he reached there, seemingly under the impression that everything depended on his occupying that capital."

While thus severely and justly criticising Bonaparte's Russian venture, Pasquier does not fail to note his returning energy and resourcefulness amid the thickening disasters of the retreat. He says:

"If, on the one hand, no other man but Napoleon could have conceived and ventured on so mad an expedition, on the other he was the only man whom it could not crush. So magnetic was the power which he exercised over the men who perished while following him, that not the slightest sign of disobedience manifested itself, that not a murmur arose from the ranks of an army which was dying of cold and hunger. Such an example has never been set the world, and Napoleon has never appeared greater than to those who saw him on the banks of the Beresina, walking along those unknown shores, stick in hand, absorbed in a study of the chances remaining to him of concealing from the enemy the crossing of the river by his army, giving his orders with undisturbed, unruffled coolness, and finally triumphing over a difficulty which would have seemed insurmountable to any other man."

Napoleon left Moscow in October, 1812, and reached Paris on the 18th of December, at midnight. On the following Sunday, at his usual levee, says Pasquier, "he approached me most affably, and whispered to me so that I alone should hear his words: 'And so, *Monsieur le Préfet*, you too have had your day of tribulation; there is no lack of such in a man's life!'"

To explain this allusion of the Emperor's, let us retrace our steps a little. The discontent awakened at Paris by the later bulletins from the Grand Army naturally inspired the Gov-

ernment's enemies, of whatever political stripe, with the hope of overthrowing it; and towards the end of October a most audacious scheme to that end came to the surface. We allude, of course, to the famous Malet conspiracy. As this episode falls peculiarly within Pasquier's competency as a witness, and as he avers, moreover, that received accounts of it are more or less falsified, it may be worth while to devote some space to his version.

The hero of the plot, General Malet, a restless spirit whose ardent ("virulent" is Pasquier's word) republicanism neither the woes of the Terror nor the glories of the Empire could shake, was at the time no longer a young man. He began his military career in the *mousquetaires*; with the Revolution he became a zealous *patriote*, and he rejoined the army in 1792; in 1799 he was a *général de brigade*. His services were dispensed with in the first days of the Empire, when he settled in Paris and at once began plotting against the man whom he regarded as the assassin of the liberties of France. Probably, at bottom, Malet was one of those chronic malcontents who naturally constitute the radicals of any given polity or arrangement whatsoever—provided only it exists. As with the newly-arrived Hibernian immigrant of the story, the phrase "agin the government" might at any time and under any conditions have precisely defined his political attitude. At any rate, about 1809, the General's sinister activities landed him in the prison of La Force, whence, in 1812, he was transferred, through the indulgence of Fouché, who owed him a kindness, to a private hospital in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. Here he was only nominally a prisoner; escape was easy, and there was no obstacle in the way of intercourse with the outer world. Naturally, he did not neglect his opportunities. On entering the hospital he found there several kindred spirits, MM. de Polignac, Berthier de Sauvigny, M. de Puyvert, and the Abbé Lafon—the last of whom, only, it is important for us to note. As this coterie were held as participants in a royalist plot, it will be seen that the General and his fellow captives were by no means birds of a political feather, the bond between them being rather a common hatred than a common ideal. The tie, however, sufficed; a comfortable *modus vivendi* was established, and things went merrily forward. In M. Lafon, Malet found a zealous ally—one, it is said, who, despite his cloth and his politics, did not scruple to diligently fan the flame of his friend's repub-

lican ardor. About this time, as we have seen, events in Russia were exciting the gravest alarm at Paris, and it naturally occurred to Malet that the moment had come to strike. He persuaded himself that the downfall of Napoleon might be compassed by a very slight action, and it was on the basis of this idea that he laid his plans. These were very simple:

"They consisted in taking advantage of the night to make an appearance at the gates of a couple of barracks, make announcement of the death of Napoleon, read out an alleged *senatus-consultum* repealing the Imperial Government, establishing a provisional government, and investing General Malet with all the powers necessary to take command of the armed force, to require and command it as he should see fit; to thus get for his use a *cohorte* and one battalion of the regiment; to lead and send detachments of these two bodies to such points as it was most important to occupy; to employ it in arresting public functionaries whose resistance was most to be feared; this done, to publish and proclaim the spurious *senatus-consultum* throughout the city; call to them the discontented men of whatever shade, of whatever party, and assemble at the Hôtel de Ville the most important among them; form a provisional government with them, with the aid of which they fondly expected to conquer every kind of opposition and win the obedience and assent of all France."

Such were in their entirety the operations to be carried out by General Malet and M. Lafon after leaving the hospital at eight o'clock on the night of October 23. The scheme ("an act of madness," Pasquier calls it) had, of course, a hundred inherent difficulties; and there was one very patent obstacle which alone should have given the conspirators pause. This was the presence, in the environs of Paris and within easy call, of some 5,000 troops of the Imperial Guard—a corps devoted to the Emperor, the Empress, and the King of Rome. Malet should have known, moreover, that the Guard was not subject to orders he proposed to have sent from staff headquarters.

When the plot burst there remained in the hospital only Malet, Lafon, and de Puyvert, the last of whom took no part whatever in its execution. Its responsibility, therefore, falls entirely upon the General and the Abbé, the latter's assertion that he had many correspondents and that extensive preparations had been made for a rising being formally disproved by our author. In a word, surprise, bewilderment, was to be the order of the day, the conspirators trusting that in the political chaos following the news of Napoleon's death, their own swift, concerted, and definite action would effect the ends they desired. They found no difficulty in leaving the hospital on the evening named, and proceeded at once to a room in the Rue

Saint-Gilles, where they found two confederates awaiting them, Boutreux, a young advocate of Angers, and Rateau, corporal in the 1st battalion of the *Paris garde*, who brought the watchword. These two men, says Pasquier, together with a Spanish priest who occupied the room where the meeting was held, "are the only persons who are clearly known to have been entrusted in advance with the secret of the conspiracy." The business of drawing up the spurious documents was at once begun. These were the *senatus-consultum*, the proclamation, an order of the day signed by Malet, and two letters of instruction as to the distribution and duties of the troops, the one addressed to M. Soulier, commanding the 10th *cohorte*, the other to M. Rouff, commanding the 2d battalion of the *garde de Paris*. These papers were not only faulty in point of form, but they provided for a *régime* which was, to say the least, extraordinary. The *senatus-consultum*, on the one hand, named as members of the provisional government men known for their royalist and anti-revolutionary sentiments; while the order of the day handed over the army to Generals Guidal, Desnoyers, and Pailhardy, all pronounced revolutionaries, and it appointed to the command of a central Parisian force General Lecourbe, a violent Jacobin, and a personal enemy of Napoleon. Plainly, the astute Abbé was the author of the *senatus-consultum*, and General Malet of the order of the day. The greater part of the night was spent over these sufficiently clumsy writings, and it was half-past three when Malet, with Rateau, reached the Popincourt barracks, the quarters of the 10th *cohorte*. Soulier, the commander, was ill with fever.

"The announcement of the Emperor's death, superadded to his sickness, upset his faculty of reasoning; he believed without hesitation and without verification all that was told him, and gave orders that the *senatus-consultum* and the proclamation should be read to the troops, which he then placed at the general's disposal."

A like success awaiting Malet at the Minimes barracks, he presently had at his disposal about 1200 soldiers. To direct and handle these soldiers resolute and experienced men were required, and our hero at once set about getting them, with an energy and a fertility of resource worthy of the great Emperor himself. In the prison of La Force were two political captives, Generals Lahorie and Guidal, who, once at liberty, could undoubtedly be relied upon for coöperation; and Malet at once resolved to secure them.

"In their case, also, he made use of the *senatus-con-*

sultum, and he confirmed to them the news of the Emperor's death, successful in this as in his previous undertakings. . . . It was half-past six o'clock when he made his appearance at La Force, followed by a section of the *cohorte*; the remainder had gone to occupy the Hôtel de Ville. The doorkeeper of the jail, seeing a body of soldiers, in good order, and commanded by a general in uniform, had no doubt that he was acting lawfully, and hastened to obey him."

Lahorie and Guidal were accordingly at once released, and the former received orders to proceed, with a squad of soldiers, to the *Préfecture de Police*, and to arrest the prefect (M. Pasquier), installing in his place Boutreux, who accompanied him. This disposed of, he was to arrest the Duc de Rovigo, the Minister of War, and himself assume his functions. As to Malet, he took with him 150 men, and proceeded to the military headquarters in the Place Vendôme, whither we shall follow him presently. It was past seven o'clock when Lahorie reached the *Préfecture de Police*. Says Pasquier :

"I had just arisen from my bed, when I heard considerable noise coming from the rooms leading to my bedroom. My valet left me to ascertain the cause of all this commotion. On finding himself in the presence of soldiery, he tried to stop its further progress, and barred the way to my door, displaying in so doing remarkable devotion; he was thrust aside, and received a bayonet wound in the leg. I was attempting to reach the stairway leading to the garden, when I was assailed by a band of soldiers, led by an officer, who forced me to return to my bedroom, while forbidding his men to lay violent hands on me. This officer, whom I did not recognize, wore a mantle; his characteristic feature, his incipient baldness, was concealed by a large hat. It was General Lahorie. He informed me of the death of the Emperor, killed under the walls of Moscow, and notified me of the alleged *senatus-consultum*, which he, however, did not let me read. He likewise told me that the citizen Boutreux was going to assume my functions, and then made me a prisoner in my own room, placing a couple of soldiers on guard over me."

From the *Préfecture* Lahorie hastened to the Ministry of Police. Here a far more exciting scene was enacted, which, however, need not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that the Duc de Rovigo was arrested and hurried away to La Force by General Guidal, an inveterate personal enemy, who was only restrained by his superior from obeying to the letter Malet's order "to have recourse to the most violent methods." Lahorie, who signed the commitment, had at once usurped the minister's functions, with the object, as he subsequently declared at his own trial, of saving Rovigo's life. This assertion, says Pasquier,

"Is not consonant with truth, for immediately upon being installed in the official residence, he sent for a tailor, of whom he ordered the habit of a minister; he then entered the carriage of his predecessor, and had

himself driven to the Hôtel de Ville where he presented himself as Minister of Police."

Meanwhile, Pasquier, still under guard in his bedroom, had prevailed on the unwary Boutreux to show him the *senatus-consultum* and the proclamation. A glance confirmed his suspicions that both were apochryphal. He was still pondering over the probable outcome of this mad enterprise, when a sub-lieutenant of the *cohorte*, one Lefèvre, entered the room with an order for his commitment to La Force, whither he was at once conveyed. Arrived at the prison, he was handed over to Lebeau, the jailor—a worthy man, who, says Pasquier, "owed his situation to me." "As soon as the doors were closed behind me," he adds, "he placed himself at my disposal." From Lebeau Pasquier learned the events of the early morn, when Lahorie and Guidal had been freed, and also that the Duc de Rovigo and M. Desmarests had just been registered as prisoners. Obviously, in La Force, the Prefect was as little under duress as were the General and the Abbé in the sanitarium of Saint-Antoine; and he was about "escaping"—with the kindly connivance of Mme. Lebeau—by a side entrance, when M. Saulnier, the Duc de Rovigo's secretary, and M. Laborde, the town adjutant, arrived with the news that all was over, and that Generals Malet and Lahorie were under arrest.

The following is what hastened the issue: On reaching the Place Vendôme, Malet proceeded to the house of General Hulin, commander of the military division. Leaving his troop at the door, he mounted to the General's room, accompanied by two or three of his officers. Here he informed Hulin of the Emperor's death; but noting, as he thought, a cloud of disbelief on his face, he bade him step into an adjoining room to look over the vouchers. The luckless Hulin acquiesced; and no sooner had the door closed behind them than Malet shot him dead with a pistol—thus indicating the degree of "violence" he expected from his lieutenants. Having perpetrated this crime, Malet hurried back to his command. By this time, as may be supposed, it had been noticed that something wrong was passing at General Hulin's, and an alarm was raised. Still, Malet managed to gain admission to General Doucet, chief of the staff, who was at the time reading the *senatus-consultum* just handed him. Doucet had detected the forgery, and was protesting against the imposture. Noting this, the now desperate Malet drew his pistol, and was

about to dispose of Doucet as he had already disposed of Hulin, when Adjutant Laborde promptly disarmed him and placed him under arrest, and then summoned to his aid the troops that guarded the residence. The soldiers of the *cohorte*, however, on learning what had happened, at once surrendered to Laborde and General Doucet. Thus, all was over with General Malet, after a rather amazing success of four or five hours' duration.

Pasquier goes rather fully into the subsequent trials—especially that of Lahorie, whose case was a singularly hard one. It is pretty evident that he was completely deceived. As for Malet himself, it is due to his memory to say that he did not hesitate, at his trial, to assume entire responsibility for the foolhardy enterprise, expressly exonerating his companions, and revealing thereby the strain of nobility in his character. As with so many Frenchmen of that time, his political ideal inspired him with the fervor and fanaticism of a religious belief; and he died for it cheerfully. It is something of a satisfaction to know that he died a soldier's death—by the bullet. He summed up his cause in these few words: "The man who has constituted himself the defender of his country has no need of any defence; he triumphs, or goes to his death."

Malet, Lahorie, Guidal, Boccheiampe, Soulier, and eight officers, were sentenced to death, and shot the next morning on the plain of Grenelle. "And I am of opinion," says Pasquier mildly, "that a lesser number might have been brought to trial, and that fewer lives might have been sacrificed." As Malet was probably the only victim (except Bontreux) who was actually guilty of the charge laid, the Prefect's "opinion" seems not unreasonable.

It remains to account for M. Lafon—the good Abbé who discreetly vanished when the waves ran high. He was diligently hunted, as it was known that if the Royalist party had countenanced the conspiracy, the threads of it could only be grasped by securing him. All efforts proved unavailing, however; and M. Lafon, it seems, busied himself thenceforth in dodging from one hiding-place to another (doing, meanwhile, as much mischief as was compatible with his personal safety), until the Restoration enabled him to float serenely to the surface.

Chancellor Pasquier has supplementally styled his Memoir "A History of My Time," thus forestalling a possible stricture that he has, in composing it, unduly subordinated biog-

raphy to history. Throughout the work there is an abundance of historical and political narrative, with the sagacious, well-weighed views and judgments of Pasquier the statesman; but there is relatively little that might serve to bring us closer to Pasquier the man. The book is richer in political reflection and criticism than in *personalia* and anecdote—though the latter elements are not absent. Of humor we discover no trace. The Chancellor's story flows on with the dignity and philosophic calm—at times with a degree of the penetration—of a De Tocqueville; and one notes throughout a certain stateliness of phrase, a balance of period, and an elimination of color and detail, traceable, perhaps, to the classicist standards of the writer's earlier years. Closing with the departure of the Allies from Paris, the volume covers an eventful period—a time of shifting political fortunes, of fateful struggles on the field and in the cabinet. Pasquier treats of these matters with a largeness of view and a precision of knowledge that will commend his work to all serious students of the Napoleonic era. The good work of the translator, Mr. Charles E. Roche, calls for a word of praise. E. G. J.

AN INDEX-GUIDE TO VENETIAN PAINTERS.*

Few things are more irritating to the average man than to be told his taste in pictures is bad. In the matter of books, he has probably acquired habits of submission at an early age; but in most cases he is first seriously introduced to pictures when of mature years. He is jealous of his personal rights; he refuses to be dictated to by self-constituted connoisseurs; but he generally ends by quietly acquiescing in their judgments and by reverently if unintelligently prostrating himself before each and every canvas that may happen to be called after the orthodox masters. This is as it should be, because untrained instinct is just as likely to miss in pictures as in books or in life,—and half-trained instinct is sure to miss. But there are difficulties in the way of the neophyte in the galleries of Europe, especially of Italy. He sees the name of, say, Leonardo da Vinci in his catalogue or on the frame before him. In his new submissiveness he straightway worships—a much-rubbed copy by a pupil of a picture by a pupil of Leonardo. Italy is full of these

*THE VENETIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE. With an Index to their Works. By Bernhard Berenson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

false painted idols. How they came to be — by the unscrupulous vanity of picture fanciers, by sheer carelessness, by honestly stupid attribution, — this does not concern us here. Enough that they exist, and are a trap for the unwary. Existing in such numbers, moreover, these lying attributions have of late years piqued connoisseurship to finer and more exact methods, which, aided by the growth of rapid transit and the perfection of isochromatic photography, are now capable of practically certain conclusions. Such up-to-date attributions are to be found in Mr. Berenson's account of "The Venetian Painters of the Renaissance," which is among the very first fruits in English of the new art criticism. With Mr. Berenson's Indexes in hand, the student and the traveller may feel reasonably confident of worshipping, at least among Venetian masters, no false or unknown gods. He will find two catalogue-indexes: one to the works of the principal Venetian painters in the public galleries, private collections, and churches of Europe; the other to the various places in Europe containing these works.

But the serious lay-student needs fuller instruction yet. He may stand before the right picture in the wrong mood. It is true that most people will object most strenuously against having their moods cut out for them. Titian, they will say, has not the same message for everyone; everyone has a right to his own particular reading of the master. Now we believe this much-flaunted relativity of tastes to be wrong. If painting is to give higher pleasure than cooking, it must appeal to our intelligence as well as to our senses. And it can only do so by conveying some sort of meaning. Now Titian's meaning, being expressed in a definite and peculiar picture-language, is not open to the chance comer any more than the meaning of a Parisian is open to a German who has never learned French. Indeed, the picture-language of Titian is even more difficult to the uninstructed than the sound-language of the Parisian. To translate the former for ourselves we must have acquainted ourselves with the nature and limits of picture-language in general and of Titian's picture-language in particular; we must know if and how far the religious and political prejudices of his time allowed him to paint his meaning as clearly and plainly as the medium permitted; in fine, we must slowly and at many pains learn numerous things of which the chance comer has no conception whatsoever. The sensible student, therefore, will stoop

to conquer, — will prefer being right to being original. Now to say, indeed, that Mr. Berenson's luminous and condensed translation of the picture-language of Venetian painters is in all respects right, would be to assume for ourselves a finality even greater. His interpretations are at least plausible and suggestive, and the historical nexus of which they form links is clearly and graphically presented.

It would be unjust to his own disclaimer to attempt to crowd the progress of Venetian art into any single formula; but very roughly speaking, Venetian painters may be said in the first place to have been formed under the tutelage of the Church, then later to have passed through the stage of the patronage of the city to the final independence of the schools. And still more roughly, the three stages may be typified by the *Pietà*, the Pageant, and the Portrait. But we are indulging in generalizations for which the soberer study before us hardly gives warrant.

The make-up of the book is tasteful outside and in, from the pretty Venetian binding to the frontispiece, a reproduction of Giorgione's fascinating "Shepherd with Pipe." Some hesitation may be felt as to the primer-like method of paragraphing with numerals in bold type; this device undoubtedly facilitates reference, but it breaks continuity of attention and spoils the page. In so short a book the device hardly seems necessary.

JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

NEW CHAPTERS OF AFRICAN DISCOVERY.*

Lieutenant von Höhnell's book of travels in Africa is one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of that country that has been published in many a year; and had it appeared three years ago, when African explorers were the rage of the day, would have made a marked sensation. It possesses every qualification to insure to it a positive success and permanent value. It is written in a dignified and interesting narrative style, without any of the cheap and ejaculative dialogues that disfigure Stanley's books; with no pretense at literary art, but with the impressiveness of intelligent simplicity and directness. The line of travel of the two explorers—Count Teleki, a Transylvanian no-

*DISCOVERY BY COUNT TELEKI OF LAKES RUDOLPH AND STEFANIE. By his companion, Lieut. Ludwig von Höhnell. Translated by Nancy Bell (N. D'Anvers). In two volumes, with illustrations and colored maps. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

bleman, and Lieut. von Höhnell, who is the chief narrator—was, in the earlier stages, the familiar one of Livingstone and Stanley inland from Mombasa in Zanzibar, the oldest mission station in eastern Africa. Instead of going westward to Victoria Nyanza, they turned northward through the mountain regions, which they thoroughly explored; through the wild and uncultivated Masailand, and the shunned and dreaded Kikuyaland; discovering new volcanoes, and discovering and thoroughly investigating two great lakes which they named for the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, Rudolf and Stefanie. Lake Rudolf is about one-third the size of the Victoria Nyanza.

The trickiness, greediness, quarrelsomeness, and elusiveness of the Africans, the rebuffs, disappointments, and obstacles so trying to the patience of other African explorers, were promptly encountered by these travellers; and the Lieutenant says, "We soon gave up the idea that we could wander around Africa in a light-hearted, careless way." Indeed, the paraphernalia of an African trip would prohibit any thought of care-free days. These two sportsmen started from Zanzibar with two hundred Zanzibari, nine guides, nine guards, and four hundred and fifty porters, and a vast number of cattle and donkeys. The food for such a regiment of men would be no light burden or consideration, the wages no small sum. The list of the arms and ammunition is in itself astonishing.

It is with a pleasant sense of renewal of old acquaintance that we find in the early pages of this work, among the newly engaged guides and escorts, the names of various dusky natives of varying reliability who served with Stanley, Thomson, Junker, the unfortunate Bishop Hannington, and other travellers; and we even note that itinerant culinary treasure, Speke's and Cameron's cook, Mhogo.

Among the most thrilling pages are those which tell of the ascent of Mt. Kilimanjaro, Mt. Kenia, Mt. Kibo. Those of us who are familiar with the old missionary accounts of Africa will remember that these mountains were discovered about the middle of this century by missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of London, and that the story told by those pious gentlemen, of snow-capped peaks so close to the equator, was universally discredited. Not recalling that these missionaries travelled with any extraordinary outfit or attendance, I have searched for and re-read their story, and find that the journey to the mountains, which required seven hundred followers in

1886, was made by Parson Rebman in 1848 with nine men and "weaponed only with an umbrella."

Lieutenant von Höhnell's description of the primeval forests found on these mountains, forests which no man could penetrate save through paths trodden by the mighty elephants; of the giant trees, dead through their burden of strange, weird, clinging parasites and lurid-flowered creepers; with the painful stillness, unbroken by cry of bird or beast or hum of insect, where even at midday, under a tropical sun, a chill, gloomy, greenish twilight prevailed,—this forceful story makes us comprehend and almost feel the welcome which our travellers gave in the higher grass-belt to a cheerful, homely, well-known face—that of our common violet.

The description of the happy life in Taveta—that orderly, prosperous African Arcadia—confirms Joseph Thomson's account in his "Through Masailand." We can but wonder that some Aryan race has not ere now chosen and invaded that highly blessed and charming spot, and there founded a colony; though this would never seem feasible while there still exists in eastern Africa the slave-trade, and no means of transport from the coast save by human carriers.

These travellers cannot boast, as does Dr. Johnston in his recent book of African travel, that they did not lose a follower by death. Scores fell by the wayside, were lost or drowned, or died of fever. All endured great privations, horrible thirst, sicknesses, and dangers, and were in waterless Samburu in very desperate straits. So gaunt was Count Teleki, a powerful giant whose normal weight was two hundred and thirty-eight pounds, that he weighed but a hundred and forty pounds.

One of the objects of the expedition was the pursuit of big game, as well as "heroic ardour to adventurous deeds," and in that end it was signally successful. Many of the records of the hunts are most spirited and thrilling. I have had curiosity enough to make a summary of the game shot by Count Teleki from February 18 to September 28, and find he bagged seventy-nine rhinoceroses, three hippopotami, thirty-eight elephants, one giraffe, two lions, one panther, one wildcat, one leopard, and a vast number of buffalo, antelope, zebras, hartebeestes, and other variety of deer. The infrequency of the slaughter of or encounter with members of the feline tribe is notable, and confirms the reports of recent African travellers

(except of Mr. Selous in Mashonaland) that the African lion and his congeners are fast becoming as extinct as the sabre-toothed tiger of the Drift in western Europe.

Lieutenant von Höhnell does not appear to have been so successful a shot as his companion, and the records of wounded and maimed brutes that escaped death or capture are painfully frequent to an unsportsmanlike and bestialian sensibility. Such accounts as this are interesting, probably, to a hunter :

"A great yellowish-brown creature suddenly came in sight at a distance of eighty paces. It was a giraffe; but I was so taken by surprise at seeing it so near me and far from the steppes these shy creatures generally haunt, that I could not at first believe my eyes. I crept cautiously nearer so as to get a good view of the body and choose the best point at which to aim. The giraffe, a splendid full-grown male, did not budge, but went on feeding on the tender topmost leaves on an acacia, without the slightest suspicion of danger. All the hunter's zeal laid to rest among the quantities of game awoke within me again, and as I approached I spied a second smaller giraffe, and realized that the two were a pair who had withdrawn together to the forest. After long consideration as to where the heart might be in a body of a form so unfamiliar to me, I fired. The buck was wounded to death; and as he struggled in his last agonies, he turned slowly towards his wife, who stood rooted to the spot, her great gazelle-like eyes fixed on her mate. The hunting fever once roused, I had lost all mercy, and I did not hesitate to fire at the female. Though both now were mortally wounded, the two remained standing, with their forelegs stuck out in front of them; so I put a rapid end to their sufferings by firing again. The little wife was the first to die; she fell forwards, and then wound her long neck over on the left till her head almost touched her tail. I did not actually see the buck die, as I was watching the passing away of his mate. . . . I am sorry now I did not measure the male. The size of wild giraffes is ever so much greater than one would imagine from seeing them in zoölogical gardens only, and the largest elephant I saw did not impress me as half so imposing as a half-grown giraffe. The flesh tastes not unlike venison. The skin is nearly as thick as that of buffalo, and tremendously tough. . . . I also came upon another pair of giraffes which gazed upon me inquisitively and made no effort to escape. Though there was really no need to secure any more meat, I could not refrain from firing at the male. Mortally wounded, he tried to save himself from falling by standing with forelegs wide apart whilst he swayed his long neck to and fro. A second shot brought him down. His wife ran off at the first shot for scarcely two hundred paces, and then remained standing, gazing sadly at her mate, not even moving away when we busied ourselves about his corpse."

It is with a certain sense of retributive justice that we read the record of the Lieutenant's first elephant hunt, where he was successful in bringing down other game.

"I raised the heavy gun and fired at the shoulder near the edge of the huge unwieldy ear. At the same moment I got a tremendous blow in the face, and saw

blood streaming down on the still smoking gun. . . . The wounded elephant approached a step nearer and was apparently about to charge. There he stood, drawn up to his full height, so that he looked enormously tall and thin, his ears outspread, and his trunk, which he wound in serpentine coils, threateningly uplifted. On either side of him, shoulder to shoulder, stood two of his comrades, also with outspread ears and uplifted trunks, whilst behind him loomed the fourth. Motionless the four remained, sniffing the air and peering toward our acacia, the silence only broken by the dripping down of my blood. I had been almost stunned by the blow on my face, and my mad zeal for hunting was gone, and I felt incapable of firing another shot however necessary in my own defence. Presently the elephants all turned tail and dashed off, the noise of cracking branches gradually dying away. I now discovered that my nose was split nearly open, the right nostril hanging loose. The bands of the elephant-gun have a strong tendency to fly up in firing. The sharp-edged comb of the left hammer had slit up one nostril, and cut the bridge of my nose. I bound up my nose as well as I could, noted the direction of the elephants' spoor, and returned to camp in the dark. Count Teleki did not let me go till my face was done up in a regular mask as stiff as plaster of Paris. The wound was not painful, but it was six weeks before it healed. A small scar and a numbness of the tip of the nose still remind me of my first elephant hunt."

It is impossible to overpraise the variety and exactness of the information given in this work, nor the lucidity and conciseness of its expression. With these volumes in hand, one could purchase the exact stock necessary for travel in eastern Equatorial Africa; could know what to select for trading purposes, what to employ to facilitate progress through the various states. We are shown the best methods of packing these wares; the best food for the journey, and the proper proportions of food. Though the expedition was not formed with scientific intent, its scientific results were eminently satisfactory. Ethnological, ethnographical, and sociological questions receive due attention throughout the pages, and show careful, unbiased, and unimaginative investigation. The geological and petographical results were important, and have been recorded in the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Vienna. The orological surveys were of exceptional value. The entomological and botanical lists given in the appendix are attractive, and reveal many hitherto unknown species and varieties; indeed, one of the most charming characteristics of the book is the love of nature shown in the constant description of flowers and trees. The vigilant eyes of the travellers, and what La Bruyere called the spirit of discernment, noted every detail of natural phenomena with the same intent love that Emin Pasha bestowed on like subjects, and that Stanley so constantly derided.

Large and strongly-affixed maps, showing ethnological, geographical, geological, and other statistical data; a glossary of native words and phrases, and an exceptionally good index, make perfect the book. As a piece of book-making it can scarcely be surpassed, not only in its orderliness and good literary proportions, but in its mechanical attributes. I have not noted in the eight hundred pages a single typographical error; paper and print are alike perfect. The illustrations, chiefly taken from photographs, are profuse in number, equally interesting and varied, and (of the native men and women) are hideous and startling enough to satisfy the most crying demands for novelty. Weapons, costumes, headgear, and ornaments are liberally portrayed. The grotesque presentments of the latter would have proved invaluable to Mme. Cocheris for her new book, "*Les Parures Primitives*."

On closing the book we are impressed that there is scarcely any attribute a successful African explorer does not need, for all seem absolutely imperative: health, wealth, patience, courage, endurance, craft, enthusiasm, asceticism, handiness at every trade and calling,—but, above all, energy. Emerson says: "This world belongs to the energetic." Certainly Africa does.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

RECENT BOOKS OF POETRY.*

Mr. Fenollosa's "East and West" consists of two long and very ambitious poems, and a number of minor pieces. The titular poem is a sort of versified *Culturgeschichte*, philosophical and mystical, in spirit not unlike Mr. Block's "*El Nuevo Mundo*," which we reviewed a year or so ago. In this poem, says the author, "I have endeavored to condense my experiences of two hemispheres, and my study of their history." The poem is in five parts. The first considers the early meeting of East and West,

* EAST AND WEST. *The Discovery of America, and Other Poems.* By Ernest Francisco Fenollosa. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

CREATED GOLD, and Other Poems. By Henry Hanby Hay. Philadelphia: A. Edward Newton & Co.

SONNETS AND OTHER VERSES. By George Santayana. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

TWO LIVES. A Poem. By Reginald Fanshawe. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE LOWER SLOPES. By Grant Allen. Chicago: Stone & Kimball.

POEMS. By Richard Garnett. Boston: Copeland & Day.

BOOK-SONG. An Anthology of Poems of Books and Bookmen from Modern Authors. Edited by Gleeson White. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Copeland & Day.

brought about by the conquests of Alexander. Then follow "The Separated East" and "The Separated West," themes of which the author has conceived in the following terms: "Eastern culture, slowly elaborated, has held to ideals whose refinement seems markedly feminine. For its social institutions are the positive harmonies of a life of brotherhood. Western culture, on the contrary, has held to ideals whose strength seems markedly masculine. For its law is the compromise of Liberty with her own excesses, while conquest, science, and industry are but parallel channels for the overflow of hungry personality. But this one-sidedness has been partly compensated by the religious life of each. The violence of the West has been softened by the feminine faith of love, renunciation, obedience, salvation from without. It is the very impersonality of her great ecclesiastical institute which offers to man a refuge from self. On the other hand, the peaceful impotence of the East has been spurred by her martial faith of spiritual knighthood, self-reliance, salvation from within. The intense individuality of her esoteric discipline upholds the fertile tranquillity of her surface. This stupendous double antithesis seems to me the most significant fact in all history. The future union of the types may thus be symbolized as a twofold marriage." In "The Present Meeting of East and West," the author deals with "the first attempts to assimilate alien ideals," which "have led to the irony of a quadruple confusion, analogous to the disruption of Alexander's conquest." But there is to be another and more intimate union, brought about in some mysterious way by the art of music, and in a manner foreshadowed in some sort by the compositions of Herr Brahms. Here, we must confess, we are unable to follow the argument. And the poem ends with a rapturous song of "The Future Union of East and West." This is a good deal of philosophical machinery with which to burden a composition of fifteen hundred lines, and the work is too ambitious to be wholly successful. But it abounds in strong passages, such as the finely imaginative struggle of the archangels, who

"Met as mountains meet, when Titans cast
Pelion on Ossa, and their fragments spurt
Through startled space a jet of asteroids,"

or the stanzas to Hangchow, where (among other things),

"In a tangle of leaves with silken sleeves
Thy poets sing on the terraced beach,
Where the blue-flagged taverns with mossy eaves
Are starred by the pink of the blossoming peach,"

or the following fine epitome of the Viking conquests:

"Now shot from polar coasts see meteors flash,
Long lines of Viking ships, with low black hulls
Like vultures, plunging through the Northern seas,
Hovering like gulls in track of channel storms,
Scouring for prey the long white sunlit cliffs;
Wailing their chant to Odin like wild winds
Surging through organ pipes of naked fjords,
Wooing Valhalla to Northumbrian hills
Or primrose-garnished banks of lovely Seine,
Now, drunk with richer wine of vanquished worlds,

Wielding the cross as once their bolt of Thor,
 They skirt with gorgeous sweep Hispania's curves,
 Through pillared gateway of the land-locked sea
 Set in its rifted coasts of gilded cloud,
 A blue enamelled dragon! Now they break,
 Those strange Norse champions of a Hebrew god,
 The threatening onsets of the Saracen,
 Dispersed like storms which strew with wrecks thy coast,
 Nurse of a hundred races, Sicily!"

We should like to quote also the fine description of the destruction of the Summer Palace in 1859, but Mr. Fenollosa's other poems claim our remaining space. Of these, the most important is "The Discovery of America," described as "a symphonic poem," in four movements, and in a great variety of metres. Since both the manner and the matter of the author constantly invite musical comparisons, we will remark that the suggestion of Liszt is here very evident. A passage from the soliloquy of Columbus may be reproduced:

"And yet I knew; and yet I dimly guessed
 When as a guileless boy
 I climbed the steep Ligurian cliffs in lusty joy,
 And gazed far off upon the dimpled breast
 Of blue-eyed seas that slumbered in the West.
 For was I not compelled
 As by a great hand held
 To gaze, and gaze, and gaze
 Through tender brooding miles of purple haze,
 Till soft-winged isles
 Seemed lifting orange bosoms to the sun's last smiles,
 And my light will, a feather free,
 Was blown like a trembling bird far out to sea
 By storm-winds, Alpine-brewed, of passionate prophecy?"

The poem from which this extract is taken must certainly be reckoned among the most notable inspired by the recent quadri-centennial year. As for Mr. Fenollosa's minor poems, they are always interesting, and often satisfying. We will end our examples with the lines to "Fuji at Sunrise":

"Startling the cool gray depths of morning air
 She throws aside her counterpane of clouds,
 And stands half folded in her silken shrouds
 With calm white breast and snowy shoulder bare.
 High o'er her head a flush all pink and rare
 Thrills her with foregleam of an unknown bliss,
 A virgin pure who waits the bridal kiss,
 Faint with expectant joy she fears to share.
 Lo, now he comes, the dazzling prince of day!
 Flings his full glory o'er her radiant breast;
 Enfolds her to the rapture of his rest,
 Transfigured in the throbbing of his ray.
 O fly, my soul, where love's warm transports are;
 And seek eternal bliss in yon pink kindling star."

Lest this review would seem to have abrogated the traditional fault-finding function of criticism, we will close by remarking the false quantity in the author's use of "Granicus." But this defect is at least partly atoned for by his getting "Himálya" right, which few succeed in doing.

A rather striking imagination, expended impartially upon the most disparate themes — Semitic, Greek, and mediæval — coupled with some command of dramatic effect, appears in Mr. Hay's "Created Gold." We quote the sonnet on "Joan of Arc":

"Patient and passionless Joan led her flock,
 When, visioned dimly, bleeding France appeared,
 Circled with ruined homes and fields war-seared.
 It made her life one plan; her pity, rock.
 She snatched a sword: France rose 'mid England's mock;
 Joan drove the foe like sheep, their fleeces sheared.
 With fleur-de-lis in maiden hand upreared,
 She chased and routed Britain, shock on shock. —
 France crowned her, 'Bravest Virgin 'neath the sun,'
 And then betrayed to England's baffled host
 That Maid whose form is skyed till time shall cease.
 Joan, great in triumph, greater was undone:
 France gave her much, harsh England gave her most;
 Three royal gifts — Fame, Martyrdom, and Peace."

A noticeable lack of finish frequently lessens the acceptability of Mr. Hay's poems, excellent though the stuff with which they deal.

A contemplative philosophy, the gentle melancholy of the soul that has borne disillusion with little of the shock that it has for a more passionate nature, and a semi-religious sentiment tending towards quietism, seem the characteristic notes of Mr. George Santayana's sonnets. The restfulness of their effect, and the placid flow of their thought, may be well felt in this example:

"A wall, a wall around my garden rear,
 And hedge me in from the disconsolate hills;
 Give me but one of all the mountain rills,
 Enough of ocean in its voice I hear.
 Come no profane insatiate mortal near
 With the contagion of his passionate ills;
 The smoke of battle all the valleys fills,
 Let the eternal sunlight greet me here.
 This spot is sacred to the deeper soul
 And to the piety that mocks no more.
 In nature's inmost heart is no uproar,
 None in this shrine; in peace the heavens roll,
 In peace the slow tides pulse from shore to shore,
 And ancient quiet broods from pole to pole."

A group of Sapphic odes, metrically less happy than in expression, follows the sonnets in Mr. Santayana's volume, and these are in turn followed by a few miscellaneous and occasional pieces. "Lucifer," a slight dramatic sketch in lyrical measures and blank verse, closes the thin but not unattractive volume. It gives us only the pale reflex of a cloistered mind, but delicacy of touch and the perceptions that accompany the cultured outlook are not lacking, and the pages are distinctly pleasing, although their perusal occasions hardly an emotional ripple.

Mr. Reginald Fanshawe's "Two Lives" is an intensely subjective poem whose subject is "described as a spiritual pilgrimage from nothingness and denial to hope and fulfilment; as a vision of the progress of life, through the experience of nature, self, and history, to God." It is put forth as a fragment, and provided with a philosophical preface which strikes the high note of seriousness maintained throughout the poem. It is written in the Spenserian stanza, with interspersed lyrics. The title, "Two Lives," is to be taken in a twofold sense. Primarily, the song is one of personal bereavement, of two actual lives sundered by the death of a beloved wife. Secondly, it is a song of the higher life superadded upon the lower by the stern but ultimately gracious ministries of sorrow and of

thought. This latter aspect of the poem finds expression in the "Introduction," wherein we read:

"Two lives — The human woof,
The mystic warp divine,
Woven by God, who worketh not aloof
To his design
Intrinsic; whither all things climb and cross,
Fulfilled, begun,
Through death and beauty, dream and love and loss,
So subtly pierced and spun
By His pure Spirit, He doth use
The whole world's service, sacramental, one,
Unto its form's full continent,
For high prophetic truth, and doth Himself infuse,
Till twain be blent."

It is not often that the ancestry of a poem is so strongly marked as in the present case. If the form derives from Spenser, the thought has the inspiration of Tennyson, while of Shelley is the passion and the lofty idealism. Indeed, this twofold debt is fully acknowledged, and the tributes to those great poets are among the finest things in Mr. Fanshawe's spiritual autobiography. Here is one of the stanzas dedicated to Shelley:

"And though anon his vision floated thin
As dreamful cloud across the breathless blue,
A pale soul, half monastic, half akin
To earth, his passion, as it melted, drew
The veil from off a far and sunny view
Of a beauty and a brotherhood more free,
And from a dawning, dyed to the full hue
Of his own faith and golden phantasy,
Sank in the purple bosom of a southern sea."

And here is a stanza upon the death of Tennyson:

"Leave him, where death's completing touch doth paint
Round his pale forehead time's last aureole,
And canonize in calm so true a saint
Of song, who ever held his vision whole,
Unsoiled; through the pure ether of whose soul,
As one sublimed to listen, set apart,
God's music wrought and ripened by control
For reconcilment's broad and mellow art,
And beat through nature's bosom to his human heart."

Mr. Fanshawe has written a very noble poem, and the world that cherishes "Epipsychidion" and "In Memoriam" will not lightly cast it aside.

Mr. Grant Allen's versatility is so considerable that the public has learned not to be surprised at anything he may undertake. From his ingenious contention that Englishmen are Celts to his novel interpretations of Botticelli, from his opinion of Mr. George Meredith as the only living English novelist worth considering to his view of socialism as the only form of political organization that a serious thinker can advocate, we cheerfully accept the whole series of vagaries and wonder what outlet will be the next sought by the author's busy imagination. To consider Mr. Allen as a poet we are in a measure prepared. He has put forth before this ballads of evolution and of socialism, as well as verses of classical *provenance*. His present "remniscentes of excursions round the base of Helicon, undertaken for the most part in early manhood," include a number of things that we have seen before, and a number of others that we doubtless might have seen also had we searched for them. They

are facile in versification, more or less imitative, occasionally humorous. Touches of passion are not wanting, as the revolutionary stanzas having three dates — "1789, 1848, 1870" — for their title shall testify:

"The song of nations. Sing and clap your hands:
Burst into blossom, all ye barren lands:
She comes, to break the linked chains asunder,
And snap in twain the adamantine bands.

"She came before. Her cruel face and fair
Smote all our breasts with infinite despair:
She passed. The brightness of her lurid beauty
Was fiercer than our dazzled eyes could bear.

"She came again. In milder mien she came,
With fruits and flowers crowned, but still the same.
One lurid day crushed down her risen splendour;
She passed in murky clouds of smoke and flame.

"Once more she comes. Surely our hearts are tried,
And every lesser passion cast aside:
Shall she not dwell among us now forever,
Our one and only love, our deathless bride?"

This is from a group of poems written in 1871, and inspired by the Third Republic and the Commune. *A bas la bourgeoisie!* is the cry of one of them, and the verses live up to their subversive text. But it is a little curious to find these things reprinted a score of years afterward.

If we are not mistaken, it is a quarter-century since Dr. Garnett published his last volume of poems, and, indeed, the collection now published is made up in considerable part of pieces from the "Io in Egypt" volume that appeared as long ago as 1859. It evidently represents the author's ripest judgment upon his own work, and is a volume remarkable for elevation and originality. Such are the poetic glories of the Victorian age that Dr. Garnett, we fear, is fated ever to be reckoned a minor poet; yet we cannot escape the thought that such a volume, in almost any other age of our letters, would have enshrined its author in all the literary histories and made his name famous for years to come. We have chosen three extracts in illustration of the various aspects of Dr. Garnett's verse. The first is a passage from the blank verse "Nausicaa," in which the maiden bewails the loss of Odysseus.

"I cannot bear this evil any more.
Teach me, again I pray, the art that comes
Of wrestling with the lithe Protean sea.
Then, some night, while these cliffs and feathery trees
Spread the deep bay with shadow, ere the moon
Surmounts them with her lamp, I will be here,
Stand at the boat's prow, hallow the salt wave
With sacrifice, then with a timorous oar
Wrinkling the liquid darkness, urge myself
Out on the bitter waste of death that hems
My little isle of life, look where I may.
For of three things the one, either I find
My Ithacan, my royal mariner,
Safe sceptered with the grey Penelope;
Then will I sue and serve her, spinning out
My heartstrings with her wool, until I die.
Or haply he has perished, and I crowd
Long anguish into momentary death.
Or liker, veers the blast, fills the frail bark,
And o'er it mourns the sorrow of the sea."

The sonnet "To Dante," selected, not without dif-

ficulty, from upwards of a score, all subtly wrought, shall be our second example:

"'Poet, whose unscarred feet have trodden Hell,
By what grim path and red environing
Of fire couldst thou that dauntless footstep bring
And plant it firm amid the dolorous cell
Of darkness where perpetually dwell
The spirits cursed beyond imagining?
Or else is thine a visionary wing,
And all thy terror but a tale to tell?'
'Neither and both, thou seeker! I have been
No wilder path than thou thyself dost go,
Close masked in an impenetrable screen,
Which having rent I gaze around, and know
What tragic wastes of gloom, before unseen,
Curtain the soul that strives and sins below.'"

Last of all we give the last two of the four stanzas that make up an exquisite poem called "Even-Star."

"I see great cities rise, which being hoar
Are slowly rendered unto dust again;
And roaring billows preying on the shore;
And virgin isles ascending from the main;
The passing wave of the perpetual river;
And men depart, and man remaining ever.

"The upturned eyes of many a mortal maid
Glass me in gathering tears, soon kissed away;
Then walks she for a space, and then is laid
Swelling the bosom of the quiet clay.
I muse what this all-kindling Love may be,
And what this Death that never comes to me."

This reminds us of one of Tourguénieff's "Senilia"—the striking dialogue of two Alpine peaks—but has a touch of tenderness foreign to the suggested prototype.

Mr. Gleeson White is an expert anthologist, and his "Book-Song" will be welcome to all who love the subject of which it sings. It contains poems, to the number of over one hundred and fifty, written in praise of books or their authors. The pieces are all modern, but we are told that a similar collection of "the golden numbers of past times" is in course of preparation by Mr. William Roberts. A certain indefiniteness of aim results from the fact that the compiler has ventured beyond the strict category of poems about books, and brought into his collection a number of personal tributes to the writers of books, thus drawing from a practically inexhaustible source. But the collection displays good taste throughout, and no one can complain of it as far as it goes.

A limited edition of the sonnets and lyrics comprising Rossetti's "House of Life," beautifully printed after the fashion of the Kelmscott Press, has recently appeared in Boston. The work is reprinted from the original text published in 1870. The later edition of 1881 differed from the earlier in the omission of one sonnet—"Nuptial Sleep (Placatâ Venere)"—and in the alteration of a few others. Rossetti was influenced to make the changes by the disgusting pseudonymous attack of Mr. Robert Buchanan, and most of his friends thought him over-sensitive for so doing. A remark by one of Whitman's recent critics is equally to the point in the case of Rossetti and his contemptible assailant: "Indecent, in my opinion, these poems are not;

but the criticism which universally selects them for discussion and condemnation is extremely indecent." The present publishers of "The House of Life" have reproduced the work (so they put it) "in its innocence and perfection." In thus acting, they have raised a delicate question of literary ethics, and even incurred some censure. "Have the dead no rights that the living are bound to respect?" cries one indignant moralist. The cry seems to us entirely beside the question. When a book has been given to the world it is, in a sense, irrevocable. With the right of keeping it to himself the author parts by the act of voluntary publication. If he afterwards wishes to withdraw it, or any part of it, he and his friends may plead for a deference to his wishes; they cannot fairly invoke his right. And in a case like this, where those nearest to the poet deprecated as unworthy the concession to a philistine sentiment that was involved in the revisions made, it is somewhat hypercritical to take a publisher to task for preferring to reproduce the earlier of the two editions. One might as well object to having the first edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" reprinted. And the whole question is surely one of anise and cummin in an age which has tolerated the publication of the manuscript fragments of Shelley, the letters of Keats to Fanny Brawne, and the private papers of Carlyle. Until we have settled the weightier matters of the ethical law of literary property, it will be a misapplication of energy to discuss what are, in comparison, scholastic trivialities.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Reconstruction
of the science
of Logic.*

Few departments of learning have suffered so severely from the bane of tradition and technicality as that which deals with the principles underlying all sound knowledge, the science of thinking. It is a most hopeful indication of the comprehensive and fundamental character of the modern scientific reformation, that it has brought with it a most thorough and radical recasting of the logician's outfit. After centuries of scholasticized Aristotle, and generations of text-books with no wider horizon than the requirements of an artificial educational scheme or still more artificial examination, it is the laudable achievement of the last half century to have laid the foundations of a more vitalized and progressive logic,—to have overthrown the pertinacious and pernicious notion that the science of thought sprang, Minerva-like, perfect and pure from the head of the logical Zeus. It is as a contribution to this spirit of logical reform that the little volume by Mr. Alfred Sidgwick entitled "The Process of Argument," recently issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., will find a ready welcome. Mr. Sidgwick devotes his pages to a general discussion of the principles for the determination of argumentative discourse,

the fixation of belief,—not as it might be carried on in the old-time disputations in which one champion set up a dogmatic chip on his shoulder and dared his opponent to find adequate authority for knocking it off, but as it occurs in the live and profitably debatable questions of modern science and modern thought. The distinction between observation and inference, the nature of generalization, the function of criticism, the significance of belief, the underlying conceptions of cause and connection, the inherent complexity of the arguments that dominate and create a point of view, the psychological basis of the thought-habit,—are all suggestively but somewhat vaguely sketched. This indefiniteness of statement and purpose is in part inherent in the topic, but a skill in presentation could have much reduced its prominence. No intelligent reader, however, is likely to leave the volume without conceding to Mr. Sidgwick the success of his main purpose, “to reach a conception of the general nature of ‘argument’ (or battle between belief and doubt) which shall be a little less abstract, less artificially simplified, than that which the traditional logic has provided.”

*A readable
volume on the
Jacobean poets.*

Mr. Edmund Gosse has just published an excellent manual of that section of English literature which includes the works of “The Jacobean Poets” (Scribner). Pending the appearance of the master who will some day tell for us the whole story of our literature as it should be told, these careful studies of narrow periods are things to be grateful for, although there is no finality about them. The period with which Mr. Gosse’s book deals is, of course, somewhat arbitrarily limited by the dates of King James’s reign, and is not a natural subdivision of our literary history. Perhaps the chief value of the present treatment is to be found in its calling attention to the fact that we often mean Jacobean when we loosely say Elizabethan. For an assignment to “Eliza and our James” of the literary trophies of their respective reigns gives to the latter a large share of Shakespeare, and nearly all of the so-called Elizabethan dramatists—Jonson and Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, Heywood and Middleton, Tourneur and Webster. Ford and Shirley were too late to be even Jacobean. Mr. Gosse has written a book of temperate and carefully-worded criticism, rather thickly packed with titles and dates, but for all that very readable, and extremely happy in its illustrative extracts.

*Tales of an
English hunter
in South Africa.*

To be a sportsman—or at least to be thought one—is the cherished ambition of the leisured Englishman. If he cannot be an out-and-out Nimrod, he would rather be a Nathaniel Winkle than no sportsman at all. He shows a curious tendency to “revert,” to prefer the ways and the habitat of the natural man to the milder arrangements of civil society. The jungle of India, the “bush” of Australia and South Africa, echo the crack of his rifle; his knickerbockers

are a known phenomenon on Kamschatka’s frozen shores; and we see him in America, touring prairies, with his hat-box, tub, and other sporting essentials, in quest of buffalo,—an enlivening spectacle to the frontiersman. Mr. Charles Montague, author of “Tales of a Nomad” (Longmans), is one of these roving Britons who, for reasons to us inscrutable, prefer “roughing it” in the wilds to a life of ease in Pall Mall or Piccadilly. To do him justice, Mr. Montague seems to have really been a mighty hunter. The book is chiefly made up of hunting-sketches, in which the writer gives the pith of his experiences, in a pleasantly off-hand, jaunty style, and without a touch of braggadocio. South Africa was the field of his operations, and all was game that came to his rifle—including, on occasion, a stray Zulu, or even a Boer or two. He served as a volunteer in the Boer War, and gives a good paper on “The Siege of Marabastadt.” Mr. Montague concludes the paper by predicting a “great future” for South Africa. Ultimately, he says, “there will be a confederation of South African States, and I think the Transvaal and Free State will join, provided that such confederation is not under the British flag. In another fifty years the people of South Africa will be united in the bond and sentiment of Africanderism, and the sad records of strife between British and Dutch will be blotted out forever from their historic pages.”

*Contemporary
composers
of France.*

Mr. Arthur Hervey’s “Masters of French Music” (imported by Scribner) includes five names of living composers besides Gounod, who died before the volume was out of the press. These are Ambroise Thomas, Saint Saëns, Massenet, Reyer, and Bruneau. The sketches are written with intelligence and sympathy, and unite a happy mixture of biography and criticism not too profound for the appreciative but untrained concert and opera goer. The author detects in contemporary music the same tendency to realism that now invades art and literature. As in literature the physiology of the mind appears to be the leading factor, so in music it is rather the minor motives of the action than its outward details that the serious operatic composer is tempted to depict. Truth of expression and dramatic characterization are his chief aim. The French school has, during this century, left its mark in an undeniable manner upon operatic history, and the versatility of its composers has been proved over and over again. Hence a work like the present, analyzing the special peculiarities of the principal representatives of this school, is a welcome addition to musical criticism.

*The story of
the University
of Oxford.*

In “Oxford and Her Colleges” (Macmillan), Prof. Goldwin Smith has gathered together an interesting body of information, descriptive, historical, topographical, and architectural. The story of the University of Oxford dates back to the twelfth century, when,

printing not having been invented and books being scarce, the lecture of the professor was the fountain of all knowledge. In the history of the human intellect, there is no more romantic period than this of the Mediæval Renaissance. The students of that day were a rough set, wearing arms, and using them not only on the roads, beset by robbers, but in conflicts with the townspeople, with whom the University was, as it were, at war. Between this time and the present, with its comparatively mild town and gown rows, many changes have occurred. The University has become a Federation of Colleges, each a little polity in itself, each cherishing its own traditions and affiliations. The description of these in detail forms the principal subject-matter of Professor Smith's little volume.

*Art and its
influence on
civilization.*

Prof. W. H. Goodyear's treatise on "Roman and Mediæval Art" (Flood & Vincent) deals with the subject not so much in its technical aspects as with the history of art in its relations to civilization. Part I., occupying about a third of the volume, treats of Roman art from prehistoric times to its decadence in the third and fourth centuries after Christ. The history of mediæval art of course covers a longer period and extends over a wider area of country. It terminated when mediæval thought and culture, and consequently mediæval art, were displaced by the movement known as the Renaissance. One hundred and fifty fine illustrations add greatly to the value of the volume, and a good index aids one to turn readily to any special subject among the many and varied branches of art discussed.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. Charles Lewis Tupper, of the Indian Civil Service, has prepared an exhaustive historical and political study of "Our Indian Protectorate" (Longmans). The work has little excellence of a literary sort, but great value as a storehouse of facts and first-hand observations. To the important series of brief biographies entitled "Rulers of India" (Macmillan) two additions have been made. One of them, by Mr. Lewin B. Bowering, is devoted to "Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan," the Mussulman usurpers of Mysore. The other has for its subject the great Clive, and is the work of that brilliant writer, Colonel G. B. Malleon. In connection with this group of books should be mentioned Mr. William Forbes-Mitchell's "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny" (Macmillan), a graphic narrative from the pen of a participant—not in the Mutiny—but in the dramatic events which that uprising added to history. Mr. Forbes-Mitchell served in the ranks, and was in the thick of the fight during the eventful years 1857-59.

To the "Rulers of India" series (Macmillan) Mr. John Bradshaw has added a life of Sir Thomas Munro. The author, who died before the book was printed, devoted a quarter-century to educational work in India, most of that time being spent in the Madras Presidency, of which Munro was governor. "No name in any part

of India," we are told, "is so familiar or held in such veneration as that of Munro is in the Madras Presidency, though two generations have passed away since his death." The new biography is based mainly on Gleig's "Life" and on the published letters of Munro.

A pair of tasteful booklets come from the Joseph Knight Co., Boston. One is a translation of Goethe's "Werther," the translator not being named. The other is the "Juliet and Romeo" of Luigi da Porto, in the translation by Brydges (1823). Mr. W. J. Rolfe writes an introduction almost as long as the story itself. Both of these "World Classics" are illustrated, bound in cloth, and neatly boxed. We may at the same time mention the pretty paper-covered reprints (Crowell) of Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" and M. Halévy's "The Abbé Constantin," the former with a preface by Mrs. Ritchie, the latter with Madame Lemaire's charming illustrations.

"The South Sea Islanders and the Queensland Labour Trade" (Macmillan) is further described as "a record of voyages and experiences in the Western Pacific from 1875 to 1891." It is the work of Mr. William T. Wawn, "Master Mariner." Mr. Wawn was engaged during all these years as an importer of Kanaka labor into Queensland, and his book, which is little more than a roughly edited "log," is the record of a man who knows his subject. The book is a large octavo, with many illustrations.

The biography of Coleridge prepared by Mr. James Dykes Campbell for the recent complete edition of Coleridge's poetical works, and already mentioned by us in that connection, has been published as an independent volume (Macmillan), expanded to portly dimensions by the use of thick paper and larger type. This work took rank from the start as the authoritative biography of Coleridge, and is not likely to be improved upon. There are, however, a few revisions in the present issue, although it gives substantially the text printed with the poems.

Volume XXXVIII. of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (Macmillan) extends from Milman (Sir Francis preceding Henry Hart) to More (ending, not with the Thomases, but the Williams). The Moores and Mores get nearly a fourth of the volume. William Minto died just in time to get in. The most important of the articles is the "Milton," by Mr. Leslie Stephen, filling over sixteen pages, an unusual but certainly not undeserved allowance of space.

Mr. Henry Bradley, who undertook to edit the letters E, F, G, and H, for the "New English Dictionary" (Macmillan), has completed his work upon the first of these four letters, and the last instalment of the "Dictionary," just published, begins with "Everybody" and ends with "Ezod," an obsolete variant of "Izzard," otherwise "Z." When Dr. Murray shall have finished his list of "words that begin with a D," they will form, together with the Es, the third of the portly quartos in which the work takes its final shape.

The fourth instalment of the "Ariel" Shakespeare, now published (Putnam), presents a second group of seven comedies, including "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labour's Lost," "Measure for Measure," "Taming of the Shrew," and "All's Well that Ends Well." Each play is prettily printed in a simple volume, and provided with outline illustrations. An early completion of the edition may be expected.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, April 23, 1894.

Mr. George Haven Putnam's thoughtful article on "Results of the Copyright Law," in the January "Forum," was an excellent summing up of the situation as developed since the passage of the Copyright Act of March 4, 1891. To my mind, his opinion that in spite of the law's defects "it would be unwise at this time to make any effort to secure amendments" is the correct one. At the same time, the fact that a petition has been brought into the German Parliament calling for the abrogation of the copyright agreement between the United States and Germany, and that this petition has been approved by the committee having it in charge, gives a serious turn to the copyright situation. Mr. Putnam in his article noted that "it is almost impossible for a French or German author to arrange to issue his book in this country (either in the original or in a translation) simultaneously with the publication abroad. The resetting in the original language, for such limited sale as could be looked for here, would be unduly expensive, while time is required for the preparation of a satisfactory translation." The great trouble, Mr. Putnam tells me, is that to secure copyright in a work in a foreign language, it must be re-set here in the original language. The copyright of a translation protects that translation only, and if the book is not also published in the original, anyone is at liberty to issue a new translation. This state of affairs was brought about by the eagerness of the typographical unions to grasp every advantage. The French Society of Authors made this discovery some time ago, and now that Germany threatens to take the matter up, the result of the immense amount of labor performed by our copyright leagues is somewhat discouraging. After all, I presume that our copyright relations with Great Britain are the chief issue at stake, and these are progressing in a fairly satisfactory manner at present. It is curious to observe how closely the success of books by new English authors is watched by the American reprinters. Of course, the successful English author's second book at once finds an authorized publisher in the United States, and is copyrighted; but the way every new English success is pirated in this country shows plainly the need of a time clause in the Copyright Act as long as the printing clause remains.

Another vexatious copyright question has been raised in a recent interview with Mr. Spofford, Librarian of Congress. I have not the slightest doubt that ninety in a hundred of those interested will be immensely surprised to learn from that interview that in the United States the name or title of a book is not protected by copyright. "The law is," said Mr. Spofford, "that the substance, the literary contents, of a book or publication may be protected by copyright, but not the name—not the title." The filing of title-pages of books in this country, which is required by law, is not, then, for purposes of protection, but for identification merely. This seems to be a great injustice, and I asked Mr. Putnam if a change in this respect were not needed when the Copyright Act is next amended. Mr. Putnam assented, and gave me some interesting information as to the present condition of English copyright law on this point, and as to certain proposed changes. In England, Mr. Putnam said, the law as to book titles goes as far in the contrary direction as does ours, in that it permits anyone to copyright all the titles he can think of with

or without any real intention to use them for actual books. This copyright in a title or titles lasts for the full English term of forty-two years, or seven years after the copyrighter's death. In many cases, authors of books have had to pay such copyrighters to relinquish titles on which they unluckily had stumbled. Mr. Putnam thinks that authors should be at liberty to copyright the titles of their proposed books, but that such copyright should be completed by the publication of the book within a reasonable period (six months or a year), and that failing of this the copyright should become void. Also he thinks that copyright in a title should lapse if the book which it represents is out of print for a long period. The proposed new English law, introduced by Lord Monkswell in the present parliament, and still pending, covers these points very fully. Copyright in a title must be perfected by publication of the book within six months, and is lost in the case of books which remain out of print over two years.

Pleasant news comes from the society of Provençal poets known as the "Félibrige." M. Félix Gras is now "capovlie," or president of the society, and will without doubt be reelected at the annual meeting to be held at Nîmes on the twenty-ninth of April. The members are making preparations to take their share in the "floral games" this summer at Toulouse, which were instituted by the troubadours in the fourteenth century, and have never ceased since then. The games are open competitions in poetry and prose, and the prizes, it will be remembered, are gold and silver flowers, or for the first prize a natural flower presented with a kiss to the successful competitor by some damsel of the ancient aristocracy.

The members of the "Félibrige" also celebrate their own annual feast in August, on the day of their patron saint, Ste. Estelle. This year it will take place at Avignon, and will be distinguished by the dedication of monuments to Roumanilles, the founder of the Provençal literary movement, and to Aubanel, who have recently died. "Les Cigalières," the Paris chapter of the Félibrige, will come down the Rhone on a boat from Lyons to take part in the ceremonies, and there will be performances of the Antigone and Edipus in the old Roman theatre at Orange, by the Comédie Française company.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Lord Macaulay's "Journal" is to be published in full sometime during the year.

The life of the late Sir James Stephen will be written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, his brother.

Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne, author of "Gossip of the Century" and many other popular books, died last month.

Mr. Edmund Gosse will publish a new volume of poems in the autumn. It is now nine years since his last volume, "Firdausi in Exile," appeared.

We learn from an English exchange that Mr. Theodore Watts has at last decided to publish a volume of poems, which will be printed at the Kelmescott Press.

The "Goethe-Jahrbuch" for 1894 will contain an account, by Dr. Suphan, of "Napoleon's Unterhaltungen mit Goethe und Wieland und F. von Müller's Memoire darüber für Talleyrand."

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce "In Varying

Moods," by Miss Beatrice Harraden; "Red Cap and Blue Jacket," a tale of the French Revolution, by Mr. Robert Dunn; and an "Autonym" series of stories by well-known writers.

Mr. James Bryce has consented to deliver the inaugural lecture at the summer meeting of university extension students at Oxford this year, and has chosen for his subject "The Worth of the Study of Ancient Literature to our Time."

On the 23d of April (Shakespeare's birthday), the statue of the poet by Mr. William Ordway Partridge was unveiled in Lincoln Park, Chicago. On the same day the German Shakespeare Society of Weimar celebrated its thirtieth anniversary, it having been founded in the tercentenary year.

The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Good Citizenship has arranged a course of lectures for the purpose of stimulating a distinct effort to secure more attention to the beautiful in cities. These lectures, now in course of delivery, began with "The Lesson of the White City," by Professor E. S. Morse. Other lectures in the course are "Municipal Art," by Mr. Edmund Hudson; "Art Museums and the People," by Mr. E. F. Fenollosa; and "Art in the Public Schools," by Mr. Percival Chubb. The Rev. C. C. Ames will close the series with a discourse somewhat enigmatically entitled "Boston, the City of God."

The trustees of Dartmouth College have announced the offer for 1894 for the Fletcher prize of \$500 for the best essay calculated to counteract the present tendency to a "Fatal Conformity to the World." The following subjects are assigned, with the date at which each essay is to be forwarded: (1) "In what ways ought the conception of personal life and duty to be modified?" December 31, 1894. (2) "Should any restrictions, legal or moral, be placed upon the accumulation of wealth?" December 31, 1896. (3) "How can education be made a greater safeguard against materialism?" December 31, 1898. These subjects may be treated singly or in course. No essay is to exceed 250 pages of 270 words each. A circular containing further particulars will be forwarded to those who apply to President William Jewett Tucker, of Dartmouth College.

Few men have been such "all around" scholars as the late William Robertson Smith. We get from "The Saturday Review" this glimpse of his manifold acquirements: "He knew many arts and sciences,—few men have ever been privileged to know so many; but he made each of them, as it were, a part of his existence, and was a specialist in each. Apart from the two subjects which have made him famous, he was a well-read mathematician, and, in fact, held a mathematical chair for a time at Aberdeen as deputy to the professor. He was a profound student of most branches of law, English and foreign. He understood the more abstruse branches of anatomy, especially that relating to the movements and functions of the eye. He was a good theoretical astronomer. He might easily have posed as an eminent naturalist. He was both a botanist and a gardener—an unusual combination. He had a fine ear for music, and a real knowledge of it. He was an admirable architectural critic, with a strong leaning towards Gothic. He was a great numismatist, so great, and his collections so judiciously made, that we must hope his gold coins, at least, will now be acquired by the University or some other public body."

LORD BOWEN'S TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

The late Lord Bowen was best known to literature as a translator of Virgil. "The Saturday Review" has this to say of his work: "The lay reader will attach greater interest to the work in which—in intervals of the leisure of which his life now allowed—Lord Bowen indulged alike his taste for intellectual exertion and his passionate admiration of the great master of Latin poetry. The task had for him a fascination which not all his consciousness of its difficulty enabled him to resist. He was travelling, as he described himself, along a road 'strewn with the bleaching bones of unfortunate pilgrims who had preceded him.' They 'had perished in the wilderness.' No one had satisfied the requirements of this unachievable performance. In Dryden 'the silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze.' In Conington 'the sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form has wholly disappeared.' The task thus shown to be difficult Lord Bowen proceeded, with characteristic craving for perfection, to surround by conditions which rendered it obviously impossible. The English rendering of Virgil must, if it is to be worth anything, be an English poem; the English poem must be a translation, not a mere paraphrase; and, as if these conditions were not sufficient to discourage endeavor, the poem must be made to rhyme, to indulge the English ear, and must be not only literally but lineally translated, in order to preserve the integrity of the famous Virgilian lines, which are the common coinage of civilized mankind. How far towards the accomplishment of such a feat it was Lord Bowen's good fortune to advance we care not now to estimate. Suffice it that on every page are to be found the same exquisiteness, the same patient industry, the same conscientious efforts at completeness that characterized every phase of Lord Bowen's work."

WHY RENAN WAS NOT CONVINCED.

M. Jules Simon, contributing some reminiscences of Renan to the "Revue de Paris," tells how the latter, in his seminary days; came to the author for advice.

"He said that he came to see me because I was a Breton and a professor of philosophy. He wanted, he said, to ask my advice. His first word explained the situation to me. 'I am,' he said, 'a pupil at Saint-Sulpice. I must leave the seminary and put off this gown.'"

"This was not the first confession of the sort that had been made to me. But the others had spoken to me as philosophers, about the conditions of certainty, and the impossibility of reconciling miracles with rational principles. M. Renan talked nothing but philology.

"'You know,' he said, 'how inaccurate is the version of Saint Jerome, and the advantage derived by the apologists from the famous phrase——.' He flattered me. The most remarkable thing about me is my profound ignorance. I bemoan and blush for it, but have never been able to make up for the defects of early education. I warned him of this, and begged him to enter into all the details necessary to explain the situation.

"It seems that Abbé Le Hir had quoted the phrase of Saint Jerome, and had deduced from it, in a luminous commentary, the authenticity of Revelation, with all the ensuing consequences.

"'It was evident to me,' said M. Renan, 'that Abbé Le Hir did not know Hebrew, which was sad in a professor of exegesis.' I nodded in assent. 'Although much agitated,' my visitor went on, 'I felt bound to warn him of his misunderstanding. I rose, bowed ac-

cording to custom, and pronounced the usual formula: *Liceat loqui, pater reverendissime. Do veniam*, he kindly said. I then set forth that his argument was very strong, but that it rested upon the text of Saint Jerome, which embodied a contradiction. "You would be right," I said to him, "if Saint Jerome had faithfully translated the Hebrew. But here is the Hebrew text, which says the exact contrary, hence it follows that you are wrong." "And what did Abbé Le Hir say?" I exclaimed, much interested by this glimpse at the seminary household. "He reflected for some time," said M. Renan, "then he gently addressed to me these very words: 'Monsieur l'abbé, you will recite the seven psalms of penitence on your knees before the holy sacrament.'" "And you," I said to him, "what did you reply?" I replied what is replied in such a case: *Gratias ago quam maximas, pater dilectissime. And you did your penance?* "I did it." Then he delivered a panegyric upon Abbé Le Hir, which he concluded with these words: "But he did not know Hebrew."

"And then?" I asked. "I returned to the charge," said Renan, and only got the same answer. But I can't spend my life in reciting the psalms of penitence."

"I smiled. He mused. But I did not perceive the poignant anxiety of a Christian who is about to lose his faith. I saw rather a philosopher who, taking a step in the direction of truth, discovers new horizons. I was at once much struck by the situation. I said to myself that this was no passionate, self-tormented soul like Lamennais; that he lived upon curiosity, calm, resolute, smiling."

INSIDE VIEW OF AN EGYPTIAN UNIVERSITY.

A correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" gives the following interesting particulars about the University of Cairo: "The scene presented by the university when teachers and pupils are absorbed in their tasks is strange indeed. The various classes are composed of singularly incongruous elements, for childhood and old age, beardless youths and mature men, sit side by side and learn and recite the same lesson, all swaying to and fro as incessantly as the pendulum of a clock. These motions are sometimes of a wild and convulsive character, painful to witness, and bear a strong resemblance to the ecstatic contortions and twitchings of the dervishes. The majority of the scholars, too, whether old or young, are not pleasing to look upon, for the Egyptians are a far less handsome and less cleanly race than the other Arabs of northern Africa, nor are their costumes nearly as picturesque. Each class consists of about a dozen members, who form a circle around the sheikh or professor, by whom they are initiated into the mysteries of the alphabet or made acquainted with a page of the Koran, as the case may be. The voices are harsh and discordant, so that a lesson in progress sounds like a dispute. The teacher tests the knowledge of the pupils by questions, and they in turn question him."

The curriculum of the university is thus described:

"Chemistry, astronomy, astrology, and the higher mathematics, once considered indispensable acquirements for a scholar, have for many centuries been laid aside, and importance is attached only to the study of the Koran, including a knowledge of rhetoric and logic. This rote-like system of education naturally represses all originality of thought. Besides the Koran, a few primers and readers are in use as text-books, and slates and blackboards are employed as in other schools. Even less reading than writing is taught, a certain facility in learning by heart alone being considered im-

perative. The study of grammar begins the regular academic course; then follows a course in religion, and one in the science of law."

The account is brought to a conclusion as follows: "There are three grades of sheikhs, the last being seldom attained. Up to the year 1871 any student who had committed the whole of a book to memory was dignified with the title of sheikh, and enjoyed the privilege, accorded to the instructors only, of leaning against a pillar. Since that time a formal examination has been required, and six sheikhs belonging to different sects judge of the fitness of the competitors for the position. The largest attendance at the university was in 1876, when the scholars numbered over eleven thousand and the professors three hundred and twenty-five; yet only one year later the number of pupils had decreased by more than three thousand, and that of the sheikhs by nearly a hundred. This extraordinary decline—a decline still continuing—is to be ascribed to the ravages of war among the Mohammedans, and to the civilizing influence brought to bear upon the Egyptians by the English government, which is doing so much for their enlightenment."

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1894 (First List).

African Discovery. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial*.
Americans Abroad. Francis B. Loomis. *Lippincott*.
Anderson, Mary. Illus. B. H. Ridgely. *Southern Mag*.
Bookbindings of the Past. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century*.
Browning's "Luria." John W. Chadwick. *Poet-Lore*.
Browning Rarities. William G. Kingsland. *Poet-Lore*.
Canadian Literature. *Dial*.
Charleston, S. C. (1861). Anna C. Brackett. *Harper*.
Chemistry, Ancient. M. P. E. Berthelot. *Popular Science*.
Cotton-seed Oil. F. G. Mather. *Popular Science*.
Dagnan-Bouveret. Illus. W. A. Coffin. *Century*.
Education, Cause and Effect in. C. H. Henderson. *Pop. Sci*.
Egotism in Contemporary Art. Royal Cortissoz. *Atlantic*.
Electricity, Portable. John Trowbridge. *Chautauquan*.
English at Illinois University. D. K. Dodge. *Dial*.
English and American Scenery. E. S. Nadal. *Century*.
Fiction, The Maelstrom of. Richard Burton. *Dial*.
Henry, The. T. C. Mendenhall. *Atlantic*.
Imitative Functions, The. Josiah Royce. *Century*.
Italy's Future. R. Bonghi. *Chautauquan*.
Java, A Journey in. Illus. F. M. Burr. *Harper*.
Kindergartens, Free. Anna P. Siviter. *Chautauquan*.
Life and Style in Architecture. Thomas Hastings. *Harper*.
Light and Colour Sensations, Measurement of. *Mag. of Art*.
Liquor Traffic in New York. Richard Wheatley. *Chautauquan*.
Malcolm Drawings at the British Museum. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
Mayflower, Guests of the. Illus. *Popular Science*.
Mollusks, The Sleep of. C. T. Simpson. *Popular Science*.
Napoleonic Times, Pictures of. *Dial*.
Non-edible Fish, Uses of. Illus. R. F. Walsh. *Pop. Sci*.
Novel, The, Ethical Value of. D. H. Hill, Jr. *Southern Mag*.
O'Brien, Fitz-James. Champion Bissel. *Lippincott*.
Panics and Their Causes. J. F. Bullitt, Jr. *Southern Mag*.
Parkman, Francis. Justin Winsor and John Fiske. *Atlantic*.
Pecuniary Independence. Junius H. Browne. *Harper*.
Poetry, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial*.
Public Schools, The Problem of. W. F. Slocum, Jr. *Atlantic*.
Qualla Tattoos, Chastisement of. Illus. E. S. Macfarlane. *Harper*.
Railroading as a Career. Brandt Mansfield. *Chautauquan*.
Russia, Village Life in. Victor Yarros. *Chautauquan*.
Slave-Ship Cora, Capture of. Illus. Wilburn Hall. *Century*.
Sordello. Annie T. Smith. *Poet-Lore*.
Sound Effects. A. A. Knudson. *Popular Science*.
Venetian Painters. J. B. Fletcher. *Dial*.
Wauters, Emile. Illus. A. J. Wauters. *Magazine of Art*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 62 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HISTORY.

- Town Life in the Fifteenth Century. By Mrs. J. R. Green. 2 vols., 8vo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$5.
 Ancient Ships. By Cecil Torr, M.A. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 139. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 Slav and Moslem: Historical Sketches. By J. Milliken Napier Brodhead. 12mo, pp. 301. Aiken, S. C.: Aiken Pub'g Co.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

- The Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone, 1763-98. Edited, with introduction, by R. Barry O'Brien, author of "Life of Thomas Drummond." 2 vols., with portrait, 8vo, gilt top. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.
 The Diary of a Cavalry Officer in the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns, 1809-1815. By the late Lieut.-Col. William Tomkinson; edited by his son, James Tomkinson. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 358. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
 Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard, London, 1794-7. Edited by S. Bayard Dod. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 141, uncut. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Overheard in Arcady. By Robert Bridges. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 133. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.
 The Humour of America. Selected, with introduction and index of American Humorists, by James Barr. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 462. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

ART AND MUSIC.

- Art for America. By William Ordway Partridge. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Roberts Bros. \$1.
 The Binding of Books: The History of Gold-Tooled Bindings. By Herbert P. Horne. Illus., 12mo, pp. 224, uncut. Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.
 Mediæval Music: An Historical Sketch. By Robert Charles Hope, F.S.A., author of "English Goldsmiths." 12mo, uncut, pp. 182. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

POETRY.

- English Poems. By Richard Le Gallienne. 16mo, uncut, pp. 129. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
 Cuckoo Songs. By Katherine Tynan Hinkson. 16mo, uncut, pp. 105. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.

FICTION.

- In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night." Am. copyright edition, 18mo, pp. 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
 Joanna Trail, Spinster. By Annie E. Holdsworth. 16mo, pp. 208. C. L. Webster & Co. \$1.25.
 Ardis Claverden. By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo, pp. 498. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
 The Rubicon. By E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo." 16mo, pp. 311. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 The Flower of Forgiveness. By Flora Annie Steel, author of "Miss Stuart's Legacy." 12mo, pp. 355. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
 The Adventures of Mathew Dudgeon, Gentleman. Written by Himself. 12mo, uncut, pp. 267. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.
 The Mystery of the Patrician Club. By Albert D. Vandam, author of "An Englishman in Paris." 16mo, pp. 343. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.
 The Lone House. By Amelia E. Barr. 16mo, pp. 235. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.
 Links in a Chain. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe, author of "Perchance to Dream." 16mo, pp. 227. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.
 Found Guilty. By Frank Barrett, author of "Love and Honor." 12mo, pp. 339. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.
 How Like a Woman! By Florence Marryat, author of "There Is No Death." 12mo, pp. 324. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.

- Mr. Bailey-Martin. By Percy White. 12mo, pp. 318. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.
 Love Affairs of a Worldly Man. By Maibelle Justice. 12mo, uncut, pp. 311. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. \$1.
 The Two-Legged Wolf: A Romance. By N. N. Karozin; trans. from the Russian by Boris Lanin. Illus., 12mo, pp. 322. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.
 The Betrothed, and The Highland Widow. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 497. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Tait's Kenilworth Series: Americans Abroad, by One of Them; 16mo, pp. 241. 50 cts.
 Tait's Illustrated Library: The Soul of the Bishop, by John Strange Winter; illus., 16mo, pp. 310. 50 cts.
 Tait's Idler Series: The Doomsdwoman, by Gertrude Atherton; 16mo, pp. 263. 25 cts.
 Arena Library Series: Forbes of Harvard, by Elbert Hubbard, 12mo, pp. 327, 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

- Big Game Shooting. By Clive Phillips-Wolley. With contributions by Sir Samuel W. Baker, and others. 2 vols., profusely illus., 12mo. Little, Brown, & Co. \$7.
 By Moorland and Sea. By Francis A. Knight, author of "By Leafy Ways." Illus., 12mo, pp. 215. Roberts Bros. \$1.50.
 The Prisoner of Zenda: Being the History of Three Months in the Life of an English Gentleman. By Anthony Hope. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 226. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.
 The Show at Washington. By Louis A. Coolidge, and James B. Reynolds. 24mo, pp. 241. Washington Pub'g Co. 25 cts.

SCIENCE.

- Popular Lectures and Addresses. By Sir William Thomson, LL.D. In 3 vols., Vol. II.: Geology and General Physics; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 599. Macmillan's "Nature Series." \$2.
 Pain in Its Neuro-Pathological, Diagnostic, Medico-Legal, and Neuro-Therapeutic Relations. By J. Leonard Corning, A.M. Illus., 12mo, pp. 328. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.75.
 The Amateur Telescopist's Handbook. By Frank M. Gibson, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 163. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
 Total Eclipses of the Sun. By Mabel Loomis Todd, Illus., 16mo, pp. 244. Roberts' "Columbian Knowledge Series." \$1.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES.

- The Industries of Russia. By the Department of Trade and Manufactures Ministry of Finance for the World's Columbian Exposition. English translation edited by John Martin Crawford, U.S. Consul-General to Russia. 6 vols., with Industrial Map, 4to, paper. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.
 Land Systems of Australasia. By William Epps, author of "The People and the Land." 16mo, uncut, pp. 184. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
 Hours and Wages in Relation to Production. By Lujo Brentano; trans. by Mrs. William Arnold. 16mo, uncut, pp. 143. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
 Select Statutes and Other Constitutional Documents. Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. 12mo, uncut, pp. 464. Macmillan & Co. \$2.60.
 Sources of the Constitution of the United States: Considered in Relation to Colonial and English History. By C. Ellis Stevens, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 277. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
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CITY SCHOOL SYSTEMS.

The valuable character of the work done for secondary education by the Committee of Ten, and the cordial reception everywhere given to its report, have led to the organization of a similarly representative Committee of Fifteen for the purpose of considering the important subject of city school organization. This Committee, consisting for the most part of school superintendents, has already held a number of meetings, and has planned its work in a manner at once practical and exhaustive. It will be at least a year before the conclusions of the Committee can be fully formulated, but an outline of the work to be undertaken has already been published, and proves so suggestive that we cannot refrain from a few comments.

In the first place, the composition of the Committee of Fifteen commands respect, including, as it does, many educators of the highest professional standing. The names of Dr. W. T. Harris, Mr. W. H. Maxwell, Mr. A. S. Draper, Mr. A. G. Lane, Mr. A. B. Poland, and Mr. H. S. Tarbell are a sufficient guarantee of the scholarship and the experience that will be brought to the deliberations of this body. The Committee has been divided into three subcommittees, having for their respective subjects, city school systems, the training of teachers, and the correlation of studies. This corresponds with an eminently wise and practical classification of the work to be done. Finally, a carefully-considered list of questions has been prepared for each of the subcommittees, and will form the basis of the discussion. Expert opinions upon these questions will be collected by the members of the subcommittees; each member will report to his chairman; and each chairman will report to the full Committee of Fifteen, which is to meet in November. This admirable plan of work should result in bringing together a body of competent opinion sufficiently weighty to force itself, in its main lines, upon the acceptance of educational authorities throughout the country.

We have space to call attention to only a few of the questions offered for discussion, but it is easy, for our present purpose, to distinguish between questions of broad and theoretical interest and those of a more technical char-

acter. In the consideration of the former, there is an *a priori* element (or at least an element based upon inductions made in a wider than the strictly educational field) to be taken into account; the latter are mostly to be decided by an appeal to educational experience alone. Should the members of a board of education be elected or appointed? To what extent should teachers study psychology? What should be the purpose of attempting a close correlation of studies? are questions of the first class. Of how many members should a board of education consist? At how early an age should young men and women be allowed to teach? What should be the length of recitation periods? are questions of the second class. We hope that the committee will recognize this distinction, and, with the first class of questions, collect their opinions largely from workers in extra-educational fields.

To the subcommittee on city school systems a highly important series of questions is assigned. They deal with the organization of the executive machinery of education, the distribution of powers among boards, superintendents, and teachers, and many cognate topics. A committee made up of superintendents will probably seek to magnify the importance of the function of superintendence, at the expense of the board of education and the staff of instruction. They will be justified in the one attempt, but hardly in the other. Whether a board of education be constituted by election or appointment (and we look for a strong consensus of opinion in favor of the latter method), it is not likely to prove competent to direct the professional work of instruction. A wise board will delegate nearly the whole of its nominally absolute powers to the educators directly in charge of the school system, and restrict itself to the function of business management.

The relation of superintendent to instructors, on the other hand, is not so easily to be defined. The writer whose recent criticism of our public schools has attracted more attention than any other, and whose opinion certainly deserves consideration, loudly proclaims that more superintendence is the one thing needful for the well-being of the body educational. But there is something better than superintendence, and that is a teaching force which does not need superintendence. And even with the teaching bodies that we now have, there is a good deal of superintendence that does more harm than good. The sort of person who gets to be superintendent of schools in many of our

counties or smaller cities is not a person to whom we may point with pride. Even in our great cities, the superintendent is too likely to fall a victim to the mania for mechanical uniformity, whereupon dull routine displaces vital teaching in the schools that are unfortunate enough to be subject to his rule. A case in point is offered by the question, By whom should text-books be selected? which is among those proposed for this subcommittee. To our mind, the answer is clear enough. Subject to certain limitations of cost and scope, they should be selected by those who are to use them. Nothing stands in the way of this natural and rational answer but the bugbear of uniformity, or the notion that teachers are incompetent to select their tools (to which objection the reply is obvious), or some utterly trivial talk about the cost of buying new books when there are old ones in the family. As if the education of every child, upon which we lavish money so freely in other directions, were not worth the paltry additional price of a few books.

The questions proposed to the subcommittee on the training of teachers cover such matters as the requirements of scholarship, the acceptance of successful school work in lieu of examination, the scope of the training-school, and the value of such subjects as psychology and the history of education. While we do not dispute the advantages of normal school work in many cases, we do not think it should be treated as an indispensable requirement. After all, the practice of teaching is not a subject to be taught very effectively; people learn to teach by actual experience, and hardly in any other way. The teacher should doubtless know something of the history of education, but this knowledge is best acquired by one who is really doing educational work, and its previous acquisition, from books and lectures, is of questionable value. As for psychology, it would be difficult to overrate the importance of this subject, but the sort of stuff that passes for psychology in too many of our normal schools is about as useless as anything that could be devised. We believe emphatically in admitting young people to the work of teaching upon their school records rather than upon examination, but the records must be intelligently made and used as a basis for judgment. Those who have had actual charge of a young woman's education, who have come into daily contact with her for years, and studied the development of her mind and character, know very well whether or not she is a fit person to entrust with the delicate work of teaching chil-

dren; no examination, however well-planned and comprehensive, can possibly furnish so trustworthy an estimate as may be had from her teachers, in her last year or two of school work.

This leads us to a point of fundamental importance, one not expressly suggested by the questions proposed. Fitness to teach is too frequently regarded as a matter of scholarship alone, to be determined by examination or recitation records. But even scholarship is less important than character, and what sort of examination can be suggested as a test of moral fitness? In some of our city school systems little attention, or none whatever, is paid to character; that is, no systematic inquiry is made into the spirit in which the student has done her school work, into her application, her trustworthiness, her moral habit, her general seriousness of aim. No examination and no scholarship record sheds other than a weak reflected light upon these things, and thus can furnish no real test of fitness in the highest sense. In cities where teachers of the primary and grammar grades are mainly furnished by the graduating classes of the high and normal schools, it ought to be made a *sine qua non* that the applicant for a position should have a certificate of character from those who have taught her during the closing year, or possibly two years, of her course. In this matter, an absolute veto should be placed in the hands of the instructors. We hope that the Committee of Fifteen will add this to their list of subjects, and pronounce upon it in no uncertain tones. We can think of no single reform that would do more for our city school systems than a general recognition and application of the principle above enunciated. The difficulty underlying the whole school problem is the difficulty of getting good teachers; defective scholarship and unfit character are the twin roots of the difficulty, and the reform that we now urge would strike most effectively at one of these roots.

The subcommittee on correlation of studies is occupied mainly with questions of a technical character, such as may safely be left to the expert judgment of its members. Some of the questions have already been discussed by the Committee of Ten; others of them offer new problems for solution. To determine the distinct pedagogical value of the several studies, and to establish the sequence of topics upon a rational basis, appear to be the chief tasks set before this subcommittee. The conclusions reached will cause much discussion, for the problems are among the deepest that confront

scientific pedagogy. In conclusion, we must express our great satisfaction at the new evidence offered by the constitution of the Committee of Fifteen that the organization of American education is rapidly advancing, in spite of the necessary and permanent decentralization imposed by our political system, and that by the sort of concerted action of which the Committees of Ten and Fifteen offer types, our educational system seems likely soon to emerge from the haphazard stage, soon to enter upon a more scientific, and hence a more fruitful, phase of its development.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

The author of "Zury" and "The McVeys" died in Chicago the morning of April 29, at the age of sixty-four. Among men of letters having their homes in this city, no one was more widely known than Major Kirkland, or more deserving of his reputation. That reputation was acquired late in life, and based mainly upon three novels ("The Captain of Company K" in addition to the two above named) which take a high rank among American works of realistic fiction. Their author was an enthusiastic admirer of the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and it was upon the lines laid down (or, at least, chiefly represented in contemporary fiction) by that novelist that his indubitable success was achieved. In addition to the three novels named above, Major Kirkland published "A History of the Chicago Massacre of 1812," and told "The Story of Chicago" in a large volume, the most interesting treatment of the subject that has ever been made. He also contributed to the magazines, and was for a time literary editor of the Chicago "Tribune." He was one of the organizers of the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago, and was its first president, holding the office for two years. He was prominent in the Chicago Historical Society and the Chicago Literary Club. He was also one of the few Western members of the Authors Club of New York. He came of an intellectual ancestry, his father having been a professor in Hamilton College, and his mother a writer of some note in her day. He was born at Geneva, N. Y., in 1830, and came to Chicago in 1856. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in the Twelfth Illinois Infantry, became successively lieutenant, captain, and major, and was for a time attached to the staff of General McClellan. He was in the battles of Rich Mountain, Laurel Hill, Williamsburg, and Fredericksburg, and at the siege of Yorktown. He practised law in Chicago from 1880 to 1890. Personally, Major Kirkland was one of the most genial of men, always bright and companionable, and he made many warm friendships. He will be sincerely mourned by an exceptionally wide circle of friends and associates.

ENGLISH AT LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.*

It is thought to be somewhat of a specialty in the Lafayette teaching of English, that the professors in all departments take part in it. The theory is that the main cause of mistakes in speaking and writing English is ignorance of the meaning of words. Our grammar is simple, but we catch up our words without thought, and utter them again in the same way. On the athletic field we do not know *walking* from *running*, nor at the banquet *pie* from *pudding*. When we undertake to talk about any scientific subject, the expert detects us instantly; we call whales fishes, mix up *sewage* and *sewerage*, and use *force*, *energy*, and *power* as if they were all the same.

An earnest attempt is made at Lafayette to train the students in each department to write on subjects connected with it in the words and phrases current among experts. The professors in each department are, of course, authorities. Every student is required to hand in two papers a term; there are three terms in the college year. The professors give out subjects which demand research and description in their own departments, and much time is spent by many of them in inculcating not only clear-cut meaning, but also the etymology of scientific terms. They find the sesquipedalia of the sciences cannot be held in memory with precision unless their elements are distinctly perceived. This leads to some knowledge of scientific philology, and of accurate spelling. The students in the chemical laboratory under Professor Hart, the president of the Chemical Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, use the rules of the Association for spelling and pronunciation; they know when to write the termination *-in*, and when *-ine*; they are not to be caught blundering with *chlorin* or *quinin*, *hydrid* or *oxid*, or *sulfur*. The amended spellings recommended by the joint action of the English and American Philological Societies and given in the Century Dictionary are accepted as correct in college papers, as well as the common spellings in Webster and Worcester.

Over and above all this is the study of English in literature. We find the statement in the histories of Lafayette that the college had "European recognition" for its study of English before the present historical and literary courses were known at other colleges. The Lafayette courses were established with the maxim that "English should

be studied like Greek." A special professorship was established coördinate with the Greek and Latin professorships, with the arrangement emphasized that the professor was not to have the rhetoric, and general theme-writing, and other the like duties, but was to handle English classic authors with his classes, study Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton, after the same methods as Homer and Demosthenes. This was a pretty precise description fifty years ago. Now there are many ways of studying Greek, and all of them often scamped in our universities. It meant then thorough work. Teachers were fond of repeating after Dr. Arnold of Rugby, "What a treat it would be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so to get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance."

The Lafayette courses are still constant to this central idea. They are primarily devoted to the study of the language as it is found in masterpieces of literature, the immediate aim being the interpretation of these masterpieces, the rethinking of the thoughts of master minds, and storing the memory with their words. Four hours a week during two terms, Junior year, are spent with a professor in recitations; two additional hours are allotted to the preparation for each recitation. Three of the recitation hours each week are occupied in the Arnold fashion, dwelling line by line and word by word upon worthy passages. In a play of Shakespeare, for example,—and one term is regularly devoted to a play of Shakespeare,—a scene, a short scene, may be given out for a morning's study. A considerable part of it will be read rapidly, or the gist of it given in a few words, and most of the hour will be devoted to a few lines selected as worthy of thorough study. Any obsolete words or phrases, or singular constructions, will be explained; but the secret of Shakespeare's power is not to be found in these. The words which are bearers of special meaning or feeling are usually familiar words. In searching for their power and charm, the student will trace them through all the places where Shakespeare uses them, using the Concordance to bring them all together. He will use the Historical dictionary to learn what associations had gathered around them in the earlier ages, beginning sometimes in Beowulf, and accumulating as they pass to Alfred, to Chaucer, to Tyndale, to Spenser, and are used by each with some happy turn or in some musical rhythm. He will often find that the peculiar meaning in Shakespeare begins with him, and then it will be pleasant to trace it in later authors, repeated in quotation or allusion until it becomes perhaps the most familiar meaning. All the resources of philology, the comparative study of languages and literatures, rhetoric and oratory, prosody and rhythmic art, psychology, and biography, may be

*This article is the eighth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); and English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1).—[EDR. DIAL.]

drawn upon, and all available pedagogical arts used to lead the student lively to rethink the thought and perceive and feel and remember the beauty of the language. In this way students come to rejoice in these noble passages, and remember them forever. They are thus provided with the very words to guide their higher thought, and with forms of graceful speech which prompt them to easy utterances of courtesy and affection and devotion.

Three of the four hours a week with the professor are used in this way; the fourth is given to a kind of symposium or seminar. Some topic of research belonging to the subject is given out for an essay, which all the class are required to hand in. The hour is spent in the reading of essays and criticism of them, and further discussion of the topic carried on by the class under the prompting and guidance of the professor. One such hour may be given to the life and environment of the author; another to the plot of the play, if one of Shakespeare's plays is to be studied; others to critical discussion of particular scenes as wholes and as proper parts of the play; others to notable characters in the play. There may be philological papers on the language of the play and of the poet; papers on the originality of the work, how much of it is Shakespeare; reports of the criticism of particular great critics; outlines of other related works. We used to have lively work of research, frequent peering into all corners of the library, and rejoicing in exploiting fresh mines of fact; but bibliographic indexing is now so copious,—Poole's Indexes in the van,—and the librarians are so at the service of everybody, and omniscient, that research begins and ends too often with asking the librarian to hand over everything there is on the topic, and point out the pages. And the essays are apt to show plainly enough that they were written with the books open before the writers, as Shakespeare had North's Plutarch when he wrote Julius Cæsar. The essays can hardly claim the credit of research, but often have merits which students rank higher than research, and make good material for collisions of memory and wit combats at the symposia.

All this is required work. For Shakespeare there is also a prize examination open to all who have finished the required work. This is general, covering his life, character, all his works, from any points of view which the examiners may choose at the examination. The professor is content with questions which call for direct knowledge of the works and reflection upon them; such as naming plays and asking for a description of them, and asking which is the best and why; when they were written and the evidence for the dates; naming persons and asking for their characters and action; giving quotations and asking where they are found, and the like simplicities; but examining committees are apt to confront the student with the profoundest questions in psychology and history which the Germans have evolved. The winning of this prize is esteemed one of the highest college honors.

There are two divisions of the students who do not take courses in Greek and Latin. These take courses of English, German, and French, which are so taught as to supply similar linguistic training to that obtained from the Latin and Greek. They study term by term some English classic just as the others do their Latin classic, giving it four recitation hours a week. Authors commonly selected are Bunyan, Spenser, Chaucer, Bacon. With a general method such as has been spoken of in connection with Shakespeare, philological topics are taken up in progressive order, term after term, such as to prepare these students to unite with students of Latin and Greek in the second term of the Junior year, and go on with the philological study of English. Four lessons a week in Anglo-Saxon for two terms are required of all students except technicals. They are given near the end of the linguistic courses required in college when the students have studied their German, French, Latin, Greek, nearly to their completion. The West Saxon as it appears in the principal literary works is presented as a classical language, and the whole time is devoted to it as to a sister speech of classical Latin. It is studied, we say, like Greek. The class begin to read at once extracts from the Gospels. They also learn the grammar, the rules for pronunciation, and practice reading the text aloud. They learn the paradigms, and rules of syntax, so as to parse rapidly, declining and inflecting freely. They learn the rules of letter change, a selected set of them. They already know from their other language studies Grimm's law and the like. They learn for continual use the paradigms and syntax, and the common phonetic changes within the West Saxon, and from West Saxon to English. The examination at the end of the first term of Anglo-Saxon is almost wholly devoted to these matters, and it is known from the first that they must be learned in order to pass without conditions.

In the second term Anglo-Saxon prosody is added to the grammar work, but the time is given mainly to reading Anglo-Saxon authors as we read modern English authors in this course, and to throwing light upon modern English words and idioms by connecting them with their ancient forms. Besides the class examinations, a prize is offered to those who complete the courses for the best general examination in English before Chaucer; and an additional optional course is given to prepare for examination questions upon the deduction of the Anglo-Saxon forms from originals in the Parent Speech and other comparative grammar, and for additional reading, and literary and biographic and bibliographic study in connection with it.

The chief use of study of English before Chaucer to the American college graduate, the person who used to be known as the gentleman and scholar, is to help him to better understanding and mastery of English in Chaucer, and since Chaucer. The literary charm and power of the works which have survived from the earlier period is slight in

comparison with that of the old masters of Greece and Rome, and of the still greater modern authors in our own language and other modern languages, who mold the thoughts of modern men. It would seem best, therefore, to devote that moderate portion of time which ought to be given to this study in college to a few typical specimens of Anglo-Saxon, and to the comparative study of their idioms in relation to modern English, so as to fix in memory illustrative originals to guide and strengthen our speech. No one but an incipient professor of languages can well afford to spend his days and nights for long periods of his crowded college life in studying books of specimens of all the various early dialects of those groping centuries.

This series of required studies for the whole class is continued during the second term of Senior year by two exercises a week, with weekly written papers from each student arranged for the general study of some author, and the writing of an elaborate article, as if for a quarterly review, which must contain a discussion of the language of the author. With the work of this term goes another prize. The best work is done when the author selected is an American. Students find their own life and thought depicted in the American authors. The language is their own. They are specially drawn to them. In the college reading-room the American periodicals are worn to tatters, while the English publications, which were the main reading of students of the last generation, lie in fair covers, looking fresh from the binder. Bryant, Irving, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, Whittier, Holmes, have been handled with most hearty and sympathetic admiration and intelligence. One of the traditional high-days of Lafayette is that on which Mr. Bryant made the public presentation of this prize for the best study of his own works to J. W. Bright, of '77, now Professor of English Philology in Johns Hopkins University, his torch still burning as he runs in the front.

During the same term a rapid general survey of English literature is given with a compendium, class discussions, and conversations, two hours a week. And four hours a week of the last term of the Senior year are given to a review and summary of the linguistic side of the college studies in connection with Professor Whitney's *Language and the Study of Language*, a required study.

Lafayette is a college of some three hundred students, and does not advertise University courses. It receives, however, graduate students, and there are always some such pursuing English studies. A few continue them, as major courses, far enough to earn a Ph.D. It might be said, therefore, that we have all the courses in English, the description of which fills so many pages of the great University catalogues. There are two professors: F. A. March, Professor of English and of Comparative Philology; and F. A. March, Jr., Professor of English Literature.

F. A. MARCH.

Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., April 21, 1894.

COMMUNICATIONS.

EDUCATION AND LITERATURE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In connection with the discussion in THE DIAL on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, it may not be amiss to emphasize certain tendencies in the scope and method of literary education, as bearing on the future of literature. Certainly the immediate prospect for literature is not bright. Our civilization is daily becoming more democratic; the people draw all activities toward themselves; and the literary artist is more than ever tempted to be untrue to himself, to yield to the popular demand and truckle to the average taste. Style, as characteristic creativeness, as the expression of lofty individuality, is neither wanted nor appreciated by the great mass of readers. Your thorough-going democrat believes in complete equality, material and intellectual; and he who is unlike or peculiar is regarded as either foolish or conceited. The great host of self-assertive self-satisfied people despise what they cannot understand, or jest at it. An illustration in hand is the recent vulgar skit, so universal in the newspapers, about President Cleveland's hard lot in being obliged to hear Mr. Gilder read his latest poem. Such is the *bourgeoise* temper. It may appreciate literary cleverness or smartness, but it will flout at talent and genius, at all sustained and dignified discourse and high poetic sentiment. In the hurry of this eager, unquiet, democratic age, if men read at all they will read only what appeals directly to them at the first glance, what is short to scrappiness and is startling *staccato* in expression. In brief, the democratization of literature means a childish impressionism.

However, it is folly to lament this tendency, with the pessimists, or, with Matthew Arnold, to rely hereafter upon a "saving remnant." Since literature is not, and is never likely to be, as in the past, a product for the few, since the kind of writing which the people demand is the kind of writing which will be done, the only hope of literature is an educated public. I take it, then, that the importance for literature itself of the right study of literature in our schools and universities can scarcely be overrated. But the results of present methods can hardly be regarded as satisfactory. Many of our college graduates and most of our high-school graduates read little more than that lowest form of literature, the newspaper. Not one in a hundred, in consulting his own taste, takes up an English classic, reads Milton and Shakespeare and Wordsworth simply because he likes them. And certainly, for the great majority, school instruction in literature results in no marked and permanent uplifting of taste. I am far from saying that literary education is a complete failure, but I thoroughly believe that it is generally very defective in spirit and method.

The chief difficulty arises at bottom from a lack of practical realization of the true end of education as total process. The real object of education may be defined as a preparation for that largest, freest, most original development of the mind which is the goal of human evolution. And this development ever has been, and ever will be, distinctly five-fold: religious, moral, philosophic, scientific, and artistic,—each in its own way, yet forming an interdependent organism of culture. A true education, as the vestibule of life, must

contain all these forms as coördinate; every scheme of unprofessional education ought to realize these factors, each for its own sake, an ideal which is yet far before us. Just now *parvenu* science, crass, boorish, and overbearing, as the *parvenu* generally is, has got the upper-hand in education. Hence we see in literary education, as everywhere else, the undue stress laid on the scientific method, and literature constantly and dominantly interpreted from the standpoints of anthropology, psychology, history, and philology. It is certainly interesting and useful to look at literary art from other standpoints than its own; but for the educative study of literature the main point of view must always be the purely æsthetic. The prime object is not to inform the understanding, but to develop the taste, to lead the student to spontaneously recognize the best art whenever and wherever he finds it, and, what is more, to like it, yea, even to love it. Not one educated man in a hundred knows good literature when he sees it; he must rely upon some critic, or upon his knowledge as to the fame of the author, and straightway he will try to discover the beauties he has been taught to expect. But this is not genuine taste; the deeper and real life does not respond, and if emotion there be, it is wholly artificial. The student openly applauds what he is taught to applaud, but in secret he reads and praises the meretricious and sensational.

For the formation and development of a genuine individual taste the student should be led into direct and unbiased contact with the best art. He should not even know the author of the piece he is reading, but by repeated study should get a thoroughly original impression and give expression to it orally or in writing before he receives any instruction. The free initiative and spontaneous interest must always be led up to and waited for. I would suggest giving a class a short poem for a half-hour's original study, and asking for written answers to such questions as, What lines please you most? Why? What is the strongest part of the poem? What the weakest? How does it compare with poems previously read? What would you judge as to the author from internal evidence? The student should gradually come to a knowledge of authorship from internal criticism alone, and the author should always be subordinated to his works. That best art which is self-interpreting and simple in its æsthetic elements should mainly be used. After a measure of taste for the good art is definitely formed, examples of poor and bad literature should be interspersed for detection and criticism. If this appreciative direct study of literature were made the main method throughout the whole course of education, the ground covered would not be so great as now, but the results in the improvement of taste, and indirectly in the elevation of literature itself, would, I think, be far more considerable.

A subsidiary method which may sometimes be of value in sharpening the critical sense with advanced students is to require from them actual literary work. However, appreciativeness is by no means vitally connected with executive ability. Indeed, the literary critic and the *littérateur* are often quite distinct. To enjoy good writing I no more need to be a writer, than to be a musician to enjoy good music, or a preacher to enjoy good preaching. The greatest fallacy in the education of to-day is the so-called laboratory method, so far as it supposes that we need to become scientists in order to appreciate science, and artists in order to appreciate art. However, we cannot enlarge on this point here.

I conclude that a genuine revival of high art in our democratic civilization is impossible until the general taste be elevated, and this elevation must be largely attained through the improvement in scope and method of artistic education. Goethe truly says, "Happy is the man who early in life knows what art is"; and this insight into the real nature of art can only be reached and sustained by a constant familiarity with the best art during the whole period of education.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

Lake Forest University, April 20, 1894.

UNEXPECTED HAPPENINGS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While the readers of THE DIAL have in memory Dr. Hall's replies to my letters, kindly permit me to bring to their attention two or three of the odd things with which these replies abound. A brief preliminary explanation in each case is necessary.

I. Although a word or a phrase in Lord Macaulay's writings has sometimes arrested the unfavorable attention of Dr. Hall, yet, in the main, Lord Macaulay's English has received Dr. Hall's approbation. In fact, there are passages in Dr. Hall's discussions of good and bad English which give one the impression that, at the time they were penned, he looked up to — or, rather, upon — Macaulay as an unquestionable exemplar of correctness. Among the evidences of his regard for the authority of Lord Macaulay are the following:

"Let us now turn to another writer of high and deserved repute, the last of our really well informed lingual conservatives. Like Dr. Newman, Lord Macaulay uses," etc. ("Modern English," p. 292, footnote.)

"I have called the word [*helpmate*] classical. Lord Macaulay writes, in the first chapter of his History: 'A waiting woman was generally considered as the most suitable *helpmate* of a parson.'" (*Ib.*, p. 156, footnote.)

"... it has been seen how many fashions of speech which he [R. G. White] rejects and ridicules are practically warranted by Lord Macaulay. . . ." ("Recent Exemplifications of False Philology," p. 107.)

"That which he [De Quincey] deems to be the English of 'French reporters' was good enough English, in the last century, for Jeremy Bentham, and is good enough, in our century, for Lord Macaulay." (*Ib.*, pp. 18-9.)

"... even such a purist as Lord Macaulay has used" [certain words named]. ("Modern English," p. 142.)

"Even such a purist as Lord Macaulay uses it more than once." (*Ib.*, p. 300.)

It was natural that I should want to avail myself of an authority so highly esteemed by Dr. Hall, when, in reference to a certain use of *known* to and a similar use of *unknown* to, I was citing (THE DIAL, July 1, 1893), in opposition to Dr. Hall's opinion, quotations from many writers of excellent standing. Several passages from Macaulay's writings containing the "breach of idiom" disapproved by Dr. Hall were before me, but limitations of space prevented the use of more than one, viz.:

"Most of these wretches were not soldiers. They acted under no authority known to the law." (Macaulay, "Hist. Eng.," ch. xii.)

To which I added:

"A remark made by Dr. Hall concerning another locution may be appropriately quoted here: 'Even such a purist as Lord Macaulay uses it more than once.' ('Modern English,' p. 300)."

Now, as to the point so made (which to me seemed rather strong), there was an unexpected happening. All

that Dr. Hall said about this point was in a postscript to his reply. It reads as follows:

"P.S.—Even such a purist as Lord Macaulay uses it more than once.' This sentence Mr. Williams quotes from me as 'a remark' which I make 'concerning another locution.' Is my remark amiss as to its wording? or in what it expresses? I am at a loss to know." (THE DIAL, August 16, 1893.)

This postscript is Dr. Hall's whole reply to my citation of Macaulay and to my quotation from "Modern English" showing Dr. Hall's opinion of Macaulay as an authority, and that the censured locution was used by him more than once. That the author of "Modern English" should fail to see the obvious application of that plain sentence cited against himself from his own book, who could have anticipated? But so it came to pass.

II. Most people when expressing their thoughts in print take more care in regard to forms of expression than when writing confidential letters to familiar friends. This, I suppose, is true even in the case of writers whose style in print is colloquial and familiar. Moreover, a form of expression found in a private letter is not an instance of its use by the writer in print, even though the letter be subsequently published in a book. Private letters often get into books, but publication does not convert their phraseology into expressions used in print.

My apology for stating and insisting on matters so obvious will be found in the fact that, obvious as these simple truths are, they have been wholly overlooked by Dr. Hall in his reply (THE DIAL, Dec. 1, 1893) to my letter published in THE DIAL, September 1. Strange, as it is, with my words before him (for he quotes them correctly), Dr. Hall offers, in contradiction of a remark of mine, citations which by the very terms of the remark itself are excluded. And strange, too, he rests his case on those citations. He produces no other new ones.

In THE DIAL for September 1, I said:

"Although I have noticed two instances (one in a letter) besides the one cited above by Dr. Hall, where the 'imperfect passive' was employed by Dr. Newman, yet I am confident that its use by him—at least in print—was very rare."

After more than a column of desultory preliminaries, Dr. Hall proceeds to upset the confidence expressed by me above in this manner: "Between 1832 and 1846 he [Dr. Newman] was, according to his own adjudication, 'guilty of'."—then follow six quotations from Cardinal Newman's "Letters (1891)" published since his death. As the volumes in which these letters appear contain, besides the "Letters," some things actually written by Cardinal Newman for publication, I have taken pains to find the context of these quotations, in order to ascertain beyond a doubt whether the passages cited by Dr. Hall are parts of private correspondence or whether they occur in writings intended for the public. Every one of these six instances of the "imperfect passive" cited by Dr. Hall occurs in a private confidential letter written to a familiar friend. Not one of them militates against my reservation as to the use of the imperfect passive by Cardinal Newman in print. Dr. Hall, however, introduces them with, "If he [Mr. Williams] had gone farther afield, he would have made the discovery," etc.; and supplements them with "Nor, perhaps, would it be altogether amiss, if he redoubled his diligence of research." All this, be it remembered, after quoting from me the precise words that shut out such citations. A very unexpected happening.

III. Dr. Hall's reply (THE DIAL, Dec. 1, 1893) opens with the following statement:

"Descanting on English Imperfects Passive, in the Appendix to my 'Modern English' (1873), I say, respecting 'the sort of phraseology under consideration,' that 'some of the choicest of living English writers employ it freely.' I proceed: 'Preëminent among these stands Dr. Newman, who wrote, as far back as 1846,' etc. A single relevant citation from him is then adduced.

"Mr. R. O. Williams, in your issue of September 1, takes exception to my qualifier 'freely.'"

No,—begging the writer's pardon—I have never intimated a doubt of the alleged fact that "some of the choicest of living English writers employ it freely." Dr. Hall's statement of the issue does not define it with sufficient exactness. The question raised by me was "whether Dr. Hall, at the time he wrote the remarks" quoted by him above, "had knowledge of such a number of instances where Dr. Newman had used this locution in his voluminous writings, that he, Dr. Hall, could fairly say, either by direct assertion or by implication, that Dr. Newman employed it 'freely,'—whether, in other words, Dr. Hall, at the time he made the assertion relative to Newman, had in his knowledge sufficient evidence to justify it. The doubt was suggested by (among other things): (1) a very strong antipathy which Newman had expressed for *is being*; (2) the fact that Dr. Hall, in thirty-nine pages of text given to the discussion of *is being*, etc., had cited but one instance of its use by Newman, notwithstanding the preëminence assigned him among "some of the choicest of living English writers"; (3) that several inferior writers were, each, cited more than once; (4) a strong belief that the use of *is being*, etc., by Newman—"at least in print—was very rare."

Dr. Hall, in the course of his desultory reply tells us when he found (in 1872) the said instance of the use of the "imperfect passive" by Newman, and that, at the time he found it, he recalled the fact that he "had in the past observed his use repeatedly of like expressions." "My memory," Dr. Hall adds, "though I seldom trust to it, seldom plays me false." He then proves the accuracy of his memory and my ignorance of Newman's usage in regard to *is being*, *was being*, etc., by bringing forward the quotations I have commented on above (II.),—quotations cited from an edition of letters published nineteen years after his memory had rendered the service specified. The citations would be pertinent if offered by Dr. Hall as evidence of his clairvoyance—especially if they had been produced by him before the publication of the *private* letters where the passages quoted occur—but they cannot prove that, in and before 1872, Dr. Hall had seen in Newman's publications so many examples of the "imperfect passive" that he could fairly put Newman among the authors of whom he said "some of the choicest of living English writers employ it freely." That Dr. Hall could take such a view of the matter as his reply discloses was by me quite unexpected.

IV. The likening me to a lame devil that needs spectacles (I admit the spectacles imputation) was unexpected in merely this—the particular form of similitude chosen.

V. Some unexpected things in Dr. Hall's replies have been mentioned. Another thing not at all unexpected should be noticed by a brief remark. A characteristic feature of all Dr. Hall's replies to my letters is the assumption that convincing evidence can be rebutted by his bald assertion.

R. O. WILLIAMS.

New York, April 21, 1894.

The New Books.

BOOKS ABOUT THE SEA.*

Fifty years ago a sailor was a sailor — not the mere lubberly roustabout or deck-hand one sees on an ocean steamer nowadays. His duties were as multifarious as his oaths, and his yarns were as stiff as his tarpaulin hat. His accomplishments were endless. He could “reef, furl, steer, and handle,” splice you a rope (not forgetting the main brace) in a twinkling, tie twenty different knots — wall knots, diamond knots, bowlines, loop, reef, or stopper knots, or what you will — in as many minutes; he was sailor, sail-maker, rigger, carpenter, painter, tailor—a nautical Jack of all trades, in short, to order; usually he was a cheery companion and a fertile and engaging liar to boot. His delight in telling of what he had seen only fell short of his delight in telling of what he had not seen. Fifty years ago, too, a ship was a ship—not a dirty, snorting Brobdignagian teakettle, a thing the gallant Farragut refused to go to—well, to Tarturus in. She was a thing of grace and sentiment; a part integral of the element she adorned; a pearl on the expanse of *lapis lazuli*; in the distance, a white-winged phantom slanting away before the breeze like a mist-wreath. But, as the song says, “the ship is gone and Jack is gone”; and with them the glamour of sea-faring and its legendary lore. “Tom Bowling” is no more; and we suppose “Black-eyed Susan” “waves her lily hand” nowhere but in Mr. Gay’s ballad. Nobody cares to picture a “Vanderdecken” or an “Ancient Mariner” cruising about in a steamboat; and the “sea-change” suffered is, on the whole, a very prosaic one indeed.

The little book entitled “Twenty Years at Sea,” by Frederick Stanhope Hill, gives, in Part I., a very realistic picture of sea-life half a century ago. As far as it goes, it is as good as Dana. The author, now an “old barnacle-back” (his own phrase), went to sea at thir-

teen; and his log recounts his professional progress from the greenhorn phase of “granny” knots and deck-swabbing, to the dignities and emoluments of able seamanship. The narrative is duly spiced with mutiny, pirates, “shanghaiing,” etc.; and the best of it is, it is all true. Part II., “In the Naval Service,” relates to the Civil War; and here the author recounts some sufficiently thrilling exploits and incidents, *quorum pars magna fuit*. Mr. Hill’s manner is well suited to his matter, and his book is emphatically one that any normally-minded boy (and we believe there are some left, in spite of Lord Fauntleroy) can revel in and profit by.

The work entitled “The British Seas” is a collection of picturesque notes of the British coast and its adjacent waters, by W. Clark Russell and others. To the reader at all “salt” in his tastes it is a captivating book, brine-scented and echoing the voices of the ocean like a Norse saga. Six of the papers—“The Downs,” “Down Channel,” “The North Sea,” etc.—are Mr. Russell’s, and we need scarcely add they contain some capital “bits of marine,” as the painters say. Here is one—a fleet of North Sea smacks putting out for the fishing grounds:

“As they clear the entrance the tide catches them, and away they go in fine style, scattering as the tow-ropes are let slip, and plunging like galloping cart-horses as they take the first of the seas and wash away to the northward. Others again, to save towage-charge, ‘ratch,’ out as it is called, and a spirited sight it is to witness. The seamanship of the fellows is excellent; they appear to know their little ships as a man the horse he has ridden for years; you see a smack under a heavy press leaning down to it till her waterways are under, and heading direct for the granite of the pier; her bowsprit seems to be in the act of spearing the solid wall, when—down goes her helm, round she spins like some waltzing girl, nimble of foot; in a breath or two all is flattened in fore and aft, and she is smoking through it on the other tack.”

In other papers Mr. Russell takes us to Ramsgate (that paradise of London “’Arry” and “’Arriet”), Sandwich, Hastings, Brighton, the Isle of Wight, Cardiff, Newcastle, Whitby, etc.; he describes the life-boatmen, smugglers, whalers, fishermen, and the like amphibians, in a way that must have charmed Ed’ard Cuttle, mariner; he sketches with graphic pencil many a sound, harbor, and foreland; and he opens for us the door of tiny public houses, haunted by ‘longshore Jack, who loves, as Mr. Besant truly says, when not afloat, “to sit where he can gaze upon a harbor, and ships, and the blue water outside.” And through the open door of these snuggeries there floats an

* TWENTY YEARS AT SEA; or, Leaves from My Old Log-Books. By Frederick Stanhope Hill. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE BRITISH SEAS. Picturesque Notes. By W. Clark Russell, and Others. With many illustrations. New York: Macmillan & Co.

VOYAGES OF ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN. Edited by Edward John Payne, M.A. First Series: Hawkins, Frobrisher, and Drake. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY (1775 to 1893). By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. With technical revision by Lieutenant Roy C. Smith, U. S. N. In two volumes. Volume I., with maps, diagrams and illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

eloquent whiff of rum and tobacco, and usually the sough of some sailor's yarn. "There she blows!"—one seems to hear him say. "'There she blows!' I sung out from the foretopmast head. 'Where away?' they bawls from the deck. 'On the weather quarter,' says I. 'There she blows!' Up comes the cap'n. 'Down helmum!' he says, says he. 'Luff her to the wind. Round in on them lee braces, and aft with your main-sheet, Mr. Deadeye,' says he to the mate. 'Get them jib-sheets flattened in, and make 'er all snug for goin' about. Shake a reef out o' the foretopsail, and loose the foretop-garns'l. This 'ere bucket's got to laugh to-day!'" And so he drowzes on, hoarse as a nor'wester, comfortable, mendacious. Almost as good as Mr. Russell's are the sketches by Messrs. Cagney, P. G. Hamerton, and James Purvis. The volume is liberally illustrated with half-tone plates after Turner, J. C. Hook, H. Moore, Colin Hunter, Arthur Turner, and others.

The initial volume (devoted to Hawkins, Drake, and Frobisher) of the series of selected narratives from Hakluyt entitled "Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen to America" has reached a second edition. Three voyages of Hawkins are given, three of Frobisher, and one of Drake, together with Briggs's account of the Armada. The narratives, on the whole, seem to bear out Mr. Froude's characterization of Hakluyt's book as "the prose epic of the modern English nation." Of the several relations in the present volume, John Sparks, who writes of Hawkins's second voyage, seems to bear away the palm, at least in point of literary quality. The negroes of Africa, the West Indian Caribs, the Florida Indians, are described by him with much freedom and vivacity, and not altogether, one fancies, without a touch of Sir John Mandeville's inventiveness. Writing of Florida, Sparks makes a deduction in natural history that is very amusing. Having "ascertained" that the region possesses unicorns, he straightway concludes that it abounds in lions, on the cogent ground that "every beast hath its enemy." Thus, the wolf is the natural enemy of the sheep, the polecat of the rabbit, the rhinoceros of the elephant. So it is with the lion and the unicorn. Now Florida "hath its unicorns"; *ergo*, lions must abound there also. *Q.E.D.* That Mr. Sparks fortified his argument by first catching his unicorn, does not appear. The volume is edited by Edward John Payne, M.A., who has added a full and scholarly introduction, and a brief account of Hakluyt's life and works.

The last though most important work on our list is Mr. Edgar Stanton Maclay's "History of the United States Navy"—a book, by-the-bye, that is not likely to cool the ardor of those young naval men who are charged with a sinful desire to test their new ships and new guns on a real enemy. Mr. Maclay's History is, we believe, the first attempt at a full and continuous record of the kind, and it is in the main a satisfactory one. The style is spirited and popular, and the author has evidently tried to be accurate and full. New facts have been drawn from the records, old facts have been reweighed and recast, and altogether the book is likely for some time to hold its place as the chief popular authority on the subject. Mr. Maclay is a specially good hand at describing a sea-fight. The immortal duel between the "United States" and the "Macedonian," for instance, is depicted in a style that would not discredit Smollett, and will probably set the "Fighting Bob Evanses" of our navy to further lowering themselves in the eyes of querulous and low-spirited editors. In his introductory Mr. Maclay summarizes the services of the navy. These, he thinks, "it would be difficult to exaggerate." During the Revolution the Continental cruisers took from the enemy about 800 vessels, which involved the capture of, at a modest estimate, 12,000 prisoners, 500 of whom were soldiers of the best English regiments. In the two years' naval war with France, about 80 vessels, carrying over 3000 men, were taken; and the Barbary wars gained for the United States privileges that were denied to European powers.

The naval war of 1812, Mr. Maclay rightly says, "did more to humble the pride of Great Britain than any other contest." For the second time since the Armada there was a cloud upon her title of Mistress of the Seas. At the outbreak of the war the British navy was in the zenith of its glory; when it closed, British commerce was "almost annihilated." Out of eighteen engagements, the royal navy counted fifteen defeats; and this after the London "Statesman" of June 10, 1812, had said: "America certainly cannot pretend to wage war with us; she has no navy to do it with." Over 1500 vessels were taken from the English, and more than 20,000 of their seamen were made prisoners. John Bull was hit hard, in his purse and in his pride, and for the time even the new-blown glories of Trafalgar were forgotten. The American victories "spread a degree of gloom over London that was most

painful to observe"—wrote an eye-witness, in a tone that recalls Pepys's lament over the advent of the Dutch in the Medway. When the news of the loss of the first frigate reached England, the "Times" gravely observed: "The loss of a single frigate by us, it is true, is but a small one; when viewed as a part of the British Navy it is almost nothing; yet under all the circumstances of the two countries to which the vessels belonged, we know not any calamity of twenty times its amount that might have been attended with more serious consequences to the worsted party." But when the capture of the second royal frigate was announced, the "Thunderer" exclaimed, fairly startled for the moment out of its measured monotone: "In the name of God, what was done with this immense superiority of force! Oh, what a charm is hereby dispelled! The land spell of the French is broken, and so is our sea spell!" It was manifest to the thickest British apprehension that the superiority of the English to the American navy lay in numbers and armament alone; and that Britannia's sea-rule had passed from the roll of the "eternal verities." Napoleon's prediction in 1803, when Louisiana was ceded, that he had given to England "a maritime rival that would sooner or later humble her pride," had reached an early fulfilment.

Mr. Maclay devotes some space to showing that the figure-juggling resorted to by English writers to explain away English defeats only exemplifies the pliability of figures in the hands of those who have a case to make out. He has taken, we think, some unnecessary trouble here. The childish excuse that in every case (and there were a good many of them) in which a British ship was worsted by an American the latter was superior to the former in guns and tonnage, is a lame one on the face of it. Plainly stated, the truth seems to be that in the naval war of 1812 John Bull, grown somewhat overconfident, was soundly thrashed, at his own style of fighting, by his vigorous offspring. Whatever consolation he may draw from the fact that the victor was his own flesh and blood he is entitled to; but we respectfully decline to entertain the plea that in each encounter he was "out of condition."

Mr. Maclay has spiced his narrative with a sprinkling of anecdotes, one of which (smacking not a little of "Roderick Random") touching Lord William Fitzroy, a son of the Duke of Grafton and the first commander of the "Macedonian," we quote. His lordship was an agree-

able compound of the martinet and the snob:

"He may not have been a first-class sailor, but he was thoroughly conscious of his exalted rank, and was an enthusiastic disciplinarian. Bold indeed was the officer who had the temerity to address him as 'captain,' or to reply to his commands with a 'Yes, sir,' instead of 'My Lord,' or 'Yes, me lud.' The 'Macedonian' had not been many days out on her maiden cruise when an incident happened that will illustrate Captain Fitzroy's temperament. While she was at Lisbon one of the sailors, named Bob Hammond, came aboard intoxicated, and on the next day he received four dozen lashes for the offense. As soon as the punishment had been inflicted, Bob applied himself lustily to the bottle, and before night he was again 'gloriously drunk,' and while in this condition he suddenly conceived the idea of making a sociable call on the captain, just to show that he harbored no ill will for the flogging he had received. Marching up to the quarter-deck, he accosted his commander in the free-and-easy style with which one good fellow should address another, and said, 'Hello, Billy, my boy, is that you?' Observing that he had made an impression, Bob followed up his advantage by saying, 'you are young and foolish, my boy—just fit to launch. You are like a young lion, Billy, all your sorrows are to come.' As soon as the noble lord could recover his voice he shrieked out, 'Put that man in irons!'"

History records that next day Robert was again triced up to the grating, and received his reward in the shape of an extra five dozen from the boatswain's cat. We regret to say that Captain Fitzroy was not aboard the "Macedonian" when she fell in with the "United States" some months later.

The present volume, opening with a *résumé* of colonial maritime matters, treats of the naval phases of the Revolution, of the French and the Tripolitan Wars, and of the War of 1812 up to the action between the "Essex" and the "Phœbe" and the "Cherub," off Valparaiso. The narrative will be continued and the record brought down to date in Vol. II. Print and paper are good, and the illustrations are interesting. We think it regrettable that there are no portraits. Mr. Maclay has evidently written *con amore*; and while his work is free from brag and jingoism, it shows a hearty enthusiasm that goes far to cover minor faults of style. It is a good book to read and to cause to be read—especially now that American patriotism is become a rather parti-colored affair and largely the resultant of a half-dozen or so exotic patriotisms. It will certainly do our racially-diverse coming generation no harm to learn from Mr. Maclay what they owe to the Decatur, Lawrences, and Perrys, the men who made the flag of the young Republic a valid passport on the high seas.

E. G. J.

SOME RECENT EDUCATIONAL BOOKS.*

No feature of current educational history in the most progressive countries is more marked than its literary feature, as expressed both in periodicals and in books. The volume of such literature is constantly swelling. Buisson's list of works in French (*Dictionnaire de Pédagogie*, 1882-87) contains two thousand titles, and is confessedly incomplete; while Compayré states quite correctly that the German language is still richer in such publications. The two great English-speaking countries have done less than France and Germany, but they have still contributed largely to swell the stream. In the United States, besides importing and publishing much of the best that appears abroad, translating it when necessary, we every year produce a considerable number of new educational books, of varying degrees of value, — to say nothing of the mass of periodical publications, in which no doubt we surpass any other country. Unfortunately, we have no American pedagogical bibliography that is complete or approaches completeness. Inferior as our work may be, in some particulars, to the best that is produced abroad, we still have in Dr. Barnard's "Journal of Education" the most valuable magazine of educational knowledge that has ever been collected in any single work in any country. Then the increasing variety of educational literature should be remarked. The two great departments, of course, are theory and practice and history; but the works devoted to these subjects are flanked right and

left by a great array of papers, dissertations, studies, essays, and articles devoted to almost every conceivable educational subject, many of which contain valuable materials that will ultimately find their way into the standard literature of education. It may justly be said that, as the volume of this literature worthily represents the totality of educational activity, so its variety well represents the multiform character of such activity.

Within a generation there has been a noticeable change in the general character of the more permanent literature. A vigorous attempt has been made to remove from mental and moral training the old-time reproach of empiricism, by seeking a scientific basis for its processes. The term "pedagogy" has not only come into reputable use in Germany, France, and Italy, but it has gained considerable headway in the United States, and even made some impression in England. But those who disallow the word recognize the thing. Dr. Bain calls his well-known book "Education Considered as a Science," and other writers give us other combinations of the same words. In this country the new tendency may be very easily illustrated. Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching," published in 1847, was fully abreast of the best thinking of the time, in its particular field. It was an excellent book, and has been more widely read than any other book on teaching ever published in the United States. It is still read, and is still well worth reading, abounding as it does in sound ideas, in admirable illustration, and in enthusiasm. But it is not scientific; the "theory" is as practical as theory can well be made. "Consciousness" is found four times in the index, and is always limited by the phrase "of success"; neither "psychology" nor "mental science" appears. A better book of the old type can scarcely be found, but it does not suit the changed temper of the times.

In no point is the new tendency more pronounced than in the scientific exploration of the child mind; or, using the latest neologism, what is called "paidology." This movement had long been heralded. Rousseau sent his own children to the foundling hospital, but behind doors he would listen eagerly to the talk of the children of others. Madame Neckar advised mothers to note in a journal each step of progress that their children made in all the vicissitudes of physical and moral health. "Like the psychology of the child, pedagogy itself, at least in its first chapters," says Compayré,

* **MENTAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE CHILD.** By W. Preyer, Professor of Physiology in Jena, author of "The Mind of the Child." Part I., The Senses and the Will; Part II., The Development of the Intellect. Translated from the German by H. W. Brown, Teacher in the Normal School at Worcester, Mass. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILDHOOD. By Frederick Tracy, B.A., Fellow in Psychology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

THE SCIENCE OF EDUCATION. Its General Principles Deduced from Its Aim, and the Æsthetic Revelation of the World. By Johann Friedrich Herbart, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Göttingen. Translated from the German, with a biographical introduction, by Henry M. and Emmie Felkin. Preface by Oscar Browning, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

APPERCEPTION: A Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy. By Dr. Karl Lange, Director of the Higher Burgher-School, Plauen, Germany. Translated and presented to American teachers by members of the Herbart Club. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

SYMBOLIC EDUCATION: A Commentary on Froebel's "Mother Play." By Susan E. Blow. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SCHOOL MANAGEMENT: A Practical Treatise for Teachers and all other persons interested in the right training of the young. By Emerson E. White, A.M., LL.D. Chicago: American Book Co.

"ought to be conceived and written near a cradle." No other name is so closely identified with this new line of research as that of Professor Preyer, whose previous treatises, "The Senses and the Will" and "The Development of the Intellect," together constituting one work entitled "The Mind of the Child," are a magazine of facts, carefully observed, closely sifted, and wisely discussed. Preyer's new book, "Mental Development in the Child," is on the same lines, only it is much less comprehensive, and is particularly intended to bring the subject down to date and to initiate mothers into the science of child study. "For after all," the Professor observes, "the observation of mental development in the earliest years naturally falls to the mother more than to any other person. But in order to initiate mothers into so complicated a science as that of psychogenesis, the results already attained in it must be presented to them in a form as easy of assimilation as possible. Other persons also—teachers, both male and female, fathers, older brothers and sisters—are to be induced to consider the importance of the facts in this field, which has indeed been lying open for hundreds of years, but has been little trodden, and is therefore a new field."

For some years American investigators have been pressing into the field of child study, Dr. Stanley Hall leading the way; but no better work has been done by any of these students than by Mr. Tracy in his "Psychology of Childhood." The thesis is not, indeed, fundamentally a study, but rather a compilation of what has been discovered relating to the subject; still, it is also a substantial contribution to knowledge. Particular attention is paid to the subject of language, and not the least valuable feature of the book is its bibliography relating to that topic. Besides fifteen unpublished studies that the author used, he gives one hundred and one titles of printed documents, making much the best list with which we are acquainted.

The publication by the same house in the same year of translations of Herbart's "Science of Education" and Lange's "Apperception" testifies to the growing interest in the pedagogical ideas that Herbart organized into the system that bears his name. Beginning with the postulate that ethics furnishes the end of education and instruction the means, these ideas are both too many and too important to be discussed in this place, beyond the offering of two or three reflections. And first, both pedagogists and practical teachers, when new ideas are

brought before them, or old ideas in a new and striking way, exemplify the tendency to over-emphasis. It may be difficult to over-value such factors in education as interest and apperception, but it is not impossible. The German philosopher no doubt gave to these two factors a new and a well-deserved value, but he did not discover them. Neither do they render simple and easy even those parts of training to which they directly relate. It will not answer to follow the criterion of interest, absolutely, in matters of education. It is often purely factitious, and is by no means difficult of creation. Again, if Herbart over-emphasizes the teacher, he errs on the safe side. Instruction is indeed the complement of experience and intercourse. "Who can dispense with experience and intercourse in education?" asks Herbart. "To do so would be to dispense with daylight and content ourselves with candlelight. Fulness, strength, individual definiteness in all our presentations, practice in the application of the general, contact with the real, with the country and the age, patience with men as they are,—all these must be derived from those original sources of mental life." Still, they are inadequate. "The kernel of our mental being," he continues, "cannot be cultivated with certain results by means of experience and intercourse. Instruction most certainly penetrates deeper into the laboratory of the mind. Only think of the power of every religious doctrine! Think of the dominating influence which a philosophic lecture so easily, nay, almost unawares, exercises over an attentive listener. Add thereto the frightful power of novel-reading,—for all this belongs to instruction, either bad or good. . . . Instruction alone can lay claim to cultivate a balanced all-embracing many-sidedness." Dr. Harris justly remarks, in the preface of the book next to be mentioned, "a correct method is very important in higher education; it is indispensable in primary education." It is all right, indeed absolutely necessary, to lay stress on scholarship in selecting a college professor, but it is unsafe to forget, as some do, that there is a teaching art. There can be little doubt that at present the teaching found in the best public schools, as a whole, is much better than that found in colleges of the same grade of standing. Together with Herbart's "Text Book in Psychology," which appeared in the "International Series" three years ago, these books furnish an excellent outline of the Herbartian system, by its authoritative expounders.

The alternative title to Miss Blow's "Sym-

bolical Education" shows that it is a contribution to the steadily increasing volume of kindergarten literature. To appreciate some of the author's names and headings requires something of that transcendental talent which abounded in Froebel. However, the leading ideas are clearly and forcibly put. Probably many readers will wonder what "vortical education" can be, and we fear that in some cases the feeling will survive a reading of the chapter that bears that name. Still, we find here such paragraphs as this: "Many mothers live *for* their children; fewer live *with* their children; fewer still permit their children to live *with* them. Yet nothing is more certain than that *doing* for children when dissociated from *living* with them breeds selfishness and fails to awaken love. Human hearts can be knit together only by common experiences and sympathies, and every mother would do well to adopt as her motto the words of Luther: 'God, that he might draw man to him, became man; we, if we would draw children to us, must become children.'" The chapter called "Atomism" is a vigorous criticism of Rousseau's central ideas. Deserved stress is laid on the idea of "Member-whole" (*Gleidganzen*), which the editor calls the deepest and most fruitful in the philosophy of education. Dr. Harris opens his preface with some statistics showing the progress that the kindergarten is making. Since 1872 the kindergartens in this country have increased from 42 to 3000, the teachers from 73 to 5000, and the pupils from 1252 to 100,000. Still, we see no reason to swerve from the opinion that Froebel's ideas, in the long run, will influence education far more indirectly through the primary school than directly through the kindergarten.

Few Americans now living have had an equal educational experience with Dr. E. E. White. He has taught in every grade of school from the bottom to the top of the scale, has served as a school superintendent and a college president, and has lectured to tens of thousands of teachers in institutes and summer schools. He was also for many years the editor of a widely and favorably known educational journal, and has reflected patiently and clearly on educational problems. Besides these qualities, he is also master of a clear and direct literary style, and of rich sources of illustration. No man whom we can recall is so well fitted as he to write such a book as "School Management." Very naturally, and also very properly, the standpoint of the book is that of the author's personal experience, observation, and

study. In the best sense, it is a "practical book for teachers, and all other persons interested in the right training of the young." We are confident that there is no better book of the kind extant. Nearly two-thirds of the matter is found in the chapter entitled "Moral Instruction." The author is evidently in accord with the opinion expressed by Dr. Bain: "The difficulties of moral teaching exceed in every way the difficulties of intellectual teaching." The method of proceeding is hampered by so many conditions, that it barely admits of precise demonstration or statement." This chapter will furnish the practical teacher, and the parent also, with more real practical help than any other similar discussion known to us. Dr. White has a firm grasp of the problems of will-training and of motive. He declares in his preface that "the two most obstructive foes of needed progress in school training are *artificialism in motive* and *mechanism in method*." There is also a chapter entitled "Religion in the School." The book deserves the wide circulation that it is sure to command. Its timely appearance is proof that the new devotion to the science of education will not obscure teaching and school management as practical arts.

B. A. HINSDALE.

THE ADVANCE IN EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.*

It is a lamentable fact that there exists in English no adequate text-book of experimental psychology. Although every important seat of learning in the country possesses its psychological laboratory, and although there is considerable uniformity of doctrine in modern psychology,—far more than could have been expected, seeing that the science is not half a century old,—yet the extant text-books are almost as individual and arbitrary in selection and interpretation of facts as were the pre-scientific manuals, from Aristotle to Herbart. Dr. Külpe's book, the work of a pupil of Wundt and Müller, should find a translator; it is the best in the field. The worst that can be said of it is, that its author is too original a psychologist to be content with simple transcription and resumption: he cannot resist the temptation of making, here and there, positive contributions to our psychological knowledge.

Modern psychologists, almost without excep-

* GRUNDRISSE DER PSYCHOLOGIE, AUF EXPERIMENTELLER GRUNDLAGE DARGESTELLT. By O. Külpe. Leipzig: W. Engelmann.

tion, follow Wundt in dividing up the subject-matter of psychology into description and theory of *elements*, and description and theory of *compounds*. Description means here what it means in the natural sciences. By theory is meant the giving of the conditions, psychical and physical, under which a particular state or process of consciousness comes into being. The elements of mind are, possibly, three: sensation, affection (pleasure-pain), conation (effort). Some psychologists (Münsterberg) seek to reduce these to one: sensation. Others posit all three (Ladd); while others, again, regard sensation and conation as underivative, and treat of affection as an attribute of sensation, appearing under certain circumstances (Wundt). For Dr. Külpe the elementary processes are those of sensation and affection,—“effort” being regarded as a complex of sensible qualities, and “will” (*e. g.*, in attention) as an inference from the phenomena of mental inhibition. “Will” is not given in experience; it is the supposed psychical cause of these facts of inhibition, which is hypostatized, and then introduced into experience.

It must not be imagined that the psychologist chooses his “elements” at random. The difficulty of decision points simply to the difficulty of introspective analysis; and this will grow less and less, as the methodology of the science is perfected. The radicalness of sensation is not disputed. That of pleasure and pain is arguable, but can, I think, be demonstrated. The existence of a separate conative process it is at present impossible either to prove or to disprove. Only we may be certain of one thing: that the final appeal must be, not to untrained self-observation, but to experiment; to controlled and repeated self-observation. If we find any set of experimental results, which cannot be adequately interpreted in terms of sensation and pleasure-pain alone, we are justified in assuming the influence of a third process, which crosses and modifies these. Such results would be, *e. g.*, those of recent investigations into the so-called time-sense, or into the “oscillations of attention.” It is here, and among similar facts, that the criterion must be looked for; and there is no reason to despair of its discovery.

Of the 470 pages of his *Grundriss*, Dr. Külpe devotes 250 to the elements of mind, 150 to their simpler and less permanent combinations, and the rest to conscious “states” (attention, self-consciousness, sleep, hypnosis, etc.). Of the 250, sensation claims 200: its consideration, *i. e.*, occupies much less than

half the book. And in this are included a long and masterly exposition of the psychophysical measurement methods, and a very original and thorough-going discussion of reproduction and association. It can never again, then, be made a reproach to experimental psychology, that it is incompetent to handle anything else than sensation. And yet why should the preponderance of the treatment of sensation, in a scientific psychology, be in itself a matter for reproach? There are from fifty to a hundred thousand irreducible qualities of sensation: there are at best but two qualities of affection, and one of conation. And even when sensations are grouped under modalities, by reference to the various sense-organs, we have qualities from those of sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch (skin and articular surface), temperature, strain (tendons), fatigue (muscle), equilibrium (semicircular canals), and from the internal organs of the body. So that less must always be said of affection and conation than is said of sensation: they have fewer qualities, of which anything can be said. The current objection applies only to that pseudo-psychology which is based upon sensation statistics. These, it is true, can never supply trustworthy inferences for individual psychology. *Le chiffre, c'est un grand mensonge* is, perhaps, truer here than it was in its original connexion.

The author distinguishes two forms of the combination of mental elements: the *fusion* and the *association*. In the former occurs a blending of the intensive and qualitative aspects of conscious content; in the latter, an approximation of their temporal or spatial attributes. The fusion is different from any of its constituents; a new, total process overshadows the original, component processes (*e. g.*, a chord in music). In the association, on the contrary, the primary factors become even more distinct than they were in their previous state of isolation (*cf.* the contrast of colors upon a playing card). Emotion and impulse are thus analyzed as fusions; our space-constructions and voluntary actions as associations. The distinction promises to become fundamental in future psychologies. Dr. Külpe's treatment is necessarily condensed, but none the less clear and continuous.

The book is not “easy reading,” even for the comparatively advanced student; but it will amply repay labor spent upon it. It is well printed, and contains a good index in addition to the table of contents.

E. B. TITCHENER.

STUDIES IN SOCIAL SCIENCE.*

With exaggerated optimism, Mr. W. H. Mallock, in writing of "Labour and the Popular Welfare," attempts to brush away all efforts for a fairer distribution of wealth. He claims that rent secures in Great Britain only two and one-fourth per cent of the national income; whereas Mr. Giffin's figures, on which Mr. Mallock's estimate is based, giving £65,039,000 as the total income of lands, are entirely misleading. "Lands" in the British income-tax include farm-houses, but not urban land or railroad or mineral or forest lands, which far exceed the value of agricultural land. Mr. Mallock further arouses suspicion by all manner of calculations as to how little of wealth would be each one's share on an equal "divvy," and how difficult or impossible it would be to divide equally among a million people some costly mantle or carpet in the palace of a duke. Because the much greater annual product *per capita* to-day over a century ago can be ascribed to brain-power and the growth of capital, more than to increased efficiency of manual labor, the author endorses, with some exceptions, the general proposition that all the results of past ability should of right be the monopoly of living ability, though he holds that, in fact, labor is securing a larger and larger proportion of the product. This conclusion radically differs from that of the best American authority on the subject, Mr. Holmes of the U. S. Mortgage Census, who in the December number of the "Political Science Quarterly" estimates that nine per cent of our population own seventy-one per cent of our country's wealth, and 3-100 of one per cent, or 4,097 families, own one-fifth of it, or seventenths as much as 11,593,887 families. And according to the same authority, this inequality is much greater than it was twenty and forty years ago.

In marked contrast with Mallock's book is that on "The Labor Movement," by Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, an M.A., and Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Writing from the standpoint of the moderate Fabian Socialists, and at the same time being well read in Marshall and other recent economists, Mr. Hobhouse presents the most reasonable discussion of trades unions, coöperation, and gradual extension of societary action, that has yet appeared

*LABOUR AND THE POPULAR WELFARE. By W. H. Mallock. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. By L. T. Hobhouse, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

SOCIALISM: ITS GROWTH AND OUTCOME. By William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

INDUSTRIAL ARBITRATION AND CONCILIATION. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PUBLIC ASSISTANCE OF THE POOR IN FRANCE. By Emily Greene Balch, A.B. Baltimore: American Economic Association.

A COLONY OF MERCY; or, Social Christianity at Work. By Julie Sutter. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

from the Fabian standpoint. Nothing is said of Karl Marx's exploded theory of surplus value; and where any really great changes in industrial organization are advocated, their full realization is considered so distant and their precise form so uncertain, while the justice underlying the proposed changes is so strongly presented, as to disarm much criticism. How far a better educated society than ours will be able to work out the suggestions of the Fabians, depends much on the extent to which ambition for social honor, place, and difference of salary, will equal in motive force the profit-making ambition of present business. We may not all be so confident on this point as Mr. Hobhouse, but we cannot fail to be stimulated by his treatment of it. A brief quotation or two will show his point of view. He does not favor the poor because of superior worth, but because of greater need. Admitting that improved environment is only an antecedent condition for the development of moral forces, and does not of necessity produce such improved morality, he says:

"There is no spite in the Labor movement of to-day, but there is a strong sense of the poverty and misery around us, and a clear conviction that a better use might be made of our enormous wealth. We have no wish to send the rich empty away, but, cost what it may, we are determined to fill the hungry with some of the good things of life. . . . Collective control has not so much to make people good and happy, as to establish the necessary conditions of goodness and happiness, leaving it to individual effort and voluntary association to develop freely and spontaneously all the fair flower and fruit of human intercourse and knowledge and beauty which can spring from a sound root firmly planted in life-giving earth."

The work on the growth and outcome of Socialism, by the well-known writers Mr. William Morris and Mr. E. B. Bax, is most disappointing. Its historical part lacks in judicial and philosophical breadth and candor. The present private ownership of capital and land is treated as a conspiracy, against which even violence is not blameworthy, rather than as an historical evolution whose work is certainly not yet accomplished, however great may be some of its evils. At least until a new social conscience and a far greater intelligence among the people are developed, all true students must agree that such private ownership is a necessity. Our authors appear to rejoice at the passage by the Commune of "enactments of a distinctly socialistic nature, involving the suspension of contracts, abolition of rents, and confiscation of the means of production"; while the destruction of the Column Vendôme, "that base piece of Napoleonic upholstery," is spoken of as "another mark of the determination to hold no parley with the old jingo legends." The surplus-value theory of Marx, overthrown by Boehm-Bawerk and others before him, and no longer insisted on by many Fabian Socialists, is endorsed here. The authors present many suggestions and ideals for the future. A gradual

evolution, with possibly some degree of violence at a late stage, will, it is thought, practically eradicate our capitalistic system. Our present national government will largely disappear; instead will come a universal federative State, in which industry will be conducted by villages or cities and by trade associations. Our authors appear at their best when outlining the past and future of art and the mission of machinery—pages presumably written in large part by the artist-poet Morris.

The growing power of women in the domain of social science is well illustrated in the fact that they are the authors of four of the seven books included in the present review. In "Industrial Arbitration and Conciliation," Mrs. Lowell, after briefly summarizing the work of the famous boards of conciliation and arbitration in the North of England, gives for the first time, in English at least, an account of a successful experiment of the same kind among the ignorant and poorly-paid miners of Belgium, in the collieries of Bascoup and Mariemont. Where success has been attained in these methods of industrial peace, it is shown to be largely due to the readiness of the employer to deal considerately, and on terms of equality, with committees of his men and of labor organizations. The most valuable part of the book for Americans is the clear account of the formation and working of the system of conciliation and yearly contracts between organizations of employers and of men in some of the building trades of New York, Boston, and Chicago, where employers have found it decidedly to their interest to recognize the unions, to employ none but union men at eight and nine hours a day, and have yearly contracts and standing committees of conference and conciliation with the representatives of the unions. Even where the contractors felt justified in crushing a certain union in New York because of its alleged arbitrary character, they at once helped reorganize it. Mrs. Lowell should get out a new edition of her work, incorporating studies of the Massachusetts and New York boards of arbitration, such as she in part attempted in her paper before the American Social Science Association in 1891. The remarkable history of conciliation in the Ohio and Western Pennsylvania coal fields, which the reviewer once tried to cover for its first three years up to 1889, should also be included and brought down to date. Unfortunately, the best-known example hitherto of conciliation in America—the arrangement of the sliding-scale in steel and iron work—has been greatly shattered by the weakness of the Amalgamated Association and the arbitrary action of the Carnegie Company at Homestead.

Mrs. Helen Campbell has drawn from the little-read reports of our various bureaus of labor statistics, and from other original sources, a vivid account of "Women Wage-Earners" in America. In a new edition, which we understand she contemplates issuing, we hope she may not only incorporate the figures on the subject, now just appearing, of the cen-

sus of 1890, but may add the little that can be gathered of facts about women in our trades-unions, and may also consider the optimistic side of women's work brought out by Miss Katherine Coman of Wellesley before the Labor Congress in Chicago last summer.

Miss Balch has given us an excellent summary of the history and principles underlying the relief of the unemployed and needy in France, which is especially timely just now. Two principles everywhere appear in French poor-relief. One is the lack of recognition of any duty by society to provide for the pauper class. The state department and commune largely aid private charities, but are not disturbed as they would be, in theory at least, in England and America, in case no provision whatever for pauperism should exist in hundreds of communes, or inadequate provision in others. The second principle is the strict control by the state and minor public bodies of all private charity. All are supervised by public officials; and without their consent no money can be collected, even in churches, for charitable purposes. Although there appear to be fewer paupers in France than in England, it cannot with any certainty be ascribed to this system of relief. French thrift—a racial characteristic, stimulated by admirable school and postal savings-banks and public pawnshops, briefly touched upon in this monograph—seem more responsible. In fact, there has of late in France been some approach to the English system; but that amusing terror over any socialistic measures, which is the outcome of so many revolutions, and, as Professor Gide has shown, has bound nearly all French economists hard and fast to the car of extreme conservatism, operates also to prevent recognition of any duty of the state to the poor. Although Miss Balch does not make the comment, it seems as if the very refusal of the state to actually undertake much poor-relief is driving it into a greater interference with real liberty, through its resulting control of private philanthropy, than would follow from the nominally mere socialistic English and American plan, however great the shortcomings in execution of this English system.

Miss Julie Sutter, in "A Colony of Mercy, or Social Christianity at Work," has shown how Germany has well-nigh completely solved the problem of the proper care of both the professional tramp and of the far more important honest traveller in search of work. There are three parts to the German system: the Labor Colonies, of which there are now twenty-six; the Relief Stations, of which there are two thousand; and the Homes, of which there are four hundred. Pastor von Bodelschwingh, the hero of Miss Sutter's book, was chiefly concerned in developing the Labor Colonies by his wonderful success in the first of them at Bethel, near Bielefeld in Westphalia. Started in 1867 as a home for epileptics, other features were from time to time added. The Labor Colony, called Wilhelmsdorf—named for the then Crown Prince,

Frederick William—was started in 1882, to reclaim to honest livelihood the submerged population of the district. No one is allowed to stay in any one colony more than a year and eleven months, and may leave at any time, with the right to draw through the postoffice, at any safe distance from any outlying saloons, the small earnings allowed besides board. He needs no money immediately, thanks to the Relief Stations, as he can tramp all over Germany without a penny in his pocket, if honestly in search of work. By no means all are reclaimed, but military discipline and the industrious habits required at the Colony work wonderful results. Bodelschwingh showed the magistrates of the province that under favorable conditions economy pointed toward the providing of work for the beggar, instead of letting him prey upon the people. A grant was made by the province, and the success of the venture was so far proved that each of the other twenty-five colonies, started by private action, has received grants from the province upon organization, and subsidies, as there is need. Much is done by private effort and contribution, but public reports are rendered annually, and the colonies are to all intent public organizations. This state aid and supervision is claimed to be one element of their great success. Ten thousand unemployed pass through them yearly. An outgrowth of this work, the Natural-Verpflegungs Station, or Relief Station, must be referred to. They extend all over the land, but a half-day's journey apart, where the tramp or unemployed may stay one night, working a half-day for his lodging and meals. He then must pass to the next station, first having his name recorded in a book, or receiving a vagrancy certificate, which he carries. Each station is an employment agency for its own district, and the probability is that unless he be a willing idler he will find some work in the course of his tramp. If he is proved an inveterate tramp, the workhouse is likely to receive him at last. These stations partly support themselves by work done, the deficiency being supplied by the district, all realizing that "it is cheaper to aid your beggar than to let him beg." Eight thousand on the average stay in these Stations every night. A still more advanced form of help is the Herberge zur Heimath, or Homes, where the journeyman artisan, travelling for work, may lodge at lowest possible rates. These Homes are not forms of parish relief, as are the others, but rather are efforts to supply food and lodging to the recipient at mere cost, and also to furnish for resident workmen in the neighborhood a chance to smoke, buy a single glass of beer if sober, and secure the light and companionship which in America are only to be found in the saloon. The 13,000 beds in these places are always full, the price for meals and lodging being thirty-six cents a day. Miss Sutter strongly emphasizes throughout the work that the Labor Colony, and nearly all of the many other lines of work carried on at Bethel, which unfortunately cannot be touched upon here, owe their success and wide-

spread influence primarily to the wonderful self-devotion of Pastor von Bodelschwingh, united to his remarkable ability as a financier and business manager; and she is convinced that no such work could hope for similar success without some such strong personality at the helm. This country bids fair to discover before long that the same spirit has been working quietly, and is making itself widely felt in such work as is being done at Hull House and a few other such settlements. Miss Sutter's book is fascinating in interest, and most valuable in suggestion to all students of the problem of the unemployed.

EDWARD W. BEMIS.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The Schoolmaster in Literature, and Folk-lore studies. Two neatly-printed volumes, both by the same author and publishers (American Book Company), are worthy of being commended to the attention of the teacher and the general reader. The one is entitled "The Schoolmaster in Literature," and contains choice selections from the writings of Ascham, Molière, Fuller, Rousseau, Shenstone, Goethe, Cowper, Pestalozzi, Page, Mitford, Brontë, Hughes, Dickens, Thackeray, Irving, George Eliot, and others, with an introduction by Dr. Edward Eggleston. The compilation is made to show "the part played by the schoolmaster in the literature of diverse ages and of different nations." As stated by Dr. Eggleston, "it is quite worth while to take the ideal of a good schoolmaster constructed by quaint old Thomas Fuller, and put it alongside the Blimbers, and to place Shenstone's village school,

'Where sits the dame disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng and turns her wheel around,'

in juxtaposition with the immaculate Miss Pinkerton's most respectable seat of learning in Chiswick Mall, or with quaint old Bartle Mussey's night-school for full-grown men." Teachers' reading-circles will find an abundance of amusement and instruction in this work. The other volume is "Readings in Folk-lore," being a series of short studies on the mythology of America, Great Britain, the Norse countries, Germany, India, Syria, Egypt, and Persia, with selections from standard literature relating thereto. The author, Mr. Hubert M. Skinner, has given in this work a very fair conception of the mythology and folk-lore of the various peoples mentioned. The meaning of mythology and folk-lore is presented with fulness and accuracy, and the selections show to what use these things can be put by the poet. The selection has been made with excellent judgment. Mr. Skinner sometimes goes astray in orthography—as when he writes *Frigga* for Frigg, the wife of Odin, *Hela* for Hel, the goddess of death; but in such things many eminent writers have stumbled, and the blemishes are not of a kind to mar the work materially. Corrections should, however, be made in a new edition.

*The biography of
Joseph E. Johnston.*

The life of Joseph E. Johnston, by Robert M. Hughes, in the "Great Commanders" series (Appleton), may serve a useful purpose in removing the impression, which the general history of the Civil War is apt to produce, that Johnston was an unsuccessful commander; an estimate as unjust as that which would place him on a level with Washington, Grant, Thomas, or Lee. Like McClellan, Johnston was a good organizer; but as a general in the field it is doubtful if he was in any way *great*. Like McClellan, he seems never to have thought he had forces enough to do what he was set to do; although it must be confessed that he estimated the forces opposed to him more accurately than McClellan was usually able to do. General Johnston was careful, however, of such forces as he commanded; and this may account for the caution of Sherman while conducting operations against him. But if Johnston was not a great general, he always proved himself a good soldier; his plans seem to have been well formed, and based on correct theories of strategy. He deserves the credit of winning the first battle of Manassas—if, indeed, that fight can be truly called a victory for the Confederates, who were left in possession of the field. His conduct of the retreat up the Peninsular, and of the battle of Seven Pines to the moment of his being wounded and forced to relinquish the command, was such as perhaps to justify his biographer in claiming that had he continued in command he would have scored a substantial triumph. As regards the part played by Johnston in the Vicksburg campaign, it should be remarked that the forces he controlled were too few to enable him to accomplish any substantial result, and Pemberton's disobedience prevented the saving of the army he commanded, which would probably have been effected had Johnston's directions been followed. The conduct of the retreat from Dalton to Atlanta seems to be the achievement on which General Johnston's reputation as a military leader must always chiefly rest. In reading Mr. Hughes's account of this exploit, one cannot help feeling that not one movement made by the Confederate army was wrong, and that every movement was managed with great skill; yet General Hood, who relieved General Johnston, in his book, "Advance and Retreat," claims with considerable force that the constant withdrawal from before the enemy demoralized the Confederates, and was more injurious than the loss of many lives would have been. The reader cannot fail to admire the personal character of General Johnston. He served the cause he had espoused faithfully and zealously; he was able to bear injustice and slights with dignity and patience, and in the end to accept the results of the war with good faith and resignation, and to serve his reunited country with credit to her and to himself, winning the respect and confidence of his late adversaries, and holding the love and confidence of his state and section to the end of a long and useful life.

*The 17th century
in European
history.*

Mr. Henry Offley Wakeman has dealt with the fifth of the eight "Periods of European History" (Macmillan) to be covered by the series of volumes which Mr. Arthur Hassall is now editing. Mr. Wakeman's period is, roughly, the seventeenth century; exactly, the years 1598–1715. It is "the period when Europe, shattered in its political and religious ideas by the Reformation, reconstructed its political system upon the principle of territorialism under the rule of absolute monarchs. It opens with Henry IV., it closes with Peter the Great. It is, therefore, the century in which the principal European States took the form and acquired the position in Europe which they have held more or less up to the present time. A century in which France takes the lead in European affairs, and enters on a course of embittered rivalry with Germany, in which England assumes a position of first importance in the affairs of Europe, in which the Emperor, ousted from all effective control over German politics, finds the true centre of his power on the Danube, in which Prussia becomes the dominant state in north Germany, in which Russia begins to drive in the Turkish outposts on the Pruth and the Euxine—a century, in short, which saw the birth of the Franco-German Question and of the Eastern Question." This passage from the opening chapter shows the main lines upon which Mr. Wakeman has dealt with the subject. He has left out some things, such as "Portugal and the Papacy, the internal affairs of Spain, Italy, and Russia." It must also be remembered that the history of England enters only incidentally into the plan of the series to which this volume belongs. The development of the French monarchy is naturally the central subject of the work. The style is pleasing, and the book more readable than manuals of such compactness are likely to be. The author's judgments are now and then open to question, as when he gives Turgot less credit as a minister of finance than is accorded to Sully or Colbert, or when he makes the statement that the monarchies of Europe are now as absolute as they were in the seventeenth century. This statement is really extraordinary.

*Child-life
in Japan.*

"The Wee Ones of Japan" (Harper), by Mae St. John Bramhall, is principally, if not entirely, a reprint of a series of articles recently published in "Harper's Bazaar." The subject is written up, with the exception of an occasional "gush," in a charming way; and is finely illustrated by Mr. C. D. Weldon, with typical Japanese pictures. The work is marred by errors, mostly typographical, in the transliteration of Japanese words. But, in spite of these minor faults, the book is interesting; and, though it gives nothing specially new, it shows that the author has gained a clear insight into the life and spirit of Japanese children. Having "omitted all mention of the 'made-over' Japanese child" with knee-breeches, shoes, stockings, etc., the author succeeds

in giving a good picture of the child-life of old Japan. The five chapters, extending over 136 pages, tell of the indoor and outdoor games and sports of Japanese children; of the family life, with its "sternest discipline and frolicsome joyousness"; of the physical appearance, the dress, the diet, the mental and moral training of the boys and girls; of their recreations, such as theatre-going, card-playing (more instructive than amusing, like our "Authors," "Logomachy," etc.), temple-outings, feasts of flowers (each in its season); of the Feast of Dolls (for girls only); of the Feast of Flags (for boys only); of the New Year's festivities for all, even children of a larger growth; and of the ceremonial and hereditary politeness in private and in public. There are also interesting digressions with reference to the beloved Empress, who, childless, is the kind mother of 41,000,000 people, and the sympathizing helper especially of the 20,000,000 and more of women of that land; and to the law and ethics (if there were any) of the married state, which, so far as the woman is concerned, is appropriately called, not "wedlock," but "padlock."

*A volume
of sprightly
essays.*

In the style of sprightly allusiveness made familiar of late by the essays of Mr. Lang, Mr. Birrell, and Mr. Stevenson, are the papers included by Mr. W. P. James in his volume of "Romantic Professions" (Macmillan). These eight essays, which are reprinted magazine articles, are remarkable for finish and point; their writer has a sort of genius for style, and there is not a dull page in his book. For the rest, they are the kind of thing that may be produced by any man who will keep a note-book, and, when enough instances have accumulated under some particular head, will take the pains to serve up his facts in an attractive way, seasoning them with satire, sentiment, and wit. It must be admitted that Mr. James does the seasoning unusually well. A pleasant example of the author's manner is this opening paragraph from the closing essay: "A writer in the 'Daily News,' for reasons of his own, entered a protest lately against what he called the *Magnum Opus* theory. A man's friends and acquaintances, he complained, were continually urging him to write a Great Work. It was in vain that the victim protested that he did not want to write a Great Work; or that he had written a Great Work which nobody ever heard of; or that he could not live (in this mortal state) by a Great Work, and must produce things which would yield him his daily bread. He might have added that if he did write one, the very last to read it would be these same monitors."

*Specimens of
American humor.*

We have had collections of French, Italian, German, and Dutch humor in the "Humour" series (Scribner), and have read them with an occasional gleam of intelligence, but predominated by the feeling always experienced by the uninitiated in the presence of work that is clearly esoteric in its appeal. Neither

the humor nor the lyric poetry of one race can ever be successfully put into the language of another. The only way to get at them, to pluck out the heart of their mystery, is to read one's self into the languages to which they belong, and view them in the light of the body of associations that cluster about those languages. A volume of "American Humour" has just been prepared for this series by Mr. James Barr, and here, at least, the American reader may feel at home. The selection is a good one, for it minimizes the newspaper variety of our native humor that stands for the species with many innocent persons, and gives us good examples from such men as Saxe, Lowell, Irving, "Artemas Ward," and Benjamin Franklin. Even Hawthorne figures in the collection, and, after the first shock is over, we must recognize the distinctly humorous quality of Mr. Higginbotham's "Catastrophe," the piece chosen to represent our most serious writer and greatest literary artist. Among living humorists, we have good examples from Messrs. Harte, Clemens, Warner, Bunner, Aldrich, Howells, Cable, and Holmes. There is also a really useful bibliographical index, the first dictionary of American humorists (as far as we know) that has ever been made. It includes nearly two hundred writers (many more than are represented by selections), among them such unexpected names as those of Major André, President John Quincy Adams, Mather Byles, Mr. Chauncey Depew, and Thomas Morton ("of Clifford's Inne, gent," upon the strength of his ridicule of the Puritans! A few Canadians are included in this index.

*Selections
from Gray,
prose and verse.*

Mr. William Lyon Phelps, to whose careful study of the English Romantic Movement we called attention a few weeks ago, has edited for the "Athenæum Press" series (Ginn) a volume of selections from Gray, in both prose and verse. He gives as an excuse for this edition the fact that Gray's prose and verse are not commonly found in one volume; but still better reasons are provided by the carefully-edited text (which is "closer to the original editions than anything published since Gray's death"), by the exposure of some more of Mr. Gosse's blunders, by the study of Gray's literary development, and by the helpful body of annotations. In his introduction, Mr. Phelps opposes Arnold's theory of Gray's sterility, and accounts for the fact in a more commonplace but more convincing way. "Gray was a scholar, devoted to solitary research, and severely critical; this kind of temperament is not primarily creative, and does not toss off immortal poems every few weeks." But possibly the prosaic spirit of the age had something to do with it also. An interesting chapter of the book is contributed by Professor G. L. Kittredge, who discusses "Gray's Knowledge of Old Norse," and incidentally shows that Mr. Gosse is weak in one of his own special strongholds. The statement of the latter that "The Fatal Sisters" and "The Descent of Odin" were translated direct from the Icelandic is shown to be entirely baseless.

*A transition
period in the
English Church.*

Anyone first seeing the title of the Rev. Dr. John H. Overton's "The English Church in the Nineteenth Century" (Longmans) would be apt to wonder why its author had not waited until the century had closed before attempting to write its history. And when, upon closer examination, it is revealed that this is a sketch of the English Church in the first third only of the present century, it would appear that the title was a misnomer. Be this as it may, the book has a peculiar mission to perform, somewhat analogous to that of the historical books in the Apocryphas. And it fulfils this mission admirably, furnishing a detailed picture of a period hitherto much slighted by historical writers. Dr. Overton not only emphasizes the importance of a knowledge of this period as necessary to a full appreciation of the lively times that followed in the Tractarian Movement, but he actually relieves his subject of much of its dullness. It must be admitted that his careful attention to men who are otherwise unknown gives to his work something of the character of a local history, and rather emphasizes the insularity of the English Church; still, the book comes opportunely, and properly belongs on the same shelf with Dean Church's "Oxford Movement," Liddon's "Pusey," and Prothero's "Dean Stanley."

*The Memoirs of
Gen. Pendleton of
the Southern Army.*

The life of William Nelson Pendleton, D.D., who was rector of Latimer Parish, Lexington, Va., both before and after the war, a Brigadier-General C. S. A. and Chief of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia during that great struggle, and sometime professor in several institutions of learning, bears a striking resemblance to that of Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General, whose biography was recently reviewed in THE DIAL. The Memoirs of Pendleton (Lippincott), prepared by his daughter, Mrs. Lee, are more in the nature of family memoirs than is the biography of Polk. The point of view from which they are written is emphatically Southern, though undoubtedly the pictures given of the horrors of the war are accurate. A little more careful editing of documents might have been done in the interests of good English. It gives one something of a shock to find a learned Bishop writing, "It looks like it may be my duty" to do something which he names; and a boy's remark, "I thought you was dead," might judiciously have been corrected before being put into cold print.

*A volume of
astonishing
adventures.*

The author of "The Adventures in Algiers of Matthew Dudgeon, Gent." (Longmans), a tale "now for the first time printed," shows a very pretty talent for drawing the long bow. The story of a man taken by Algerine pirates and sold into slavery in Morocco is not exactly a new one; but the present writer has managed to furbish up the old theme acceptably, and he has added a variation in the shape of the corresponding tales told by his supposed fellow-

captives—a Kurd, a Spaniard, a German, a noble lady of Florence, etc. While hardly up to Münchenhausen in point of mendacity, Master Dudgeon nevertheless does pretty well, as the following may testify: "One thing occurred during the fight which I did then look upon as of evil omen: at a broadside which we both fired at the same instant, one of their shot met one of ours in mid-air, and in the encounter split in two pieces, one of which flew back upon our captain and killed him. Truly it was a marvellous chance that he should thus be slain by one of his own shot." A carper might suggest that the incident itself was scarcely so "marvellous" as the eyesight that followed it.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Completion of Macmillan's "Dryburgh Waverley" is now near at hand, twenty of the twenty-five volumes having been issued. The last five received by us are "Quentin Durward," "St. Ronan's Well," "Redgauntlet," "The Betrothed and Highland Widow," and that old-time favorite of all healthy youth, "The Talisman." Each of these volumes has its special set of original drawings, those of "The Talisman," for example, being ten in number, the work of Mr. Godfrey C. Hindley. They are unusually spirited, as befits the stirring scenes that they illustrate. This volume also contains some of the "Chronicles of the Canongate."

"Mathematics for Common Schools" (Heath) is an arithmetical treatise by Mr. John H. Walsh. There are three parts, primary, intermediate, and higher, each in a distinct volume. The "higher" section of the work includes those elementary parts of algebra and geometry that educational opinion is more and more coming to demand should be included in the grammar school curriculum. In making room for this new matter, the author does not seem to have missed anything essential, and his book is to be commended as being in the line of a much needed educational reform.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," with the Chandos portrait for a frontispiece, and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," with an engraving of the bust in Stratford Church, have just been added to the "Temple" Shakespeare (Macmillan). A charming feature of each of these little volumes is a prefatory tribute to the poet, from some one of his early admirers. Ben Jonson and L. Digges are thus far represented. The prefaces and notes by Mr. Israel Gollancz strike the happy mean between penurious reserve and exhaustive pedantry.

Miss Julia Raymond Gingell has made a selection of "Aphorisms from the Writings of Herbert Spencer" (Appleton), which appears prefaced by a fine portrait of the philosopher. Mr. Spencer's lumbering style can hardly be characterized as aphoristic, and many of Miss Gingell's selections, such as "a man's character may be told by the company he keeps," are but bald expressions of commonplace thought. "Only by varied iteration can alien conceptions be forced on reluctant minds" is an "aphorism" which Mr. Spencer's writings abundantly and humorously illustrate.

"Un Cheval de Phidias" is one of the earliest writings of M. Victor Cherbuliez, having been published somewhere in the sixties. It is a playful study of Greek horsemanship and related archæological topics put into

the form of a story, or at least of a series of *causeries*. Under the title "A Phidian Horse: Art and Archæology on the Acropolis" (Wanamaker) the book has been translated by Mrs. Thomas Roberts, with the consent of the author. A series of photogravure illustrations add to its attractiveness.

Under the title "Ausgewählte Meisterwerke des Mittelalters" (Heath) Miss Carla Wenckebach has edited a series of selections from the masterpieces of Middle High German literature. The selections are translated into modern German, in some cases by the editor. We have examples from the "Waltharilied," the "Nibelungenlied," "Parzival," "Tristan und Isolde," "Das Narrenschiff," "Das Volksbuch von Dr. Faust," and many other sources. The object of the work is to attract attention to the originals and lead to their study. But the value of a book of mere translations appears to us questionable.

Mr. Frank M. Gibson's "The Amateur Telescopic Handbook" (Longmans) is designed for possessors of instruments without equatorial mounting, and with the modest aperture of two or three inches. It does not conflict with Webb, for that manual is mainly designed for use with telescopes of higher powers. Mr. Gibson gives us, besides classified lists of celestial objects, a good many hints about the construction of telescopes and the precautions to be taken in their use.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, May 10, 1894.

The Copyright questions touched upon in my last letter have brought me further information as to the working of the Act of 1891. A sufficient time has now passed to enable publishers generally to understand what methods of procedure to follow in securing themselves and their authors here and abroad. Single stories, poems, and articles in English periodicals, which have not been "placed" in the United States, are now sent over in advance to this country, put in type, and issued in pamphlet form on the day of the periodical's publication in England, thus securing copyright here for the same matter when subsequently issued in book form. It is becoming more and more dangerous to reprint such articles from English magazines, especially if the authors are distinguished. All this has, of course, become the *a b c* of the trade among publishers; but it will be in the nature of information to many of the writing guild. Such copyrighted matter as that just mentioned is published here in three different ways: first, by the American branch of the English house; second, by an American publishing house which is the agent of the English firm; third, by the private agent of the English publisher. In any case protection is legally secured.

So thoroughly do the English houses understand this question, and in so many cases have they established branch firms here for the publication of their own books, that a leading Boston author was tempted to remark to the head of a large American publishing house that the chief effect of the International Copyright Act seemed to be to enable English publishing firms to establish branch houses here, manufacture duplicate plates, and flood the market with English books. This is only partially true, however, as most English publishers still prefer to issue their books through American houses, who manufacture the plates for both sides of the ocean.

As to American authors, they no longer have to com-

pete with five-cent editions of current books by leading English authors, but issue their works in even competition with the latter. In view of the working of the Act, there may be a modicum of wisdom in requiring plates to be manufactured in this country, as otherwise we *might* be swamped by cheap English sheets in a way to shut off American authors and publishers from fair competition. These are the views of a protectionist, however, and I understand that those interested in copyright reform insist that protection and free trade ought not to enter into the question.

International Copyright is now secured between the United States and Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, and Italy. The American Copyright League, so its secretary tells me, is now working for copyright with Greece, Norway and Sweden, Spain, and Austria. Russia is considered hopeless on account of the press-censorship. Austria, I believe, objects to the printing clause. Oddly enough, the printing clause is not considered a grave objection by the Spanish authorities, but they do object seriously to the requirement that American editions of Spanish books be registered at Washington and the fee paid before copyright can be secured. In most international copyright agreements between European countries, registration in the author's country is all that is necessary for protection in other countries. Our late minister to Spain, the Hon. E. Burd Grubb, was unable to overcome this objection on the part of the Spanish authorities. It has been suggested that a certificate of copyright from the United States consul at Madrid, or from the Spanish minister of foreign affairs, could be made to serve at Washington by a special act of Congress. The benefit would accrue chiefly to Spanish authors, so that Spanish hindrance seems absurd.

Congress, by the way, has passed the bill giving Librarian Spofford an increased clerical force in the Copyright department, although the House reduced the appropriation—\$10,000, I think, it was—one-third. This increase will be very helpful to Mr. Spofford, and he proposes to make it serve if possible. Business in the Copyright department had reached a point of arrears in which it required six months to reach and return the copyright certificates sent in by publishers.

Among forthcoming books to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. is "The Friendship of Nature," by Mabel Osgood Wright, a daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Osgood of New York, who exerted a wide influence in literary and scientific circles. Mrs. Wright's book has for its sub-title "A Chronicle of New England Birds and Flowers," and will appeal strongly to sentimental lovers of Nature. There will be an *édition de luxe* limited to 250 copies.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons will issue on May 25 the authorized translation of the Rev. Paul Sabatier's "Life of Saint Francis of Assisi," which has passed through several editions in Paris and created much talk in clerical circles. Alphonse Daudet has remarked of it that "for long, very long, nothing has moved me so deeply as this lofty, simple story." The same firm will publish, in quite another line, "The Navigator's Pocket-Book," by Captain Howard Patterson. It is intended especially as a handy guide for yachtsmen, among whom Captain Patterson has classes in navigation. Messrs. Scribner's Sons are also bringing out a popular series of fiction for summer reading, of which the books by Bliss Perry and Noah Brooks, already announced, form the opening volumes.

The annual dinner of the Authors Club took place in this city this evening and was attended by about one hundred members and guests. Among the latter were Mr. John Burroughs, Mr. George W. Cable, Professor Lounsbury of Yale, and Mr. Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Frank R. Stockton presided, and in his opening address referred to the increasing prosperity and influence of the Club, but said that after all its chief characteristic was that of being "a band of jolly good fellows." Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, of the honorary members, read an original poem. He was followed by Mr. Jefferson, who spoke in his mellowest and wittiest vein. Mr. Burroughs gave a little allegory, drawing a poetic contrast between the pursuit of literature and the cultivation of the vine. Speeches were made by Mr. Cable, Professor Lounsbury, Mr. George Haven Putnam, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, President Low of Columbia, and others. Among those present were Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, Prof. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, Mr. Laurence Hutton, Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman, Dr. James M. Ludlow, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Mr. Charles G. Whiting of the "Springfield Republican," and Messrs. Francis Howard Williams and Harrison S. Morris of Philadelphia.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Miss Laurence Alma-Tadema has in press a novel called "The Wings of Icarus."

Messrs. Ginn & Co. announce "The Technique of Sculpture," by Mr. William Ordway Partridge.

Mr. Henry T. Finck is writing a book about Japan, which will be published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is in this country in search of health, and will spend some months on a farm in California.

The Hartford Seminary Press will publish "Wealth and Moral Law," by Dr. E. B. Andrews, being the Carew lectures for 1894.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. will add two volumes of Grimm's "Märchen" in English to their "Classics for Children." They will be edited Miss Sara E. Wiltse.

"Architect, Owner, and Builder Before the Law" is the title of a forthcoming work by Mr. T. M. Clark, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. will have ready about June 1 Prof. Richard T. Ely's historical and critical treatise on "Modern Socialism and Social Reform."

Prof. W. H. Goodyear will lecture on the history of art at the New York Teachers' College. He announces a course of forty lectures, extending over two years.

The registration of the Anti-Spoils League now embraces over ten thousand persons, and is representative of the best social and intellectual interests of the country.

Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. have become the owners of Colonel T. W. Higginson's histories and miscellaneous works, by purchase from Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

Mr. John Jacob Astor is about to make his first venture in literature with a story of the year 2000, entitled "A Journey in Other Worlds: A Romance of the Future."

Dr. Friedrich Paulsen's important work "The Universities of Germany," which has been done into English by Professor E. D. Perry of Columbia College, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"Common Sense Applied to Woman Suffrage," by Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi; "Joint-Metallism," by Mr. A. P. Stokes; and "The Ills of the South," by the Rev. C. H. Otken, are announced by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Gounod family has decided to publish a memorial volume, which will consist of the fragmentary manuscripts left by the composer, some of them being of an autobiographical nature, and of numerous letters to and from him.

"The Cosmopolitan" is going into the country, editorial office, printing establishment, and all. Mr. Walker has bought a piece of property at Irvington on the Hudson, and there the new home of the magazine will be established.

Mr. B. F. Stevens has nearly completed the first series, in twenty-five volumes, of his facsimiles of manuscripts in European archives relating to revolutionary America. His health will not permit him to carry out his plan of a second series.

M. Zola's "Lourdes" is now appearing in "Gil Blas," and has noticeably increased the sale of that paper. M. Alexandre Dumas is said to have taken it upon himself to secure M. Zola's admission to the French Academy. This is to be brought about by "packing" that august body!

A collection of drawings of especial interest to *littérateurs* is now on exhibition at Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Co.'s new quarters at Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street, Chicago. This collection is the series of original drawings made by Mr. Albert E. Sterner for Messrs. Harper & Brothers' fine edition of "Prue and I." There are 124 pictures in all.

A reviewer in the London "Academy" shows that Mr. Gosse, in his "Jacobean Poets," has been at his old trick of getting dates and such like minutiae wrong, and that his treatment of Donne, for example, is a "very comedy of errors." One would have thought, after the raking-over given to "From Shakespeare to Pope" by Mr. Churton Collins, that Mr. Gosse would mend his ways and seek to display a less "slipshod scholarship."

Professor Brander Matthews addressed the Twentieth Century Club of Chicago on the evening of May 11, his subject being "The Conventions of the Drama." The meeting, which was one of the most brilliant in the history of the Club, closed the fifth season of that organization. Thirty-two meetings in all have been held by the Club during the five years of its existence, and the list of speakers includes many of the most distinguished English and American men of letters.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. are just publishing a "History of the United States" by Mr. Allen C. Thomas, Professor of History in Haverford College. The aim of this work is to give the main facts of the history of the United States clearly, accurately, and impartially. In the belief that the importance of the events which have occurred since the adoption of the Constitution is becoming more and more recognized, much the greater part of the book is devoted to the era beginning with 1789. The earlier period, however, is treated with sufficient fulness to show clearly the origins of the people and their institutions. Throughout special attention is given to the political, social, and economic development of the nation.

We take the following note from "The Book-Buyer": "A very interesting contribution to a knowledge of Sidney Lanier's life and work has come into the possession of 'The Atlantic Monthly,' and will appear in two summer numbers. It consists of many letters written by Lanier to Mr. Gibson Peacock, editor of the Philadelphia 'Evening Bulletin.' Through the most active years of the poet's life, Mr. Peacock and he were intimate friends. From Mrs. Peacock, the letters, full of detail and rich in all that reveals the writer's nature, came to Mr. W. R. Thayer, editor of 'The Harvard Graduates' Magazine,' who has prepared them, with an introduction, for print. It seems indeed as if the whirligig of time were well at work when a magazine so identified with the North finds the opportunity of rendering gladly a great service to the memory of a poet so distinctly associated with the South."

THE BREATH OF AVON.

TO THE PILGRIMS OF GREATER BRITAIN.

I.

Whate'er of woe the dark may hide in womb
For England, mother of kings of battle and song —
Be it rapine, racial hate's mysterious wrong,
Blizzard of Chance, or fiery dart of Doom —
Let breath of Avon, rich of meadow-bloom,
Bind her to that great daughter severed long —
To near and far-off children young and strong —
With fetters woven of Avon's flower-perfume.
Welcome, ye English-speaking pilgrims, ye
Whose hands around the world are joined by him,
Who make his speech the language of the sea,
Till winds of Ocean waft from rim to rim
The breath of Avon: let this great day be
A Feast of Race no power shall ever dim.

II.

From where the steeds of Earth's twin oceans toss
Their manes around Columbia's chariot-way —
From where Australia's long blue billows play —
From where the morn, quenching the Southern Cross,
Startling the frigate-bird and albatross
Asleep in air, breaks over Table Bay —
Come hither, Pilgrims, where these rushes sway
'Tween grassy banks of Avon soft as moss!
And, if ye found the breath of Ocean sweet,
Sweeter is Avon's earthy, flowery smell,
Distilled from roots that feel the coming spell
Of May, when all the flowers that loved him meet
In meadows that, remembering Shakespeare's feet,
Hold still a dream of music where they fell.

Theodore Watts in The Athenæum.

Stratford-on-Avon, April 23.

A LITERARY PARABLE.

The following "literary parable" is contributed to "The Writer" by Miss Harriet Cushman Wilkie:

"One spring morning a farmer knocks at the kitchen door of a city house, with a basket of fresh-laid eggs for sale. The mistress expresses delight at obtaining them, declaring, however, that it is her invariable custom to pay for articles after they have appeared on her table, and then only such a price as she thinks fit. Expecting an early settlement under those conditions, and being in need of cash for the interest on the mortgage on his farm, the man accepts the lady's terms and departs. Week after week and month after month go by, but no payment is made for the eggs. When he calls at the house to inquire, the maid informs him that her mistress bids her say that the great variety of seasonable articles of food has prevented the use of the eggs, but that she hopes very soon to find a place for them on her menu. In the autumn the farmer is surprised to

have the maid hand him the basket, saying that, as the eggs have lost their freshness and are uneatable, her mistress returns them, with thanks for the opportunity for purchasing, and hopes that the farmer will call whenever he is in town and allow an examination of his stock."

A REVIVAL OF STENDHAL IN FRANCE.

"S. D." writes as follows from Paris to the "Evening Post" of New York:

"Another hitherto unpublished work of Stendhal is coming out soon. The cult of this harsh but powerful author of sixty years ago is rather on the increase than otherwise, after a period of waning. It is likely to be fed for some time to come from the six volumes of MSS., preserved mainly in the library of Grenoble. The present is the sixth volume in book form already published from this source. 'Lucien Leuwen,' the name of the new romance, was never finished by the author, though begun before any of his great works. In 1834, however, he gave careful instructions about publishing it in due time. It scarcely disguises even the names of the personages whom he had in mind. He says himself: 'I have followed a usage of painters which I find amusing, and have worked from models.' The result is keen enough, at this late date, to verify the forebodings of the author, who also left in his directions: 'Care must be taken to remove every allusion that would be too clear and make of the book a satire. Vinegar is good, but mixed with cream it makes a detestable dish.' Even so, it has been found necessary to suppress certain things which might come home to the children of those whom Stendhal desired to castigate for the part taken in the politics of the First Empire and the Restoration. It makes up what the scientific jargon, so much in vogue in France at present, calls a 'physiology' of the first part of the century; and like all of this author's work, it consists mainly of leaves from the autobiography of Henri Beyle (of whom Stendhal was only a pseudonym). In over 500 pages it pursues the answer to the initial question put before its hero by his father, 'Will you be knave enough to be employed in politics?'"

CURIOSITIES OF ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION.

A recent book of reminiscences by Mr. Frankfort Moore, a London journalist, furnishes the following amusing instances of "English as she is pronounced" by the occasional Irishman:

"It may be remembered that ten or eleven years ago the late Mr. Dion Boucicault was obliging enough to offer to give a lecture to English actors on the correct pronunciation of their mother-tongue. The offer was, I suppose, thought too valuable to be neglected, and it was arranged that the lecture should be delivered from the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. A more interesting and amusing function I have never attended. It was clear that the lecturer had formed some very definite ideas as to the way the English language should be spoken; and his attempts to convey these ideas to his audience were most praiseworthy. His illustrations of the curiosities of some methods of pronouncing words were certainly extremely curious. For instance, he complained bitterly of the way the majority of English actors pronounced the word 'war.' 'Ye pronounce the ward as if it wuz spelt w-a-u-g-h,' said the lecturer gravely. 'Ye don't pronounce it at all as ye shud. The ward rhymes with "par," "are," and "kyar," and yet ye will pronounce it as if it rhymed with "saw" and "paw." Don't ye see see the diffurnce?' 'We do,

we do!' cried the audience; and, thus encouraged by the ready acquiescence in his pet theories, the lecturer went on to deal with the gross absurdity of pronouncing the word 'grass,' not to rhyme with 'lass,' which of course was the correct way, but almost — not quite — as if it rhymed with 'laws.' 'The ward is "grass," not "gaws,"' said our lecturer. 'It grates on a sensitive ear like mine to hear it mispronounced. Then ye will never be injured to give the ward "Chrischin" its thrue value as a ward of three syllables; ye'll insist on calling it "Christyen," in place of "Chrischin." D'ye perceive the diffurnce?' 'We do, we do!' cried the audience. 'Ay, and ye talk about "soots" of gyarments, when everybody knows that ye shud say "shoots"; ye must give the full valye to the letter "u"—there's no double o in a shoot of clothes. Moreover, ye talk of the mimbers of the polis force as "cunstables," but there's no "u" in the first syllable—it's an "o," and it shud be pronounced to rhyme with "gone," not with "gun." Then I've heard an actor who shud know better say, in the part of Hamlet, "wurds, wurds, wurds"; instead of giving that fine letter "o" its full value. How much finer it sounds to pronounce it as I do, "wards, wards, wards"! But when I say that I've heard the ward "pull" pronounced not to rhyme with "dull," as ye'll all admit it shud be, but actually as if it was within an ace of being spelt "p double o l," I think ye'll agree with me that it's about time that actors learnt something of the rudiments of the art of ellycution.'"

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

May, 1894 (Second List).

Anarchy and the Napoleonic Revival. *North American*.
 Bermuda and Its Affairs. Illus. *Review of Reviews*.
 Books About the Sea. E. G. J. *Dial*.
 Child-Study. Mary E. Laing. *Forum*.
 Chinese Six Companies, The. *Overland*.
 Church Property, Taxation of. M. C. Peters. *Forum*.
 City School Systems. *Dial*.
 Democratic Administration, The. W. E. Russell. *Forum*.
 Educational Books, Some Recent. B. A. Hinsdale. *Dial*.
 Egypt To-day. Illus. Jeremiah Lynch. *Overland*.
 Eight-Hour Experiment, The. *Social Economist*.
 England in the Mediterranean. Admiral Colomb. *No. Am'n*.
 English at Lafayette College. F. A. March. *Dial*.
 Ethics and Economics, The Relations of. *Social Economics*.
 Farm-Mortgage Statistics. Edward Atkinson. *Forum*.
 Field, David Dudley. Illus. *Review of Reviews*.
 German Novel, The. B. W. Wells. *Sewanee Review*.
 Hawaiian Islands, The. Illus. Alice W. Gulick. *Rev. of Revs*.
 History in Secondary Education. *Educational Review*.
 Home Life, English and American. Price Collier. *Forum*.
 House of Lords, Stability of the. *Forum*.
 Ibsen's Solness. Thomas R. Price. *Sewanee Review*.
 Kossuth, Louis. Illus. *Review of Reviews*.
 La Fontaine. J. A. Harrison. *Sewanee Review*.
 Man of the Moment, The. Sarah Grand. *North American*.
 National Life and Character. Theo. Roosevelt. *Sewanee Rev.*
 Nicaragua Canal, The. Lieut. Winn. *Overland*.
 Palmistry of China and Japan. Stewart Culin. *Overland*.
 Psychology, Experimental, Advance in. *Dial*.
 Roseberry's Administration. Sir Chas. W. Dilke. *No. Am'n*.
 Silver, Free. R. P. Bland. *North American*.
 Social Science, Studies in. E. W. Bemis. *Dial*.
 Transcontinental Railways and Ocean Steamers. *Social Econ.*
 Truants and Incurables. E. P. Seaver. *Educational Review*.
 Undergraduate Instruction, Cost of. *Educational Review*.
 Whiskey Rebellion, Our. Gov. Tillman. *North American*.
 Woman, The New. Ouida. *North American*.
 Woman's Education in the South. *Educational Review*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 75 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Readings on the Inferno of Dante, Chiefly Based on the Commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. By the Hon. William Warren Vernon, M.A.; with an Introduction by the Rev. Edward Moore, D.D. In two vols., with frontispieces, 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$12.
- Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln; Comprising his Speeches, Letters, State Papers, and Miscellaneous Writings. Edited by John C. Nicolay and John Hay. In two vols., with portrait, 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. The Century Co. \$10.
- The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited, from Numerous Manuscripts, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, LL.D. Romaunt of the Rose, and Minor Poems; with frontispiece, 8vo, uncut, pp. 568. Macmillan & Co. \$4.
- The Temple Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Merry Wives of Windsor. With preface, glossary, etc., by Israel Gollancz, M.A. Each, with frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan & Co. Each, 45 cts.
- Criticisms on Contemporary Thought and Thinkers, Selected from "The Spectator." By Richard Holt Hutton, M.A. In two vols., 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
- "Junius" Revealed. By His Surviving Grandson, H. R. Francis. 8vo, uncut, pp. 82. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.75.
- Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism: A Thesis Presented to the Philosophical Faculty of Yale University for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. By Laura Johnson Wylie. 16mo, pp. 212. Ginn & Co. \$1.10.
- Crumbling Idols: Twelve Essays on Art, Dealing Chiefly with Literature, Painting, and the Drama. By Hamlin Garland. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.
- Essays and Sermons of Samuel Longfellow. Edited by Joseph May. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 404. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.
- The Yellow Book: An Illustrated Quarterly. Vol. I., April, 1894; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 272. Copeland & Day. \$1.50.
- Library Classification. By W. I. Fletcher, M.A. Reprinted with additions, etc., from his "Public Libraries in America." 12mo, pp. 32. Roberts Bros. \$1.
- Public Libraries in America. By William I. Fletcher, M.A. Illus., 16mo, pp. 169. Roberts' "Columbian Knowledge Series." \$1.
- Wayside Sketches. By Eben J. Loomis. 16mo, pp. 188. Roberts Bros. \$1.

HISTORY.

- History of England under Henry the Fourth. By James Hamilton Wylie, M.A. In two vols., 12mo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$5.
- The Muhammadans, 1001-1761, A.D. By J. D. Rees, C.I.E., author of "Tours in India." With maps, 18mo, pp. 192. Longmans' "Epochs of Indian History." \$1.
- Europe, 1598-1715. By Henry Offley Wakeman, M.A., author of "The Church and the Puritans." Period V. 12mo, uncut, pp. 392. Macmillan & Co. \$1.40.
- The Struggle of Protestant Dissenters for Religious Toleration in Virginia. By Henry R. McIlwaine, Ph.D. 8vo, uncut, pp. 67. Johns Hopkins University Studies. 50 cts.
- The War of Independence. By John Fiske. With maps, index, etc., 16mo, pp. 200. Houghton's "Riverside Literature Series." 40 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- The Life of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, to the Accession of Queen Anne. By General Viscount Wolseley, K.P. In two vols., illus., 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$10.
- The Life and Times of James the First, the Conqueror, King of Aragon, Valencia and Majorca, Count of Barcelona and Urgel, Lord of Montpellier. By F. Darwin Swift, B.A. With map, 8vo, uncut, pp. 311. Macmillan & Co. \$3.25.
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ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

Mr. Churton Collins, writing six or seven years ago upon the subject of the instruction in English at the English higher schools and universities, complained that "it attains none of the ends which a subject in itself so full of attraction and interest might be expected to attain. It fails to fertilize; it fails to inform; it fails even to awaken curiosity." This triple failure he ascribes to the fact that literature

"has been regarded not as the expression of art and genius, but as mere material for the study of words, as mere pabulum for philology." Again, the whole machinery of higher education in England is subordinated to the interests of examiners, and its final product is the successful examinee, the man who is found equal to the Civil Service tests, the classman of the Tripos. Even so sound a thinker as Professor Goldwin Smith has recently doubted the success of the new Oxford school of English literature, on the ground that the subject does not easily lend itself to the traditional sort of examination. Emerson, many years ago, outlined the New History in the phrase: "Broader and deeper we must write our annals." Similarly, we may say to such cavillers as Professor Smith: "Broader and deeper must we make our examination papers." The subject of English literature has far too high an educational value to be neglected merely because it requires some adaptation or reconstruction of a few time-honored methods and adjuncts of teaching.

The articles upon the higher teaching of English that have been contributed to *THE DIAL* during the past months go far to show that the objection raised by Professor Smith and others is nothing more than a bugbear. If American experience (as recorded in these articles) counts for anything, we must admit that it establishes beyond question the claims of English as a proper subject of university instruction. Does it fail to fertilize, to inform, to awaken curiosity? Let us see what a few of our educators think about it. Says Professor Cook: "The writer might formulate the especial object which he proposes to himself as the development in the student, whether graduate or undergraduate, of insight and power, and indeed he conceives this to be the end of all education whatever. The imparting of information seems to him quite a secondary object; and a love for literature is most likely, as he thinks, to be promoted by the acquisition of insight and power." Says Professor Corson: "It is considered of prime importance that students should first attain to a sympathetic appreciation of what is essential and intrinsic, before the adventitious features of literature—features due to time and place—be considered." Pro-

fessor Dodge, speaking of the study of Shakespeare, says that grammatical criticism is treated sparingly, and textual criticism even more so. He then adds: "The results of this method of Shakespeare study have been very encouraging, many of the pupils seeming to develop from it a real love for the subject." Professor March writes that the courses under his direction are constant to the central idea of this passage quoted from Arnold of Rugby: "What a treat it would be to teach Shakespeare to a good class of young Greeks in regenerate Athens; to dwell upon him line by line and word by word, and so get all his pictures and thoughts leisurely into one's mind, till I verily think one would, after a time, almost give out light in the dark, after having been steeped, as it were, in such an atmosphere of brilliance."

These remarks, which might be multiplied indefinitely, seem to us fairly typical of the spirit in which the subject of English literature is studied in our colleges and universities. Avoiding the dangerous extremes of pedantry on the one hand and dilettantism on the other, our teachers of literature seem to be animated by the desire to impart the spirit of literary appreciation no less than the methods of exact scholarship in literary investigation. The large proportion of students taking English courses is almost everywhere noticeable, and there is little evidence that these courses are elected because they are "soft." There is a recent and growing tendency to base the doctor's degree upon English as a principal subject, and to encourage publication of the theses offered. Inspection of a number of such theses that have come to hand during the past two years shows them to compare more than favorably with the similar work done in English at the German universities. In this American work, æsthetic and philosophical criticism has its full share, and its recognition is not to the detriment of rigorous training or sound scholarship.

We have dwelt more fully upon the æsthetic than upon the linguistic side of English training, but from no intention of ignoring the importance of the latter aspect. The linguistic part of the field is in no danger of careless cultivation, and has little need of fertilizers. The methods of linguistic study have been so thoroughly formulated and systematized by workers in the classical languages that they may be transferred with slight modification to the subject of the English or any other modern tongue. But there is still something resembling anarchy

in our treatment of English from the side of æsthetic criticism as well as from that of history or of philosophy. Hence it is necessary to direct the attention mainly to these aspects. It seems to be of the first importance that the two grand divisions of the subject should be sharply differentiated. By this we mean that a university should have two departments of English rather than one. It is theoretically conceivable that scholars might be found of such broad and balanced culture as to be competent to direct the work in both fields. But such men are too rare to be counted upon. The English scholars in our universities are, almost without exception, either literary critics or masters of linguistic science; they are rarely if ever both at once. Now this means that a department of English having a single head will almost inevitably become developed upon one side at the expense of the other. Such of our institutions as Columbia College, Cornell University, and Stanford University have clearly recognized this difficulty, and have kept English linguistics distinct from English literature.

Assuming this differentiation, what should be the qualifications of a professor of English literature proper? His function, to quote from Mr. Collins once more, "is the interpretation of power and beauty as they reveal themselves in language, not simply by resolving them into their constituent elements, but by considering them in their relation to principles." To perform this function it is evident that he must have a thorough training in the history of criticism, from Aristotle to Mr. Pater; that he must have a wide acquaintance with literature, ancient and modern, native and foreign; that he must have a delicately-attuned ear and a cultivated æsthetic sense; that, finally, he must have in an unusual degree the power of giving literary expression to his thought, and something like a passion for bringing other minds into sympathetic communion with his own. He should be, in a word, as nearly as possible such a man as Arnold, or Lowell, or Sainte-Beuve, among the dead, or as M. Brunetière, or Mr. Watts, or Mr. Stedman, among the living. Men of this type, or approaching this type, some of our universities already have; the others may obtain them if they will but enlarge their horizon sufficiently to recognize the fact that for the work of giving vital instruction in English literature other than merely academic qualifications are needed; that such qualifications are, indeed, of but secondary importance.

DEATHS OF A MONTH.

When Henry Morley announced, seven years ago, that he was about to carry out his long-cherished plan of preparing a systematic history of English writers, it was hoped, as someone suggested at the time, that our literature had at last found its Tirasboschi. The suggestion was over-sanguine, for now, the great work but half-completed, the author has found rest from his labors. Professor Morley was born September 15, 1822, and died on the 14th of last month, in the seventy-second year of his age. He was educated in Germany, and at King's College, London. He practiced medicine in his early years, but abandoned the profession in 1851, when he went into London journalism. He assisted Dickens in editing "Household Words" and became himself editor of "The Examiner." From 1857 to 1865 he lectured on English literature at King's College. In the latter year he became professor of the English language and literature at University College, holding the chair until 1889, when he was made *emeritus* professor and retired to Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, where he has lived during the five years just past. In 1879 the University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. His writings are very numerous. Those of a miscellaneous character include "How to Make Home Unhealthy" (1850), "Life of Palissy the Potter" (1852), "Jerome Cardan" (1854), "Cornelius Agrippa" (1856), "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair" (1857), "Fables and Fairy Tales" (1860), "Journal of a London Play-Goer" (1866), "Life of Clement Marot, and Other Studies" (1870). He edited "The Spectator," Florio's Montaigne, Boswell's Johnson, "The Universal Library," "Cassell's National Library," and "The Carisbrooke Library." His special work as a historian of English literature began with "English Writers before Chaucer" (1864), and was followed by "From Chaucer to Dunbar" (1867). These stout octavos were followed by "Tables of English Literature" (1870), a "First Sketch of English Literature" (1873), and "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria" (1881), the latter work being prepared for Baron Tauchnitz, and published as the 2000th volume of his well-known series. In 1887, his *magnum opus* on "English Writers" was seriously resumed, and ten of the twenty volumes projected have been given to the public. The tenth volume takes us through the reign of Elizabeth. The eleventh volume (which we hope was completed before the death of the author) was to deal with Shakespeare and his contemporaries of the reign of King James. Better than any comment, the list of books above enumerated serves to indicate Henry Morley's tireless industry, and to reveal the extent of the gratitude felt for him by every student of our literature. It is easy to find minute defects in the work, and to show that its critical quality is not of the highest, but the fact remains that it conceives, and half car-

ries out, the most extensive and scholarly treatment of English literary history that has yet been attempted.

English science met with one of the severest of losses in the death, on the 23d of last month, of John George Romanes. He was just forty-six years of age, having been born at Kingston, Canada, May 20, 1848. He was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, taking natural science honors in 1870. He was intimately related with Darwin during the closing ten years of the latter's life, and has been one of the most energetic exponents of the Darwinian theories. Among his works are "Science Lectures for the People" (1878), "Animal Intelligence" (1882), "Charles Darwin, His Character and Life" (1882), "The Scientific Evidences of Organic Evolution" (1882), "Mental Evolution in Animals" (1883), "The Star-Fish, Jelly-Fish, and Sea-Urchins" (1885), and "Mental Evolution in Man" (1889). He has been a frequent contributor to periodicals, and has been one of the stoutest opponents of Professor Weissmann's new and revolutionary theories of animal development.

Edmund Yates, whose death was announced on the 21st of May, was a conspicuous figure in London journalism, but can hardly be said to have done any serious work in literature. He was born in 1831. He wrote many novels and plays, among the former being "Broken to Harness," "Kissing the Rod," "Black Sheep," "Land at Last," "The Forlorn Hope," "A Righted Wrong," "Castaway," "Nobody's Fortune," "The Yellow Flag," and "The Impending Sword." He visited America in 1872, and again in 1885. In 1884 he published "Fifty Years of London Life," a readable volume of reminiscences. He is perhaps best remembered for his expulsion from the Garrick Club at the instigation of Thackeray, about whom he had written an article which was, to say the least, in bad taste; and by his imprisonment in 1884 for another highly indiscreet editorial utterance.

The cable that brought news of the death of Romanes conveyed to us, on the same day, the news of Madame Renan's death. The widow of the great philologist, who thus survived her husband less than two years, was, it will be remembered, a daughter of the painter, Ary Scheffer. Since Renan's death, his widow has been engaged in preparing for publication his posthumous works.

Still earlier in the month there came news of the death at Lindheim, in the Duchy of Hesse, of the death of Leopold Sacher-Masoch, on the sixth of May, in his fifty-ninth year. He was born at Lemberg, in Galicia, and has done more than all other writers together to make that province of the Austrian Empire familiar to readers all over the world. He studied in Gratz and Prague, and became a professor of history in the university of the former city. His first work was "Der Aufstand in Gent unter Karl V." (1858). His first novel was "Eine Galizische Geschichte" (1866). This was followed by

many others, among which we mention "Das Vermächtnis Kains," a "Novellenzyklus" of which the successive parts were published at intervals, "Die Geschiedene Frau" (1870), "Die Republik der Weiberfeinde" (1872), "Maria Theresia und die Freimaurer" (1872), "Falscher Hermelin" (1873), "Der Neue Hjob" (1874), "Die Ideale unserer Zeit" (1875), "Wiener Hofgeschichten" (1876), "Le Cabinet Noir de Lemberg" and "L'Ilau" (1880),—both in French—"Die Messalinen Wiens," and "Ein Weiblicher Sultan." His novels found great favor with the French public, attracted by their sensuous quality and their not always artistic realism, and a great number of them have been translated for the "Revue des Deux Mondes." He was an enemy of the German Empire and a champion of the Jew. His serious works include "Ungarns Untergang und Maria," "Kaunitz," "Æsthetik des Hässlichen," and "Ueber den Werth der Kritik." He was made a member of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

ENGLISH AT THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.*

The State University of Iowa has one Professor of English and one Instructor, and offers during the present year eight courses. All but one of these are two-hour courses, making a total of seventeen hours, the actual teaching time being somewhat more, owing to division in classes. Of these eight courses, four are required. In the Freshman year a choice is given between courses I. and II.; in the Sophomore year, between III. and IV. There are about two hundred and fifty students registered in the various courses, counting perhaps twenty names twice. Besides these courses, the University offers two courses in Elocution and a good deal of private work under a special instructor, and for next year it offers a course in Debating under the joint supervision of the Professors of Political Science, Philosophy, and English. But these latter matters hardly come within the scope of the present series of articles.

In the required work of the English Department, there are two lines offered to the student. Courses I. and III. are strictly rhetorical in character, being the only courses in Rhetoric that we give. In these

courses our idea is not exactly to teach formal rhetoric as the art is usually presented in the older textbooks, but rather to present the subject in a constructive way, according to the general line of recent thought on the subject. We try to habituate the student to writing (as well as possible, of course, but without insistence on critical work), to give him practice in thinking over his material and putting it into good form, to give him exercise in the different modes of presentation. Such is the tendency of most of the handbooks on rhetoric and of most of the discussions of the matter published in the last few years.

The alternative courses offered the Freshmen and Sophomores are literary with a rhetorical flavor. In the first year a number of prose authors are read, with comment on their style. In the second, the class uses Professor Minto's admirable Manual. It seems that there are always a number of students who make very little of rhetoric as usually taught; we want, in these courses, to see whether they can do as well by reading good authors as their classmates do by more direct practice in means and methods. In all four courses there is a good deal of essay-writing. But as far as we can see at present, the direct work will give the better results.

In the elective courses, we draw the line sharply between linguistic work and literary. If it were practical, I should like to divide further, giving courses devoted particularly to literary history and to the interpretation of literature. As it is, however, these last subjects are treated in the same courses. In linguistics we give this year a course in Old English and another on Historical English Grammar. But these courses (and a course in Middle English as well that has been given) are not favorites with the student body, and are only given on alternate years.

For courses in literature, besides the Freshman course (II.) described above, and the course in English Prose (IV.), there is given this year a course of lectures on English Poetry. The subject of this course is changed each year, so that the student who wishes may in three years get a fairly complete view of English poetry from Chaucer down, including a good deal of work on Shakespeare.

A seminary, in the stricter American sense of a research course, we do not have. We do, however, give a course for seniors and graduates, which bears a fairly close resemblance in character to the seminar of a smaller German university. The work of this course is generally concerned with some aspects of criticism, and we sometimes follow one method, sometimes another. I have gone over a text-book, or lectured, or given out topics for original work. The main idea is that by means of the closer personal relation possible through the informalities of the seminary, the spirit of self-reliance and independence shall be developed in the members.

It will easily be seen from this sketch of our work that the basis of our method is the cutting

*This article is the ninth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); and English at Lafayette College, by Prof. F. A. March (May 16).—[EDR. DIAL.]

our coat somewhat according to our cloth. We have a good many students, and there are certain things that must be done: beyond is the great number of things that may be done. We try to compass the necessities first, and of the possibilities we grasp at as many as circumstances will permit. We have two main ideas: first, to give plenty of opportunity to those who wish to gain a good English style; and second, to encourage a feeling and taste for good literature. It is a pity that we cannot develop further than we do the more scientific aspects of linguistic study and of criticism and literary history. But these are matters which for the present we have to leave almost untouched.

EDWARD E. HALE, JR.

*Professor of the English Language and Literature,
State University of Iowa.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

HOW SHALL ENGLISH LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The articles on the teaching of English at American universities, in current numbers of THE DIAL, are significant of the growing popular interest in the subject. Nevertheless it is noticeable with what commendable caution the several authors avoid the more general and popular aspects of the question. But the question is one that is properly within the keeping of the educated opinion of non-professionals, and that concerns the reading and literary public more than any other technical question. The movement for a reformed teaching of English in the universities represents the outcome of the general reaction against a one-sided and prevailingly philological or linguistic presentation of the subject,—a movement which has been going on here and abroad for the last twenty years. The general tone of the articles in THE DIAL indicates the willingness—indeed, the eagerness—of the teachers of English in the universities to meet the demands for a reformed method. In some respects it even may be thought that the reaction is becoming extreme.

The interesting question, of course, is by what method may English literature, as distinguished from English philology, be properly taught to advanced classes. Everybody is agreed that it should be taught as literature,—that a purely literary method should be employed. But what is the true literary method? The teaching of literature in English, in the first place, involves several technical difficulties. There is no exercise of translation—in itself a delicate and searching literary process when properly pursued,—as there is in teaching literature in other languages to English-speaking students. In place of this it has been proposed to substitute “interpretation.” But literary “interpretation,” even if it could be accurately defined, is a very inadequate and colorless substitute. Others—among them, Professor Corson, perhaps—would make finished recitation and reading aloud take the place of the exercise of translation. Both methods under strict limitations have their uses; but either one, pursued alone, is grotesquely inadequate for employment with advanced classes. Then there are the various “scientific”

methods that these new demands are calling forth—the “analytical” method, the “inductive” method, the “psychological” method,—and how many beside? The fatal objection in every case is that each method, taken by itself, is inadequate and one-sided, although almost all of them have merits. To force any one of these methods upon our universities would be but to repeat the disastrous experiment with the inadequate and one-sided philological method. The real difficulty lies in the fact that while literary form is a definite subject, capable of definite presentation, the content of literature—which to the popular mind is its vital side—impinges more or less upon most of the university departments concerned with the humanities: history, philosophy, sociology, art, and the rest. The teacher of English who concerns himself with the subject-matter of his texts soon wanders into forbidden fields—and lo! the dilettante. Under the old education, when the chief groundwork of the other humanities was absorbed through literary texts, it was another matter. The question is, What is the field for the teacher of English literature? Does it properly extend outside of literary history, literary æsthetics, the theory and analysis of style, versification and rhetoric, and the necessary philological apparatus?

Above all, let us save the teaching of literature from the men of one method, the successors in disguise of the philologists, and from poachers wandering from other fields who seek to make literature their prey, but whose real interest is in ethics, or psychology, or sociology, or linguistics, or even in rhetorical analysis and the general pseudo-sciences of literature so-called.

C.

Chicago, May 20, 1894.

REVIVAL OF A CLASSIC PUZZLE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

While the echoes of the recent discussion of the Latin inscription on the World's Fair Obelisk are still heard, it may be of interest to reproduce the famous inscription graven on the vestibule wall of the palace of the Counts of Sanbonifazio, at Padua. This famous epigraph, though written with the utmost purity, has yet to have its meaning solved.

A. M. P. P. D.

Aelia Laelia Crispis

nec vir, nec mulier, nec androgyna

nec puella, nec juvenis, nec anus

nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica

sed omnia

sublata

neque fame, neque ferro, neque veneno

sed omnibus

nec coelo, nec aquis, nec terris

sed ubique jacet

Lucius Agatho Priscus

nec maritus, nec amator, nec necessarius

neque moerens, neque gaudens, neque flens

hanc

nec pyramidem, nec molem, nec sepulcrum

sed omnia

scit et nescit cui posuerit.

A whole library has been written concerning this inscription, and it has been a puzzle to Latin scholars for generations. A recent issue of an Italian journal contained an extensive article on it, but no satisfactory conclusion as to its meaning, whether taken literally or metaphorically, has been reached.

CHARLES EDWARDS.

Chicago, May 18, 1894.

The New Books.

AN INTERPRETER OF SCIENCE FOR THE PEOPLE.*

In sketching for us the life of Edward L. Youmans, Mr. John Fiske is writing of one to whom he refers as his "best and dearest friend." He calls him "*the interpreter of science for the people.*" No name could be more happily chosen. The story of such a friend and of such a worker should be both interesting and valuable; and such we find it.

We may pass by the description of Mr. Youmans's childhood and young manhood. It is very interesting, and is well given; it is even pathetic. There were years when strict economy was necessary, the boyhood of diligent reading and study, the early manhood's hope of a college education blasted by blindness lasting thirteen weary years. There was the noble effort to make a living by literary work, against obstacles which would have discouraged most men. But courage and hard work conquered; success came, and with its dawn light too came to those eyes so long darkened, and a magnificent career opened.

Youmans was a writer; his text-book of chemistry made a real sensation, and his other works are of value. He was a born teacher; apt at illustration, clear in explanation: his diagrams illustrating the binary theory of chemistry were most useful. He was a brilliant lecturer; his public discussions of scientific themes aroused profound interest. Writer, teacher, lecturer, in either field he might have made a career, in all he won true recognition. But it was not in these that his greatest usefulness lay. His chief claim to remembrance lies in a three-fold work of a different sort: he introduced the works of the greatest European writers to an ignorant American public, he founded the "International Scientific Series" of books, he established the "Popular Science Monthly."

Everyone knows that the Appletons are the publishers in this country of the great English scientists. The famous works of Darwin, Huxley, Lubbock, Tyndall, and Spencer are issued from their house. Everyone does not know that, notwithstanding the opportunity for piracy that our copyright laws allow, these authors have received a generous royalty from these publishers. Some may know these facts, but may not know

that it was Mr. Youmans who secured their publication and this generous recognition. It was he who watched carefully for every worthy book in "the new science," who called the attention of the firm to it, arranged with the author, helped it through the press, saw that it was properly reviewed and given a chance before our one-time somewhat philistine public. This was in itself a vast educational work.

Mr. Youmans early became interested in Mr. Herbert Spencer and his philosophy. He sought acquaintance with the great Englishman — an acquaintance which became personal, ripened into friendship, showing itself in a thousand helpful ways. Through Youmans, Mr. Spencer's writings were published in America, and to him much of their success here was due. Mr. Fiske says: "As long as he [Youmans] lived, Mr. Spencer had upon this side of the Atlantic an *alter ego* ever on the alert, with vision like that of a hawk for the slightest chance to promote his interests and those of his system of thought." So true was this that on one occasion Mr. William Appleton said a very good thing in the matter:

"Henry Carey called in to blow up the Appletons for publishing Spencer's free-trade doctrines. Spencer was an upstart; his system would soon die like Comte's and Mill's. Said W. H. Appleton, 'I can tell you one thing — Spencer won't die so long as Youmans lives.'"

In 1862 Youmans made his first visit to England, and met Mr. Spencer personally. His first impressions are interestingly given in a letter to his sister, so well known on account of her own work in science. From it we select a few passages:

"He is the most prompt, ready, adaptive and useful man in such an expedition I have ever known. He is wonderfully practical, and handles circumstances as they arise with all the energy and readiness of an experienced business man. . . . His health is bad. The difficulty is with his brain — sleeplessness. He has not had a night's rest since he wrote the *Psychology*. He can't sleep, and if he does he wakes ten or twenty times during the night. He is very excitable, and when excited cannot sleep at all, and gets alarmed at the state of his brain and flies from the scene of danger. . . . He did not say much to me about his experience, but alluded to it two or three times in a very simple and touching way in connection with the assistance he had received from America. That is all the profit he has ever yet had from his work, and he said it was as grateful and opportune as it was unexpected, for he had but little hope from that quarter; . . . and when I looked upon the man, with his health broken and nerves shattered, and remembered that his is the foremost intellect of our civilization, and that he is a man beyond all other men of his age to control the thought of the future; when I thought of him hampered and harassed for want of means to publish his great thoughts — as having to think for the world and then having to pay the expense of instruction, setting up other

* EDWARD LIVINGSTON YOUNMANS: *Interpreter of Science for the People*. By John Fiske. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

men in intellectual business with a paragraph,—I confess I thanked God that I have had a little opportunity to do him service."

We cannot speak further of this so great work; it led naturally to the next, the "International Scientific Series." This was a bold enterprise. To have the world's leaders in science prepare handy books, fit for popular reading, upon some phase of their special theme; to publish them simultaneously in America, England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia; to have the authors properly remunerated for the publication in each country,—such were the novel features of the scheme. One cannot easily conceive the labor involved in planning, inaugurating, and carrying out such an enterprise. There were many discouragements and difficulties. England was first visited. Here Youmans needed every help that those whom he had assisted could give. Mr. Spencer was interested, and worked in various ways. Professor Huxley's argument seems to have been a telling one with the English scientists: "Huxley backed me up grandly, and told them how much he had received from the Appletons for reprints." At last England was gained; then France was visited, and then Germany. Of this last he wrote: "Germany is more ripe for the movement than even England; its best men can be procured. It was Huxley's name which carried the thing there." And so, at last, the new venture was started. It has been profoundly successful, and the seventy volumes or more, in uniform red binding—now so well known—are to be seen in every library. The excellence of the work is shown by the names of the authors and the titles of their books: sample them—Tyndall's "Forms of Water," Spencer's "Study of Sociology," Cooke's "New Chemistry," Maudsley's "Responsibility," Whitney's "Life and Growth of Language," de Quatrefages' "Human Species," Tylor's "Anthropology," Semper's "Animal Life." And all of this for American readers, the outgrowth of one man's idea!

And from it grew the third special work of Youmans's useful life—the "Popular Science Monthly." We cannot go into details to show how it was partly connected with the Spencer propaganda. The first number appeared in April, 1872. From that month till the present time it has done an excellent—nay, a great—work. It has had dark days; it has been bitterly assailed and derided, but it has gone on and has made a profound impression. The American public has needed such a journal and

has supported it. It has been fearless and outspoken. Until his death in 1887, Youmans was the chief editor, although for long his brother, Dr. W. J. Youmans (the present editor) shared the burden. As editor, he was ever ready to speak clearly and plainly upon the burning questions of the day. The monthly has been repeatedly branded as irreligious and atheistic. It has never been either. Edward Livingston Youmans was profoundly independent, an original thinker, who never flinched from speaking out a careful thought; but he was himself a man profoundly religious and earnest. We may perhaps fitly close this review of his work by two quotations from his address on "The Religious Work of Science":

"The theologians who claimed to be authorized expounders of the divine policy insisted not only that breaks and interruptions of the natural order occurred, but they maintained that it is in these breaches of it that the Creator is most conspicuously and impressively seen. Holding that the normal phenomena are of small concern while their ruptures alone disclose divine intervention, they left it to the men of science to work out the natural order to its completeness, and to vindicate the Almighty, whose wisdom is witnessed not in the violations, but in the perfections of his works" (p. 494).

"In a religious point of view, it [evolution] has but one significance. Offering a grander conception of the cosmical order and a deeper insight into its wonderful workings than had ever before been obtained, it is the sublimest tribute that the human mind has ever made to the glory of the Divine power to which it must be ascribed. With the acceptance of evolution the unworthy philosophy which has sought to honor God by the derangements of his own work comes to an end and the argument passes into a new phase" (p. 499).

FREDERICK STARR.

CHILE AND THE CHILEANS.*

The western hemisphere contains two distinct civilizations. In the north the Anglo-Saxon race has founded a splendid republic, composed of a people sturdy in principle, independent in government, shrewd and energetic in business. In the south has grown up that heterogeneous, freedom-loving, brave and unreliable race that has built up and overthrown governments for a hundred years, and is still struggling toward the light of a pure republicanism. But though living in the same hemisphere, we of the north have very vague notions concerning our southern neighbors.

Latin America is popularly supposed to be the country where revolutions are the only di-

* A HISTORY OF CHILE. By Anson Uriel Hancoek. "Latin American Republics" series. Chicago: Charles H. Sergel & Co.

version, where the people are lazy, and where the unscrupulous are the successful. We read in our daily papers of an insurgent navy in Brazil, of a deposed president in Honduras, of one dictator and two presidents trying at one and the same time to manage Peruvian affairs; and we smile with superior pity, and wonder what they will do next. We accept as a foregone conclusion that "next" will be another upheaval of some sort, though few of us have any historic knowledge upon which to base our suppositions. We are in a state of Cimmerian darkness concerning the antecedents of our restless neighbors. It is to dispel this darkness of ignorance, and to arouse a wider and deeper interest in Latin American affairs, that a series of historical works is being issued by Messrs. C. H. Sergel & Co., the initial volume of which was a history of Peru by the brilliant writer and able historian, Mr. Clements R. Markham. This is now followed by a history of Chile by Mr. Anson Uriel Hancock. Other volumes are in course of preparation, and we hope soon to see a complete set of the Latin American Republics. The aim is to give a historical sketch of the several republics, from the time of the conquest, through the periods of colonial rule and of wars for independence, down through this last century of struggle for constitutional freedom.

Chile is one of the most interesting and best known of the republics. Her belligerent attitude during our late little unpleasantness with her gave irresistible opportunities to the caricaturist and to the writer of scathing editorials, so that the peppery little southerner became a very familiar figure. The story of Chile's conquest by the Spaniards is thrilling and romantic in the extreme. The stubborn persistency and cold cruelty of Almagro rivals that of Pizarro. The bold defiance and unyielding resistance of the Araucanians contrasts with the superstitious fear and dreary fatalism of the Incas and Aztecs. The bold exploits of the youthful Lautaro, and of the girl warrior Janequeo, vie with any tale of Spartan valor or of French heroism. Mr. Hancock has treated this period in a conscientious manner, giving the details of the various campaigns with great fidelity. There may be a lack of color in his treatment, but the plain incidents themselves are perhaps sufficiently vivid for the average reader. But it was not the character of the conquest alone that modified and moulded the history of Chile. Another element exercised a more powerful influence on the political and

social life: the colonial system, which bound and fettered colonist and Indian alike for nearly three hundred years. This period is briefly but adequately treated; and then the author passes on to the war of independence, which is told in fuller detail. In South America the contagion of liberty spread from province to province, and the struggle for freedom was combined and simultaneous. The history of the revolution in Chile is linked with that of the Argentine Republic, of Peru, and of Colombia. The names of San Martín, of Bolívar, and of Belgrano are honored in all alike. It is impossible, therefore, to give a perfectly satisfactory account of Chile's struggle for independence in the limited space allotted to that period. The author has succeeded, however, in making clear the part that she played in the great drama of liberty.

The most interesting portion of the book to northern readers is that contained in Parts IV. and V., which are devoted to an account of the war with Peru and Bolivia, and the civil war of 1891. In the former, Mr. Hancock treats his subject very impartially,—a difficult thing to do, for in this war the Chileans were clearly the aggressors. After reading Mr. Markham's account of the same war, one's sympathies are enlisted for the Peruvians, who were mown down by hundreds while defending their country against a foe whose only excuse for invasion was covetousness. And so Mr. Hancock's non-committal attitude is the more notable.

In Part V., which deals with the civil war of 1891, President Balmaceda is treated with kindly justice. He is given full credit for his work as an educator, as a man of advanced religious and intellectual views, and as a "good-natured gentleman." But his faults are not condoned. He is condemned for his blind stubbornness in asserting dictatorial powers, and for his wanton cruelty during the war. His most politic action was leaving the world when he did, for this self-sacrifice in removing himself as the promoter of contention won clemency toward his followers.

Mr. Hancock concludes his volume with an interesting description of Chile and the Chileans of to-day. In the appendix are statistics, the English text of the constitution of Chile, and a full list of authorities on Chilean history. It is to be hoped the other volumes in this useful series will follow rapidly, for we feel assured that they will aid us in a solution of the political, commercial, and social problems which face us in these republics.

ELIZABETH WALLACE.

BOOKS ABOUT NATURE.*

There is nothing like contact with Nature to keep the heart warm and young. It is the true elixir of life, preserving the freshness, the simplicity, and the sweetness of childhood to the farthest limits of old age. A love for the flowers, the birds, the clouds and the stars, the hills and the seas, for any form of wild thing or wild life, is the gift of all others to be desired. Who has it can in no case be quite destitute or joyless. To him there will be possibilities of comfort and happiness opening up everywhere around. A glimpse of the dancing sunshine, a walk in the open fields, a handful of blossoms, a snatch of untutored song from the hedgerow or tree-top, suffices to flood his being with an ecstasy such as only they with kindred souls can understand. Abundant proof of this truth is offered in a series of experiences just now happily published for the conviction of mankind.

The first to fall under my hand is the history of "An Island Garden," by Mrs. Celia Thaxter. Everybody knows that the home of this writer has been for the greater portion of her life in one of the Isles of Shoals, lying some nine miles off the coast of New Hampshire. Everybody knows, too, that here she has distilled from the strong salt breezes and the unshadowed sunlight playing round her isolated habitation, qualities remarkable for the nurture of an imagination that was inherently of a vigorous character. But everybody does not know what wonderful stimulus to the health and happiness of body and mind she has created for herself in the cultivation of the vegetable prodigies that can be coaxed to grow in a fertile plot of ground. At the solicitation of friends, she has unfolded the tale in a volume which attracts attention by its sumptuous exterior as well as by its unique contents. The pictures embellishing it must in the first moment be disposed of, for they are by Childe Hassam, whose name is sufficient to pique curiosity. They are in colors, and sympathetically illustrate the letter-press, furnishing a variety of outdoor and indoor views. All are conceived with artistic feeling, which in most instances is charmingly carried out. The minor drawings are likewise graceful and suggestive. In harmony with the pictures are the various details of the book-maker's art, with a result rivalling the *volumes de luxe* we are used to associate with the holiday period. In the introductory

* AN ISLAND GARDEN. By Celia Thaxter. With Pictures and Illuminations by Childe Hassam. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A BIRD-LOVER IN THE WEST. By Olive Thorne Miller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BY MOORLAND AND SEA. By Francis A. Knight, author of "By Leafy Ways," "Idylls of the Field," etc. Illustrated by the author. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

PICTURES IN PROSE, of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life. By Aubyn Trevor-Battye, B.A., F.L.S., F.Z.S., member of British Ornithologists' Union. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

TRAVELS IN A TREE-TOP. By Charles Conrad Abbott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

sentences Mrs. Thaxter strikes a high note which is sustained throughout her dissertation. Flowers, she declares, have been like dear friends to her from her infancy, "comforters, inspirers, powers to uplift and to cheer." The seed from which they spring, the dust which nourishes them, were marvels overpowering her with a sense of magic and mystery. Every blade of grass and humble weed filled her with awe and delight, and by the age of five her fervor of adoration had become like that of the fire-worshipper who falls prostrate at the presence of the sun. Her intensity of feeling is a continual surprise, yet is attended with such dignity, and leads to such singular and protracted sacrifice for the objects of her regard, that it commands admiring respect. An affection that for weeks together can call one out of bed at four o'clock in the morning; that will hold one to drudging toil from that hour on to sunset; that will take one out in the lonely darkness of midnight to minister to some suffering or imperilled plant; that will induce one to bend for many long days in succession over beds of flowers to rid them of weeds and worms and bugs; that will, in short, furnish the motive and support for incessant work which most persons would pronounce unbearable drudgery, is of a nature that deserves to be called heroic. Such is the love Mrs. Thaxter cherishes for her garden—a space of only fifty feet by fifteen, which yields, as her record demonstrates, astonishing fruits to both senses and spirit. The flowers are worth all they cost, as an inspiration to their owner, who, in the transports of emotion they kindle, writes of them with an eloquence which does not pale in comparison with the gorgeous passages of Ruskin. She describes the California poppy, for example, with an exuberance and felicity of diction that justify her daring insertion of the great master's famous word-painting of the red poppy, alongside of it. A brief extract will give an indication of her graphic power:

"As I hold the flower in my hand and think of trying to describe it, I realize how poor a creature I am, how impotent are words in the presence of such perfection. It is held upright upon a straight and polished stem, its petals curving upward and outward into the cup of light, pure gold with a lustrous satin sheen; a rich orange is painted on the gold, drawn in infinitely fine lines to a point in the centre of the edge of each petal, so that the effect is that of a diamond of flame in a cup of gold. It is not enough that the powdery anthers are orange bordered with gold; they are whirled about the very heart of the flower like a revolving Catherine wheel of fire. In the centre of the anthers is a shining point of warm sea-green, a last consummate touch which makes the beauty of the blossom supreme. Another has the orange suffused through the gold evenly, almost to the outer edges of the petals, which are left in bright, light yellow with a dazzling effect. Turning the flower and looking at it from the outside, it has no calyx, but the petals spring from a simple pale-green disk, which must needs be edged with sea-shell pink for the glory of God! The fresh splendor of this flower no tongue nor pen nor brush of mortal man can fitly represent."

An excerpt usually does scant justice to an author; but there are frequent paragraphs and pages in "An Island Garden" that one will of necessity read aloud to a companion, and will mark and return to with ever-renewed enjoyment of their passionate ardor and poetic phraseology. Many interesting notes on the habits of birds in an island home are interspersed through the volume. The song sparrows scratch up pounds of flower seeds every Spring in Mrs. Thaxter's garden, and yet she loves them as she does the swallows and the humming birds which are as familiar as members of one family in the circumscribed space of Appledore.

After the brilliant essay on "An Island Garden," there is no appreciable decline in turning to "A Bird-Lover in the West," by Olive Thorne Miller. It is pitched in a lower key; it is quieter in every way. But the book has virtues of its own, which win the reader's immediate favor. The sane and sensible spirit pervading it imparts a healthful impression. At times the reader is aware how the author's pulses are thrilling, yet she retains full control over her enthusiasm, not once suffering it to escape in strained or hysterical expression. This is saying a great deal, for bird-lovers are true lovers, and human excitement seldom runs higher than during the gracious interviews they secure with the feathered beauties they are wooing. The good sense characterizing Mrs. Miller is exhibited in her method of enjoying a holiday. It is her custom every year in nesting-time to spend a month or more in some locality favorable to the study of wild birds. It is her season of rest and recreation, and, as she relates, the instant of departure from home she takes herself in hand, determined to cast away care and worry and be free to make the most of the precious weeks of pastime.

"To insure any measure of success, I always go alone; one familiar face would make the effort of no avail; and I seek a place where I am a stranger, so that my ordinary life cannot be recalled to me. When I reach my temporary home I forget, or at least ignore, my notions as to what I shall eat or drink, or how I shall sleep. I take the goods the gods provide, and adjust myself to them. Even these little things help one out of his old ways of thought and life. To still further banish home concerns, I mark upon my calendar one week before the day I shall start for home, and sternly resolve that not until I reach that day will I give one thought to my return, but will live as though I meant to stay always. I take no work of any sort, and I banish books, excepting a few poets and studies of nature. . . . Holding myself in this attitude of mind, I secure a change almost as complete as if I stepped out of my body and left it resting, while I refreshed myself at the fountain of life."

These are the words of an energetic, independent woman, who is wise enough to discern the right way to profit by a summer's outing, and strong enough to hold to it in defiance of custom and circumstance. The chapters comprising her present volume detail the experiences of three seasons spent respectively in Utah, Colorado, and Southern Ohio. They are bright, piquant narratives, embodying

the noteworthy incidents occurring in her observation of Western birds, among which were the long-tailed chat, the water-ouzel, the magpie, the rock-wren, the cardinal grosbeak, and blackbirds. Mrs. Miller pursues a peculiar mode of study. Arrived at her chosen place of research, she adopts a dress devoid of conspicuous colors, and, equipped with a camp-stool and opera-glass, seeks the spot where some pair of enticing songsters have established their household. Then, seated in a near sheltering thicket, she waits and watches in patient silence to note the doings of the unsuspecting couple. The hours daily passed in this unremitting investigation seldom go by without a due reward. Many new and interesting traits of even our common birds have been thus detected by Mrs. Miller, who has earned an honorable place among naturalists by her original and accurate observations. Naturally, there is a mingling of the tragical and the comical in her vagrant experiences. An affair amusingly described was the sudden intrusion into her secluded thicket of a quadriped of the bovine race, which to her womanly horror proved to be "no meek cow." There could be but one conclusion—a rapid and discomfited flight on the part of the observer, who, until the end of that special case under study, hired an impecunious young college student to sit on guard near her retreat, with a club in one hand and a geometry he was laboriously mastering grasped tightly in the other.

The sketches "By Moorland and Sea," from the pen of Mr. Francis A. Knight, treat, as their title indicates, of scenes met with in pilgrimages by sea and land. The writer is not unknown to us, this being the third collection of his papers which has appeared in an American reprint from the original English edition. A representative of what is best in his countrymen, Mr. Knight possesses wide culture and refined tastes. With the bent of a naturalist, from early boyhood he has scanned the earth with a keen searching eye which no feature of out-door life has been able to escape. He knows the wild plants in their myriad retreats and calls them readily by name, and the ways of all creeping and flying things are familiar to him as are those of his own kind. Thus, in yachting, or camping, or merely sauntering, there is no end of incident enlisting his attention, and this he transfers to his sketch-book with an easy grace that is invariable. He describes the scenery in northern Scotland brought into view in a nautical trip, the midsummer fields, an old manor-house, the birds-nester, and aspects of winter, with minuteness and intelligence, causing his readers to see and enjoy with him much which they would never have discovered of themselves. The illustrations are admirably reproduced from drawings or photographs done by the author.

A similar marked type of the English gentleman is found in Mr. Aubyn Trevor-Battye, one of her Majesty's dashing soldiers who hunts and fishes, zoölogizes and poetizes, and finally recounts the

history of it all with equal zest and ability. He has scored a fair success in his "Pictures in Prose," a book made up of short tales from humble life, and descriptions of nature and wild sport. Mr. Trevor-Battye has speared the noble salmon in our Western waters, and hunted the deer and moose in the wilds of the Rockies and of British America.

Another of the odd, limited fraternity who prefer to anything else in life a stroll or a sojourn in some solitary place where wild creatures may be surprised and shot, with at least an eye-glance, is Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott, the author of several volumes of natural history sketches, and of the last in the present group, called from the opening piece, "Travels in a Tree-top." Dr. Abbott takes matters leisurely in observing and in writing, which makes the latter just a little heavy. The student of nature will go through his books from cover to cover for the sake of the scattered remarks that add to his stock of coveted lore, but the general reader will be apt to complain of his lack of vivacity and spicy anecdote.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

"Americanism"
in art-education.

The purpose of Mr. William Ordway Partridge's "Art for America" (Roberts), six essays reprinted from the "Arena," the "New England Magazine," etc., is "to raise art to its rightful place in the scheme of general education." Mr. Partridge's aim is laudable, and much that he says is sound and suggestive; but unfortunately his art views have got tangled up at the start with his "Americanism." The ground-view of his preface seems to be that what we are to do as a people, if our art is ever to amount to much, is to keep ourselves to ourselves, and not rub elbows too freely with other nations. This policy, we gather, is a condition precedent of the great national art *in posse* (or *in nubibus*), which, when it finally dawns, is to be, like that other impending wonder, "Western Literature," strictly unique, and no mere cheap modification of a parent stock. Mr. Partridge thinks this art would come sooner and be even more unique if we did not travel so much. He is quite sharp with us on this text. "One of the dangers," he says, "which threatens our art, and I may say our manhood, is that of over-travel." Mr. Partridge is not alone in this opinion, which is pretty frequently advanced in one shape or another—usually, it may be added, by people whose own opportunities for travel have been limited. It is generally admitted that the foreigner may enlarge and enrich his mind as much as possible by travel without thereby endangering his status as a citizen and patriot. But with an American, it seems, the case alters. He loses his patriotism in proportion as he sheds his provincialism; and the further he travels and the more he learns, the less likely he is to return a "good

American"—a position, on the whole, not specially flattering to the country he started from. To Mr. Partridge's notion that an American endangers his manhood by taking an occasional trip to Europe, we are tempted to reply with Mr. Burchell's favorite monosyllable—"Fudge!" Such tourist may possibly come back with the un-American conviction that London, Paris, and Berlin are better built, better kept, and better ruled than New York, Boston, and Chicago; but this would hardly affect his manhood otherwise than by leading to a useful display of it at the primaries. Naturally Mr. Partridge disapproves of foreign study for American artists. They should, he thinks, stay at home and be "nurtured and developed there." As this view seems to involve the theorem that for American artists the best place for art-study is the place where the advantages for it are fewest, it scarcely needs discussion. We suspect these confused notions about art-education (which are not peculiar to the author) spring from an imperfect view of the fact that art is, as Hamerton states it, "at bottom a refined handicraft." People are apt to ignore, when they talk about the amount of "soul," etc., a painter puts into his picture, the part played by the trained eyes and fingers. The great artist is the one who to great mental gifts joins a consummate mastery of his craft—of a system of technical processes which have nothing at all to do with religion, or morals, or patriotism, or Americanism, or any other abstraction of the kind whatever. These processes can be best learned where they are best taught, and where their best results are to be found in the greatest profusion—that is to say, in the schools and galleries of Europe; whither we trust every American youth of marked artistic promise may be aided or persuaded to betake himself. Mr. Partridge's essays, despite his tendency to soar away from the *terra firma* of plain writing and plain thinking, are occasionally sound and coherent; and the publishers have given them a neat and handy setting.

The initial
number of the
"Yellow Book."

The first number of the much heralded "Yellow Book" has appeared, Messrs. Copeland & Day being the American publishers. It is an illustrated quarterly magazine, edited by Mr. Henry Harland, and realizing in a measure the suggestion made by Mr. Howells in "A Hazard of New Fortunes." That is, each number of the periodical is to be a cloth-bound book, complete in itself. In appearance, "The Yellow Book" is attractive, except for the cover, upon the design of which the imagination of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley has been permitted to run riot. Now Mr. Beardsley is a very clever young man, and he sometimes displays a real mastery of line, but he misses as frequently as he hits, and he has distinctly missed in the present instance. Illustrations are also supplied by Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Joseph Pennell, Mr. Laurence Housman, Mr. J. T. Nettlehip, and others. In spite of these names the book is something of a disappointment upon the decora-

tive side. Mr. Nettleship's "Head of Minos" is the most striking of the pictures. As for paper and print, they are exceptionally beautiful, although we cannot say that we like the square form of the volume. Of the contents, we may first mention the poems, which are contributed by Messrs. Le Gallienne, A. C. Benson, Watson, Symons, Gosse, and Davidson. So good a collection of names and pieces of verse is not often found within the covers of a single issue of any periodical. The prose contents open with "The Death of the Lion," a story in the subtlest manner of Mr. Henry James. Other imaginative work of high or at least fair quality is contributed by Miss Ella d'Arcy, Mr. F. M. Simpson, and the editor. "The Fool's Hour," caustically pleasing, is a play by "John Oliver Hobbes" and Mr. George Moore. The serious features are Mr. Arthur Waugh's admirable essay on "Reticence in Literature," and Dr. Richard Garnett's "The Love-Story of Luigi Tansillo," with translations of Tansillo's sonnets. The contents are filled out by two or three other things, entirely insignificant, which might better have been omitted. The names that we have above enumerated certainly constitute a remarkable array, yet the general impression left after examination of the book is that not more than two or three of them are represented by their better work. The sponsors of this new-born periodical have kept their promise in excluding "actuality" from its pages. There is nothing timely about any of the contents as far as subject-matter is concerned. But the sort of "actuality" that finds expression in mannerism is abundantly present, and we doubt if the beginning of the twentieth century will find this volume nearly as readable as we now find it late in the nineteenth. We understand that the book has had a very large sale.

*Studies in
the history of
English Criticism.*

"Studies in the Evolution of English Criticism" is the title of a little volume of two hundred pages published by Ginn & Co. for Yale University, being the doctor's thesis of Miss Laura Johnson Wylie, and especially interesting as one of the first results of the new policy at Yale of admitting women to the graduate school. It is a very creditable piece of work, modelled very largely upon M. Brunetière's recent sketch of the history of French criticism ("L'Évolution de la Critique"), with some suggestion also in style and spirit of Bosanquet's "History of Æsthetic,"—although this comparison is hardly fair to Miss Wylie's less pretentious plan. Considerable interest has been manifested of recent years in the history of criticism, of which this volume is the latest evidence. Courses on the subject are being conducted at some three or four American universities. Professor Schelling's "Poetic and Verse Criticism of the Reign of Elizabeth" (University of Pennsylvania, 1891) considered some of the more technical questions connected with the history of our early criticism. Miss Wylie's work sketches the period that follows from Ben Jonson to Dry-

den, studies Dryden's criticism more fully, considers the course of the evolution out of classicism in the eighteenth century, interpolates a section on German æsthetics considered as a source of Coleridge's criticism, and ends with an excellent study of Coleridge's critical ideas. Miss Wylie keeps in view throughout the period studied the relations of French and German to English literature, and aims broadly to connect technical literary criticism with the progress of critical thought in æsthetics and general philosophy. The defect of the work is a somewhat over-ambitious attempt to digest and present the study of too large a field in too small a space, resulting in a style of copious and incessant generalization. To the few students who have been over precisely the same ground, the work will be suggestive. To other readers it will prove interesting, but elusive and inconclusive. An historical monograph, perhaps, even when written for specialists, should aim at thoroughness and concreteness of demonstration, rather than at purely suggestive generalization.

*Field sports
for women.*

With all our scoffing at the prevalent "Anglomania," the malady must be allowed to have had its good results. Chief of these, we think, is the inoculation of the youth of this land with the English love of out-door sports. Thirty years ago, before the advent of "Anglomania," no part of the Anglo-Saxon world could show on the average (we have Dr. Holmes's word for it) so many "black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned" young men as the cities of our Atlantic seaboard. To most of these town-made youths, cricket, boating, boxing, riding, one might almost say walking, were not only practically unknown, but vulgar—like rat-baiting and the "ring." "Society," says the Doctor, "would drop a man who should run around the Common in five minutes." The young people of that day would seem to have dawdled mostly in-doors, precocious copies of their dyspeptic elders, and not, perhaps, altogether unlike their caricatures in "Martin Chuzzlewit." But Fashion, in one of her lucid intervals, changed all this. The seeds of "Anglomania," winged with her approval, were blown abroad in the land; and it at once became "good form" to be athletic. Everybody knows the result. Young America to-day easily holds his own in the field, on the river, or on the mountain-side, with his cousins over-sea; and one finds nowhere a sounder and sightlier race than the present successors of the sedentary youths admonished by Dr. Holmes. Not the least hopeful feature of it all is that the really "up-to-date" American girl is no whit behind her brothers in this wholesome taste for fresh air and exercise; and it is to her that the pretty volume before us, "Ladies in the Field" (Appleton), is specially commended. It contains thirteen "sketches of sport," reminiscent and instructive: "Riding in Ireland and India," by Lady Greville; "Horses and their Riders," by the Duchess of Newcastle; "Fox-

Hunting" and "Team and Tandem Driving," by Miss Rosie Anstruther Thomson; "Covert Shooting," by Lady Boynton; "Tigers I have Shot," by Mrs. Martelli; etc. The sketches are all vivaciously and entertainingly written, and we have no doubt they are instructive in their way.

*The Mark
in Europe
and America.*

Mr. Enoch A. Bryan's "The Mark in Europe and America" (Ginn) is an illustration of zeal without sufficient knowledge. It may be harsh to judge it by the following: "So, taking the England of Domesday—and Domesday was said to include every yard of land in it," yet this is an indication of the misleading character of the book. The controversy of the "Germanists" and the "Romanists" in regard to the mark is set forth with ample reverence for Seeborn and Coulanges, but with scant courtesy for their opponents; the attempt to get up a battle over "the mark in America" savors to an outsider of a personal reminiscence of Harvard *vs.* Johns Hopkins in scholastic rivalry; and the closing effort to show that the mark theory is a fruitful source of danger in economic discussion as conducted by Henry George indicates a lack of historical insight into the forward movement of society which Mr. Bryan contends for eagerly. The argumentation on pages 32 and 33, that because *agri* are mentioned along with homes and occupations as in possession, they must be holden in severalty, shows an unfamiliarity with early forms of expression; and the translation on page 35 of the much interpreted classic passage from the "Germania" beginning "*Agri pro numero*," fails to explain the *crux* of the whole passage—"in *vices*." The real value of the book lies alone in its emphasis of the truth that community of action and a certain equality are proof "neither of freedom nor of the common ownership of anything," which the author illustrates happily from the condition of the plantation negro before the Civil War. The truth is, however, slowly being recognized in the literature of land tenures in England that an eclecticism between the extremes of Kemble and Seeborn is a safer ground than partisanship.

*Thrashing
the old straw
of "Junius."*

The debt of contentious people to the author of "Junius" is considerable. One is always fancying that the debate as to the authorship of the vituperative and over-rated Letters is settled, and being unexpectedly roused to the fact that it isn't by the appearance of a fresh disputant armed with fresh "proofs" and as full of the ardor of battle as if the matter were of yesterday. To a plain man interested in the life about him it may seem that the "Junius" question is relatively a trivial one. But he should remember that there is always a class of disputatious yet scholarly minds to whom the gravity of a question is in inverse ratio to its bearing on contemporary life and action. To some of these minds the riddle set by North's and Grafton's masked heckler has an absorbing interest, and they would probably go on debating

it even were the society in which they live and have their being in the throes of dissolution. The latest *Œdipus* to present himself with a solution of the mystery is Mr. H. R. Francis, a grandson of Sir Philip Francis. Nine out of ten students of the subject are satisfied that Sir Philip was "Junius"; but to make, as he hopes, assurance doubly sure, and to clinch, as we hope, the matter for all time, Mr. Francis, in his "Junius' Revealed" (Longmans), recapitulates his ancestor's case and adds some new and cogent evidence in point. Mr. Francis writes clearly and argues closely; and his book is certainly one which those interested in its topic should have. Several *facsimile* writings tending to establish Sir Philip's authorship of the letters are appended.

*National
literature
of Ireland.*

A neat and inexpensive volume, of especial interest to thoughtful Irishmen, is "The Revival of Irish Literature" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), containing four occasional addresses by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Dr. George Sigerson, and Dr. Douglas Hyde. The aim of the writers is the promotion of a higher sense of Irish unity, and of a reverence for and familiarity with the national literature and history. It may be noted in passing that Sir Charles Duffy finds that the books now chiefly read by the young in Ireland are "detective or other sensational stories from England and America." We did not know that the wares of our own book-making Fagins had travelled so far. This noxious trash (the purveyors of which are at least as criminal as the criminals they form and educate) Sir Charles hopes to drive out by making generally accessible in popular libraries good books by native authors—such books as are "fit to win and fascinate young Irish readers," and "make them better men and better Irishmen." We need hardly say that the present volume appeals to Irish reason rather than Irish passions; and that it is free from the inflammatory stuff ladled out by the class of agitators the real goal of whose "patriotic" endeavors is the pocket-books of their too-trusting countrymen.

*Ancient ships
pictured and
described.*

Mr. Cecil Torr's "Ancient Ships" (Cambridge University Press, 1894) is a scholarly book for scholars. One of its marked features is an almost complete absence of references to other modern treatises, although, as the author assures us in his preface, he has worked through and profited by the somewhat voluminous literature of his subject. *Per contra*, the original sources of information are cited and discussed in elaborate foot-notes, which fill more than half, on the average, of each page of text. Eight plates of illustrations, from ancient paintings, sculptures, coins, etc., complete the apparatus of the volume. These illustrations have been copied, not in the usual fashion, from the compilations, too often untrustworthy, of predecessors in the same field, but from the most authentic sources, often from casts, with much conscientious verification. Although the sub-

ject includes all ancient shipping in the Mediterranean, the lion's share of attention falls to Greece. There are few men competent to pronounce a detailed judgment on Mr. Torr's book, but we do not hesitate to recommend "Ancient Ships" as simply indispensable to any who wish to grapple in earnest with the subject.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have given a charmingly dainty setting to the rather rapid little "Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard." Mrs. Bayard was the wife of Judge Samuel Bayard (one might almost say "of that ilk") who was appointed by Washington in 1794 as agent to prosecute, under the Jay treaty, the claims of American citizens in the British Admiralty courts. The present volume records Mrs. Bayard's English impressions. There are two portraits.

Mr. Volney M. Spalding's "Guide to the Study of Common Plants" (Heath) is a text-book for high school grades. It is based upon the laboratory method, and provides a series of exercises that cover the most important types of plant life. The cryptogamous groups get but few of these exercises, although quite as many as it is desirable to require of the beginner. Seven orders of endogens and twenty orders of exogens are illustrated by one or more species each. The treatment is suggestive, and well calculated to direct attention to the essential characteristics of the forms taken up for study.

M. Frédéric Houssay's "The Industries of Animals" (imported by Scribner), is published in the "Contemporary Science" series. This English adaptation of a French work has been prepared with the coöperation of the author, but the name of the translator, for some unexplained reason, does not appear. It consists of chapters on such subjects as the dwellings of animals, their hunting, fishing, methods of defence, their care of the young, and the sanitation of their hives, nests, or other dwellings. The illustrations are mostly from Herr Brehm's "Thierleben."

John Larkin Lincoln (1817-1891) was for many years a professor in Brown University. His son, Mr. William E. Lincoln, has prepared, with pious care, a memorial volume which cannot fail to possess the deepest interest for the friends of the scholar who is its subject, and which is not without a certain value for others. It includes a memorial address by Professor George P. Fisher, extracts from Lincoln's diaries and letters, and a selection of his most important papers. In these, classical themes predominate, although we find also such modern subjects as "Faust," "Galileo and the Inquisition," "James Clerk Maxwell," and "The Historian Leopold von Ranke." The book is handsomely published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A Congress of Jewish Women was one of the many gatherings held in Chicago last summer, and the papers of this Congress, of which Mrs. Hannah G. Solomon was chairman, are now put forth in a substantial volume by the Jewish Publication Society of America. Among the subjects discussed are "Jewish Women of Biblical and of Mediaeval Times," "Women Wage-Workers," "Mission Work among the Unenlightened Jews," and "How Can Nations Be Influenced to Protest or Interfere in Cases of Persecution?"

"The Struggle of Protestant Dissenters for Religious Toleration in Virginia," by Dr. Henry R. McIlwaine, is the latest of the "Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science." The period covered by this treatise begins with the year 1649 and extends to the close of the French and Indian War. The Quakers, the Huguenots, and the Presbyterians were the principal dissenting sects whose struggles the author describes and whose incomplete victory he records.

A new edition of "Owen Meredith's" "Lucile," and a selection from his poems by Lady Betty Balfour, have been published in two handsome and uniform volumes (Longmans). The "Lucile" includes the preface to the third edition, in which the author defended himself against the charge of plagiarism. The other volume has a lengthy introduction by Lady Balfour. She gives us selections from all of her father's books except "The Wanderer" (which has been republished in a volume by itself), "Orval" (which no one cares to remember), "Marah," and "King Poppy." There are also a few hitherto unpublished poems.

The book for boys that is made to order is not as a general thing to be encouraged, but an exception to this rule must be made in the case of Mr. Andrew Lang's "Prince Ricardo of Pantouflia" (Longmans), which is a sequel to his charming "Prince Prigio." If we are not greatly out of the reckoning, this book will become a prime favorite, not only with the boys for whom it is written, but also with those children of a larger growth who enjoy artistic nonsense. It is quite worthy to stand on the shelf beside the history of Alice in Wonderland.

The "Religion of Science" library (Open Court Publishing Co.), which consists of bi-monthly reprints of independent works, completes its first year by the publication of M. Alfred Binet's "The Psychic Life of Micro-Organisms." "The Diseases of Personality" and "The Psychology of Attention," by M. T. Ribot, have preceded this issue, the three other numbers for the year having been Dr. Carus's "The Religion of Science," and two sets of lectures by Professor Max Müller. These books are all of decided value, and place before the public, at a low price, some of the most important results of recent scientific investigation.

Teachers of the modern languages will be glad to have their attention called to three recent publications of Mr. W. R. Jenkins. "Short Selections for Translating English into French" is a useful manual by M. Paul Bercy. "Le Français par la Conversation," by M. Charles P. DuCroquet, is for those who think there is such a thing as learning French by chatter. The "Contes de Balzac," edited by Dr. George M. Harper and Mr. Louis E. Livingood, makes one of the best possible reading books for advanced classes. It includes "Une Passion dans le Désert," "Un Episode sous la Terreur," "Le Colonel Chabert," and three other stories. From Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. we have a "Short French Grammar" and a companion pamphlet of "French Lessons and Exercises," both by Mr. C. H. Grandgent, and both deserving of the highest praise. Among strictly elementary works, we know of nothing better for American schools than this "Grammar." The same publishers send us an Italian text—Gherardi del Testa's "L'Oro e l'Orpello"—edited by Mr. C. H. Thurber.

The "Temple" Shakespeare (Macmillan), to be published on the play-a-volume plan, is so attractive that we hardly see how it could be improved upon. It has the Dent imprint, with all the qualities of tastefulness

that the name implies. The Cambridge text is used; the brief prefaces, notes, and glossaries are by Mr. Israel Gollanez; and each volume is to have a frontispiece. "The Tempest" is the first volume to appear, and has the Droeshout portrait. The volumes will be issued in the first folio order. A special edition for students, with extra wide margins, is also announced.

The Hon. F. Leveson Gower has edited and published in two handsome octavo volumes (Longmans), the letters of his mother, Harriet, Countess Granville. The letters extend from 1810 to 1845, and are nearly all addressed to the writer's brother and sister, the Duke of Devonshire and Lady Morpeth. Most of the letters are written from Paris, where Lord Granville represented his country for many years. They are rich in reminiscences of social life in the early part of the century, and abound in anecdotes of well-known characters.

"A Child's History of Spain" is Mr. John Bonner's latest addition to his historical series (Harper), and maintains the high character of its predecessors. It begins with 500 B. C., and ends with a description of Spain's present social and industrial conditions, which, after a lethargy of a hundred years, now begin to show marked signs of prosperity. The oft-told story of the Spanish discovery by Columbus, the dramatic tales of the Spanish conquests by Cortez and Pizarro, and the lives of the Spanish heroes Iturbide and Bolivar, are all given with a freshness and spirit that will render them highly attractive to readers of all ages.

Volume III. of Professor H. Grätz's "History of the Jews" (Jewish Publication Society) carries the narrative from the revolt against the Zendiks in 511 A. D. to the capture of St. Jean d'Acre by the Mohammedans in 1291. Among the topics discussed are the Jews in Arabia, the golden age of Jewish culture in Spain, the persecutions incident to the Crusades, the career of Maimonides, and the rise of the Kabbala. The work is well printed, and written in readable style.

Teachers of the English language and literature will be interested in Mr. Alfred S. West's "Elements of English Grammar" (Macmillan), a simple and well-planned text-book for boys and girls; in the pretty edition of Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverley Papers" (Houghton), which has just been anonymously edited for the "Riverside Literature" series; and in Mr. Elmer E. Wentworth's attractive annotated edition for school use of the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving (Allyn & Bacon).

A critical edition of Lamb's "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets" has long been needed, and Mr. Israel Gollanez now supplies it (Macmillan). There are two volumes, and the Dent imprint is an assurance of careful as well as tasteful mechanical workmanship. Mr. Gollanez has incorporated the "Garriick Extracts" with the "Specimens" proper, and arranged the whole chronologically. He has also corrected erroneous statements, supplied dates, revised the texts, and identified the "Fragments"—no mean task, the latter. The edition is limited, although not narrowly.

"The Skeptics of the French Renaissance" (Macmillan), by Mr. John Owen, continues the author's companion volume devoted to the Italians, even the pagination being consecutive. The pleasant method of essay interspersed with dialogue is also preserved. The subjects of the chapters are Montaigne and Pascal, Charon and Sanchez, Peter Ramus and La Mothe-le-Vayer. The indices to the work are unusually full and helpful.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, May 28, 1894.

One of the noteworthy recent importations of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons—who, by the way, have finally removed to their new building in Fifth avenue—is Esther Wood's "Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement," the most concise and complete biography of Rossetti which has yet appeared. Mrs. Wood disclaims attempting a final biography, quoting Hall Caine's statement that the one person capable of doing this is Mr. Theodore Watts, who was Rossetti's chief confidant in his later years. At the same time she has collected and arranged in a well-considered order all the information at hand, and has added to this some interesting reminiscences of class-room and studio life, and of the Pre-Raphaelites at Oxford, unpublished before. The book contains several fine reproductions of Rossetti's paintings.

Almost simultaneously with the appearance of this volume comes the May number of "The Portfolio," with Mr. F. G. Stephens's monograph on Rossetti, with a number of reproductions of his pictures not so well made as might be expected in an art-periodical of this character. Some of the more important pictures are not given, I know not whether on account of copyright prohibition in England or because they are so familiar there. The omission is a marked one, however. Mr. Stephens is art-critic of "The Athenæum," and was one of the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, it will be remembered. His monograph contains new anecdotes of the group. The author is slightly aggressive in his exposition of Rossetti's influence on younger poets and painters, an influence long since admitted. It should be said that Mr. Stephens probably has a keen recollection of the time when almost every hand was turned against himself and his brother "Pre-Raphs."

Among the more important English poets whose verse in some degree is indebted to the influence of Rossetti, Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton may be counted. At the same time he has an independent note of his own, this being only one phase of his poetry. For over twenty years Mr. Lee-Hamilton has been the victim of a spinal trouble, unable to read or write or to be read to, and without the power of locomotion. His "Poems and Transcripts," "The New Medusa," "Apollo and Marsyas," etc., have been dictated to an amanuensis under these conditions; and they have made a decided mark in the literary world. Some sonnets, also, have appeared in "The Athenæum" and elsewhere, and these, with many more, will be published in a volume called "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours" by Messrs. Stone & Kimball, who have kindly permitted me to copy a few of them for THE DIAL. The book seems to me the most noteworthy of its kind which has appeared since the publication of William Watson's "Epigrams" in 1884. Strange to relate, with the preparation of this book, which is in part an epitome of its author's tragic existence, the hours have again taken wings for him; he is able once more to read and write, and is hopeful of a happy recovery. He has lived all these years at a farm-villa, "Il Palmerino," near Florence, where his half-sister, Miss Violet Paget ("Vernon Lee"), has devoted herself to him with unceasing attention. Readers of the sonnets quoted will be interested to compare the one entitled "What the Sonnet Is" with Mr. Gilder's "What is a Sonnet?" and with the sonnets by Rossetti and older poets on the same subject.

TO THE MUSE.

To keep through life the posture of the grave,
 While others walk and run and dance and leap;
 To keep it ever, waking or asleep,
 While shrink the limbs that Nature goodly gave;
 In summer's heat no more to breast the wave;
 No more to wade through seeded grasses deep;
 Nor tread the cornfield where the reapers reap;
 Nor stretch free limbs beneath a leafy nave:
 'Tis hard, 't is hard; and so in winter too,
 'Tis hard to hear no more the sweet faint creak
 Of the crisp snow, the frozen earth's clear ring,
 Where ripe blue sloes and crimson berries woo
 The hopping redbreast. But when thou dost seek
 My lonely room, sweet Muse, Despair takes wing.

SEA-SHELL MURMURS.

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
 On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
 Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
 The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
 We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
 In our own veins, impetuous and near,
 And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
 And with our feelings' every shifting mood.
 Lo, in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
 The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
 Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
 Thou fool; this echo is a cheat as well, —
 The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
 A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

WHAT THE SONNET IS.

Fourteen small brodered berries on the hem
 Of Circe's mantle, each of magic gold;
 Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
 Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
 Fourteen clear signs of omen in the gem
 With which Medea human fate foretold;
 Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing old,
 Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry stem.
 It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
 To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
 When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of thought;
 The ruby Shakespeare hewed from his heart's core;
 The dark deep emerald that Rossetti wrought
 For his own soul, to wear forevermore.

BAUDELAIRE.

A Paris gutter of the good old times,
 Black and putrescent in its stagnant bed,
 Save where the shamle oozings fringe it red,
 Or scaffold trickles, or nocturnal crimes.
 It holds dropped gold; dead flowers from tropic climes;
 Gems true and false, by midnight maskers shed;
 Old pots of rouge; old broken phials that spread
 Vague fumes of musk, with fumes from slums and slimes.
 And everywhere, as glows the set of day,
 There floats upon the winding fetid mire
 The gorgeous iridescence of decay:
 A wavy film of color, gold and fire,
 Trembles all through it as you pick your way,
 And streaks of purple that are straight from Tyre.

From Stone & Kimball also come the first two numbers of "The Chap-Book," a dainty little semi-monthly publication devoted to literary criticism, poetry, and fiction, by approved and by unknown writers. For the second number, just about to be published, Mrs. Moul-

ton contributes a quatrain; Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard reviews Gilbert Parker's "A Lover's Diary" at some length and most appreciatively; a poem by Bliss Carman, "The Prayer in the Rose Garden," is given; there is a story by Percival Pollard; and there are one or two entertaining "skits." The combination of taste and energy shown by this young firm is characteristic of the time, and will not be without results.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Blackmore's "Perlycross" is just about to appear from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. E. C. Stedman's "Victorian Anthology," illustrating his "Victorian Poets," will be published in the autumn.

The English Spenser Society, after twenty-six years of activity, has published its farewell volume, a reprint of Heywood's "The Spider and the Flie."

The D. Van Nostrand Co. have nearly ready "Modern Methods of Sewage Disposal," by Colonel G. E. Waring, Jr.; and "New Roads and Road Laws in the United States," by Mr. Roy Stone.

The double summer number of "Poet-Lore" will contain an exceptionally interesting series of articles, among them being: "Saga Literature," by Mr. J. H. Wisby; "Einar Christiansen," by Professor D. K. Dodge; and "Literature and the Scientific Spirit," by Professor L. A. Sherman.

The annual report of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace shows that there were 18,000 paid admissions in 1893 — materially fewer than in 1892. The falling off is ascribed to the depression in America and to the Chicago exhibition. The report shows an adverse balance of £697.

The large body of literature attributed to Paracelsus will be included in unabridged form, and in English, in two volumes, to be brought out in London. They will bear the title "The Hermetic and Alchemical Writings of Paracelsus." The text from which the translation has been made is that of the Geneva folio of 1658 in Latin.

In a recent magazine article, "Mark Twain" told of the discovery of his "Jumping Frog" story in a Greek text-book, the inference being that the story had a classical prototype. But the resemblance was so striking that it proved too much, and now Professor Sidgwick, who prepared the text-book in question, states that he took the story straight from its American source, merely to use it as an exercise for translation into Greek.

Mr. John Seymour Wood is to be the editor of a new monthly magazine published at New York in the interest of college men in particular and the public in general. We are told that the magazine will cover all matters of interest to college graduates in art, literature, politics, and athletics, that Mr. Albert Stickney will contribute articles on political and economic questions, and that Mr. W. D. Howells will write literary critiques.

Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co. have just issued a pamphlet entitled "Good Literature." It is divided into three parts. The first part contains the opinions of eminent men who favor the use of literature in schools. In part two are given the methods of using literature adopted by a number of educators. The third part contains a graded list of literary masterpieces suitable for

school use. There is an interesting introduction to the whole, showing what the aim of the publishers has been in supplying good literature in a cheap form.

Mr. James Tomkinson has edited the diary of his father, William Tomkinson, who served in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns (Macmillan). The general reader will take slight interest in this unpretentious record of a soldier's life, but it undoubtedly has value as a document, even at this late day. The volume is illustrated with maps and engraved portraits.

"The pictures they publish of me," says Mr. R. L. Stevenson, "vary considerably. They represent every type from the most godlike creatures to the criminal classes; and their descriptions of me vary in proportion—from a man with a 'noble bearing' to a 'blighted boy.' I don't mind what they say as a general rule, only I did object when somewhere in the States an interviewer wrote, 'A tall willowy column supported his classic head, from which proceeded a hacking cough.' I could not forgive that!" This amusing paragraph is taken from "The English Illustrated Magazine."

The following plaint of an aggrieved writer appears in the New York "Critic": "Six years ago I wrote an article on the education of women for a New York magazine, which was accepted. This year my request to be allowed to see my article again was granted, and on reading it over I found it so absolutely behind the times—changes in regard to women have been going on so rapidly—that I have been obliged to write it completely over again. I have now returned my manuscript to the editor with the request that he forward it to me *every six years*, in order that I may keep it up to a decent standard of timeliness!"

"The Canadian Bookseller" for April contains some interesting statistics. During 1893, the total number of copyrights registered throughout the Dominion was 449, of which only ten were novels. The total value of books, etc., imported during the year was \$890,000, the United States contributing \$476,000, as compared with \$327,000 from great Britain. English authors will be more interested to learn that the imports of copyright books, on which they are supposed to receive a royalty of 12½ per cent *ad valorem*, amounted to only \$13,000. Under the new tariff it is proposed to abolish the collection of this royalty, and to impose a uniform duty on all books (other than music, maps, and prints) of six cents per pound avoirdupois.

"The Independent" closes an interesting account of the recently discovered Hymn to Apollo with the following suggestion, which we heartily endorse: "The glory of having unearthed these precious musical fragments at Delphi would to-day belong to the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, had the \$80,000 necessary for the Delphi excavations been raised in America more promptly. Let the past supply lessons for the present. The American School has just received the privilege from the Greek Government of excavating the northern slope of the Acropolis at Athens, where the most important public buildings of the ancient city are undoubtedly buried under fifty feet of earth. It is to be hoped that the friends of classical learning and culture in America will be more prompt this time with their subscriptions."

"The Pall Mall Budget" reports a remarkable literary discovery by "an advanced Baconian." The writer proves (cryptographically speaking) that Bacon, the great originator of all the English literature of his age,

was also the author of "Box and Cox." This he sets forth from the back of the first edition, where the name of the play is printed

BOX
AND
COX

These columns read from top to bottom, give BACON OXDX. Here the author not only actually signed his own name, but gave the date also; for, taking out the letters that have a numerical value, we have CXDX, which, added, give 620. This stands for 1620, the date of the "Novum Organum" and without doubt of "Box and Cox" also.

A Walt Whitman Society, with Mr. Horace L. Traubel as secretary, has been planned, and is just now perfecting its permanent organization. Its objects are: 1. The consolidation within a single organization of all persons who are interested in the life and work of Walt Whitman. 2. The establishment of Centres in different parts of the world, which shall bring together the lovers and admirers of Whitman, and which, by the maintenance of correspondence and the exchange of views, shall tend to close fraternal relations among the members of the Society. 3. The publication, from time to time, of Whitman literature and of such essays and other papers as may be deemed valuable in elucidation of Whitman's philosophy of life, or in exposition of his poetry and principles.

Miss Emily James Smith, a fellow in the department of Greek of the University of Chicago, has just been elected to the deanship of Barnard College, and will enter upon the duties of that responsible position in the fall. As a classical scholar, Miss Smith is probably unsurpassed by any woman in the country. She studied under Professor Shorey at Bryn Mawr from 1885 to 1889, under Professor Jebb at Cambridge during the following year, then taught for two years in the Packer Institute of Brooklyn, and for the past year has been working once more under Professor Shorey, at the University of Chicago. She published a volume of "Selections from Lucian" two or three years ago, and will also be remembered as the author of "The Hungry Greeklings," a brilliant paper recently contributed to "The Atlantic Monthly."

The Association for the Encouragement of Greek Studies, of Paris, has lately given, in the amphitheatre at the Beaux-Arts, a performance of the Hymn to Apollo which was brought to light last year at Delphi, with the music to which it was originally set. This is the first time that any important piece of Greek music has ever been reproduced. Much has been known of the esteem in which music was held among the Greeks, but very little has been known of the Greek music. The information to be drawn from ancient writers on the subject is quite sterile, and, as M. Théodore Reinach said in a lecture which preceded the hymn, it is no more possible to judge of Greek music from their works than it would be to get a clear idea of Greek architecture out of Vitruvius. It was known that the acquaintance of the Greeks with harmony and instrumentation was no more than rudimentary; in polyphony they did not go beyond two-part singing. On the other hand they had three modes—the Lydian, Phrygian, and Dorian—where we have only the major and minor. It is in the Dorian mode, the most incontestably Greek of the three, that the newly found hymn is written. From the hymn it appears that the Greeks had two methods of musical notation, using either geometrical signs, or letters. They had no musical staff, and the sign was written over its

word. When the same note came twice, or more times, in succession, only one sign was used,—that is, it was not repeated. Twenty-eight lines of the hymn have been recovered, and eighty measures of the music. Mme. Remacle was the singer of it, giving it first in Greek and then in French. For the accompaniment, the cithara and the flute of the Greeks were replaced by a harp, and the clarinette register of a harmonium. M. Reinach, in his lecture, promised the audience a “jouissance délicate et aiguë.” The first impression of the hearers seems to have justified the last adjective. The music is written in a five-eight time, strange to modern ears. But the ears soon grew accustomed to this, and even found some charm in it; and delight followed. The hymn was discovered in the Athenian treasury at Delphi, where the French School of Archæology have been making excavations. It was engraved on marble slabs. The treasury itself was a small building, erected by the Athenians just after Marathon, to receive the offerings sent to the great temple at Delphi, in the close neighborhood of which it is situated. The Greek of the hymn has been put into French by MM. Théodore Reinach and Georges d'Eichthal.

A PROPOSED TENNYSON MEMORIAL.

Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield, of Freshwater, Isle of Wight, is circulating the following appeal among the American public:

“As a member and at the request of the local committee appointed for the erection of a memorial to the late Poet Laureate in this place—his home for forty years—I write to ask your aid in making general the character of the monument selected. It has been decided to erect on the highest crest of the down overlooking the western end of the island, and between the roads of Farringford and the English Channel, a granite monolith in the form of an Iona cross. The design will be furnished by Mr. Pearson, R.A. With the permission of the authorities of the Trinity House, who propose to change the name of the landmark from the Nodes Beacon to the Tennyson Beacon, the present structure, a pile of tarred wood, erected last year, will be removed and its place taken by the cross. The spot chosen, the ‘ridge of the noble down’ Tennyson loved, will, I believe, recommend itself to his friends, and the companions of his daily walks. As a land and sea mark, in view of every ship that passes in or out of the Needles, or under the island, the beacon cross should form a conspicuous and fitting memorial to one of England’s great poets.

“A considerable sum has already been subscribed locally and among the late Lord Tennyson’s friends. But more money is needed to make the monument what it should be in scale and finish. There must be many both in England and America who would wish to be contributors to this memorial. I am desired to ask all such to be good enough to forward their contributions before July 1 next to the Rev. J. Merriman, D.D., Freshwater, Isle of Wight, by whom they will be at once acknowledged. A complete subscription list will be sent in due course to every subscriber.”

In this connection it is interesting to note that the memorial to Keats, provided by the efforts of an American Committee headed by Mr. F. Holland Day, has taken the form of a marble bust of the poet, which is soon to be unveiled in the parish church at Hempstead. About one hundred American men of letters and artists defrayed the cost of this memorial.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1894 (First List).

Am. Railways and Am. Cities. H. J. Fletcher. *Atlantic*.
Bookbindings, Present. Illus. Brander Matthews. *Century*.
Burns, Authentic Portraits of. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
Chile and the Chileans. Elizabeth Wallace. *Dial*.
Cincinnati Ice Dam, The. Illus. G. F. Wright. *Pop. Sci.*
Consular Service and Spoils System, The. *Century*.
“Coxeyism.” Gen. O. O. Howard and Others. *No. Am.*
Dairy Schools and Dairy Products. Illus. *Pop. Science*.
Dante, A Study of. Genevieve Tucker. *Chautauquan*.
Democracy and the Poet. N. P. Gilman. *New World*.
Dog, The. Illus. N. S. Shaler. *Scribner*.
Early, Gen. Jubal A. Illus. L. S. Marye. *Southern Mag.*
Emmanuel Hospital, Westminster. Illus. *Mag. of Art*.
English at Iowa University. E. E. Hale, Jr. *Dial*.
English in Universities. *Dial*.
Episcopalian Polity, The. W. Kirkens. *New World*.
Essay, Passing of the. Agnes Repplier. *Lippincott*.
Eye, The. Illus. Austin Flint. *Popular Science*.
Fashion and Intellect. W. H. Mallock. *North American*.
Field-Notes. John Burroughs. *Century*.
French Diplomacy under the Third Republic. *Harper*.
Game Fishes, American. Illus. L. M. Yale. *Scribner*.
Girl, The Modern. Sarah Grand. *North American*.
Government of German Cities. Albert Shaw. *Century*.
Hamburg’s New Sanitary Impulse. Albert Shaw. *Atlantic*.
Heine, Poems of. Illus. D. H. Wheeler. *Chautauquan*.
Japanese Spring, The. Illus. Alfred Parsons. *Harper*.
Kineto-Phonograph, Edison’s. Illus. *Century*.
Louisville, Origin of. Illus. R. T. Durrett. *Southern Mag.*
Maximilian and Mexico. Illus. John Heard, Jr. *Scribner*.
Mexico under Diaz. Prince Iturbide. *No. American*.
N. Y. State University. Bishop of Albany. *No. American*.
Nature, Books About. Sara A. Hubbard. *Dial*.
Nicaragua and the Mosquito Coast. Illus. *Pop. Science*.
Normal School, Scope of the. M. V. O’Shea. *Atlantic*.
Oysters of the Pacific Coast. J. G. Cooper. *Overland*.
Pessimism. R. A. Holland, Jr. *New World*.
Philadelphia. Illus. Chas. B. Davis. *Harper*.
Tortoni’s, The End of. Stoddard Dewey. *Atlantic*.
Tramp Problem, The. S. L. Loomis. *Chautauquan*.
Wealth in the U. S., Distribution of. *Chautauquan*.
Weismann’s Concessions. Lester F. Ward. *Pop. Science*.
Wendell Phillips, Memories of. G. W. Smalley. *Harper*.
Wild Nature in London. Illus. *Magazine of Art*.
Woman Suffrage in Practice. *North American*.
Wounded in War, Future of. A. Forbes. *Scribner*.
Youmans, Edward Livingston. Frederick Starr. *Dial*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 51 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. In two vols., with portrait, 16mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
Letters of Franz Liszt. Collected and edited by La Mara; trans. by Constance Bache. In two vols., with portrait, 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. Chas. Scribner’s Sons. \$6.
Letters of Harriet, Countess Granville, 1810-1845. Edited by her son, the Hon. F. Leveson Gower. In two vols., with portrait, 8vo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$9.
The Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer. Edited from numerous manuscripts, by Rev. Walter W. Skeat, LL.D. Vol. II., Boethius and Troilus; 8vo, uncut, pp. 506. Macmillan & Co. \$4.
Folk-Tales of Angola: Fifty Tales, with Ki-Mbundu Text, Literal English Translation, Introduction, and Notes. Collected and edited by Heli Chatelain. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 315. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.

Varieties in Prose. By William Allingham. In three vols., with portrait, 12mo, uncut. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$6.

Shakespeare Studies and Essays on English Dictionaries. By the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, LL.D.; with biographical preface by Prof. Lewis Campbell. 12mo, uncut, pp. 409. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.50.

The Bard of the Dimbovitza: Roumanian Folk-Songs, Second Series. Collected from the peasants by Hélène Vacaresco; trans. by Carmen Sylva, and Alma Strettell. 12mo, uncut, pp. 130. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Old Celtic Romances. Trans. from the Gaelic, by P. W. Joyce, LL.D., author of "A Short History of Ireland." Second edition, revised and enlarged; 12mo, pp. 446. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Dante Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement. By Esther Wood. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 323. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.

Roger Williams: The Pioneer of Religious Liberty. By Oscar S. Straus, author of "The Origin of Republican Form of Government in the U. S." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 257. The Century Co. \$1.25.

Mary Mortimer, A True Teacher: A Memoir. By Minerva Brace Norton, author of "In and Around Berlin." Illus., 12mo, pp. 341. F. H. Revell Co. \$1.60.

HISTORY.

Christopher Columbus, and the Participation of the Jews in the Spanish and Portuguese Discoveries. By Dr. M. Kayserling; authorized translation by Charles Gross, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 189. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.

POETRY.

Sebastian: A Dramatic Poem. 12mo, pp. 93. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton. \$1.

A Song of Companies, and Other Poems. By Orrin Cedestman Stevens. 12mo, pp. 110. Holyoke, Mass.: H. C. Cady Co. \$1.

FICTION.

Doreen: The Story of a Singer. By Edna Lyall, author of "Donovan." Illus., 12mo, pp. 496. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.

Prose Tales of Alexander Poushkin; trans. by T. Keane. 12mo, uncut, pp. 402. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.

His Vanished Star. By Charles Egbert Craddock. 16mo, pp. 394. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

Two Strings to His Bow. By Walter Mitchell, author of "Bryan Maurice." 16mo, pp. 278. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Robb's Island Wreck, and Other Stories. By Lynn R. Meekins. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 192. Stone & Kimball. \$1.25.

Out of Bohemia: A Story of Paris Student-Life. By Gertrude Christian Fosdick. Illus., gilt top, uncut, pp. 236. Geo. H. Richmond & Co. Boxed, \$1.25.

Salem Kittredge, and Other Stories. By Bliss Perry, author of "The Broughton House." 16mo, pp. 291. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.

The Rich Miss Riddell. By Dorothea Gerard, author of "Etelka's Vow." 12mo, pp. 208. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.

Red Cap and Blue Jacket: A Story of the Time of the French Revolution. By George Dunn. 16mo, red top, uncut, pp. 587. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.

The Upper Berth. By F. Marion Crawford. 18mo, pp. 145. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cts.

Woodstock; or, The Cavalier. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 493. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

Harper's Franklin Square Library: A Little Journey in the World, by Charles Dudley Warner, author of "Their Pilgrimage"; 12mo, pp. 396, 75 cts.—Cord and Creese, by James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club"; 12mo, pp. 305, 50 cts.

Lovell's Illustrated Series: The Truth about Beauty, by Annie Wolf; illus., 12mo, pp. 312.—The Last Sentence, by Maxwell Gray; illus., 12mo, pp. 491. Each, 50 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

Diary of a Journey Across Thibet. By Capt. Hamilton Bower. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 309. Macmillan & Co. \$3.75.

Among the Moors: Sketches of Oriental Life. By G. Montbard. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 281. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.

SCIENCE.

Biological Lectures and Addresses. Delivered by the late Arthur Milnes Marshall, M.A.; edited by C. F. Marshall, M.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 363. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

Hume, with Helps to the Study of Berkeley. Essays by Thomas H. Huxley. 12mo, pp. 319. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Aërial Navigation. By J. G. W. Fijnje Van Salverde; trans. by George E. Waring, Jr. Illus., 16mo, pp. 209. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

Man and Woman: A Study of Human Secondary Sexual Characters. By Havelock Ellis. Illus., 12mo, pp. 409. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

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LIVING WRITERS OF FICTION.

As the nineteenth century draws to a close, it still finds in the novel its favorite form of reading. Nearly every civilized country has, for the full hundred years (if not for more), given hearty allegiance to this literary form, and fashion, while dictating countless variations of subject-matter and mode of treatment, has not ventured beyond the limits imposed by this form. The public libraries everywhere report that from sixty to eighty per cent of the books circulated are novels; publishers' lists from all

parts of the world show a large preponderance of works of fiction; and the average reader, asking himself what books he has read during the past year or decade, will name half a dozen novels for every book of history, or collection of essays, or volume of poems. If ever a long-felt want was supplied in the history of civilization, it was when the literary instinct of nineteenth century writers realized the fact that the new age was to be, beyond any of its predecessors, a book-reading age, and hit upon the new kind of book that was to supply the new demand. We wonder now what our ancestors ever did without novels (for, from the height of superior opportunities, we cannot give the name of novel to the sort of thing whereof Dunlop was the chronicler), and we read with mingled pity and amazement of the way in which they devoured solemn tomes of ancient history, or pastoral conceits expressed in artificial verse, or the chit-chat of the eighteenth century essayist. When we think of the readers of "Clélie" or of "Clarissa," the situation becomes pathetic, for those eager souls were, in their dull way, groping towards the light; dim and tantalizing visions of the possibilities of romance must have been vouchsafed them; yet no nearer than such Pisgah-summit (their Pisgah but a sort of foothill) were they ever to approach the promised land.

That fiction has been the characteristic literary form of the nineteenth century is indisputable. That it will occupy a similar position in the twentieth century it would, perhaps, be rash to conclude. Yet the chances of its so doing are considerable; the impulse is by no means spent or even waning; and it would be still more rash to make any equally specific alternative statement. Just now we have no intention of predicting anything, but rather of making the briefest possible survey of the art of fiction in its present state, or rather the most summary sort of catalogue of those chiefly eminent in its practice. Ignoring all ephemeral successes and merely local celebrities, we ask the question: What men and women now living have produced works of fiction of anything like enduring value, works that appeal to a more lasting constituency than that of the hour, to a wider audience than that offered by the immediate environment of their authors?

Of the three or four great novelists that Russia has produced, Count Tolstoï alone is left, and from him there is little reason to expect any further work comparable with "War and Peace," "Anna Karénina," or even with "The Cossacks." The writer of almost first-rate fiction has become a producer of third-rate tracts, and literature mourns the defection. But the great Slavonic North has sent us of recent years, in the person of Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, a writer of fiction quite the equal of the Russian soldier turned pietist. His magnificent romantic trilogy devoted to the seventeenth-century wars of the Polish Commonwealth, and his subtle piece of psychological analysis called "Without Dogma," are masterpieces in their respective kinds, and with them Polish literature renews the appeal to European attention first made by Mickiewicz half a century ago. The one notable name of literary Hungary at the present day is that of the veteran Maurus Jokai, who has written innumerable novels, and whom his countrymen have recently taken much delight in honoring.

The step from Hungary to Austria is easy, politically if not ethnically, but no Austrian novelist seems greatly worthy of mention. Probably the most important names are those of Herr Karl Emil Franzos, whose "Ein Kampf um's Recht" is certainly a great novel, and the Ritter von Sacher-Masoch, whose reported dispatch to a better world we recently joined the American press in chronicling, but who, we are now happy to say from later accounts, is still among the living. In Germany, both Herr Spielhagen and Herr Freytag are still at work, although the former is producing poor novels and the latter none at all. But the author of "Problematische Naturen" and "Hammer und Amboss" is one of the great names of German nineteenth-century literature, and the author of "Soll und Haben" and "Die Verlorene Handschrift" is even more assuredly another. Herr Heyse, also, who has written two of the best German novels in existence, remains in the ranks, and may yet give the world a worthy successor to "Kinder der Welt" and "Im Paradiese." The conspicuous group of German novelists who have dealt with the romance of ancient history should in the present connection at least be represented by Herr Felix Dahn's "Ein Kampf um Rom," and possibly also by one or two of the better among the many romantic fictions of Dr. Ebers.

In the Scandinavian countries, the first place among writers of fiction must be given

to Herr Björnson. As a writer of peasant idylls—"Arne," "Synnöve Solbakken" and the like—he first became known to the world outside of Norway; as the author of the two ambitious books of his later years—"Det Flager i Byen og paa Havnen" and "Paa Guds Veje"—he has greatly extended and strengthened his already wide reputation. We will say, parenthetically, that these books are to be had in English translations, respectively entitled "The Heritage of the Kurts" and "In God's Way." Before turning from the North of Europe to the South, a word may be given to the new blood infused into the life of Dutch literature by the somewhat morbid sensitivists, of whom Heer Louis Couperus is the most conspicuous, and another word—this time of unqualified praise—to the Dutchman who calls himself "Maarten Maartens," who has contracted the singular habit of writing his novels in the English language, and whom we should insist upon claiming as an ornament of our own fiction were not his themes so unmistakably Dutch.

It is a little curious that Italy, from whom we have reason to expect much, should have no contemporary writer of fiction deserving of mention here; should have produced, indeed, but one great novel in the course of the century. One need only evoke the recollection of "I Promessi Sposi" to realize how comparatively insignificant is the best that is offered by any Italian novelist now living. On the other hand, Spain, towards whom we had little reason to look for literary activity, has shown a promising development during the past few years, and has produced, in Señores Valera, Valdés, and Galdos, a group of novelists of whom any country might be proud.

When we turn to France, we find an *embarras de richesse* indeed, for France and England have throughout the century shared the highest honors in the art of fiction. While other countries have produced great novelists now and then, these two have been well supplied nearly all the time. At present, although France can boast no Balzac, no "Stendhal," no Flaubert, no Dumas *père*, and no Hugo, she still boasts the creative genius that gave us the immortal Tartarin and the immense vitality and force that have produced the Rougon-Macquart series, the grace and humor of the author of "L'Abbé Constantin," and the subtle psychology displayed in "Cosmopolis," by the newest of the Academicians. And besides MM. Daudet and Zola, Halévy and Bourget, there are the names of M. Feuillet, M. Cher-

buliez, M. Anatole France, M. Edouard Rod, and so many others that we hardly know where to stop in the enumeration.

Coming at last to the literature of our own language, we find, upon the other side of the Atlantic, that three novelists emerge very distinctly from the group of the older men — Messrs. Blackmore, Black, and Hardy. They have all been prolific, and the best work of each is very good work indeed. Yet no one can fairly claim for “Lorna Doone” and “The Maid of Sker,” for “A Daughter of Heth” and “Sunrise,” or for “The Return of the Native” and “Tess of the D’Urbervilles,” that they are seriously comparable with the best works of Scott, or Thackeray, or even Dickens. Nor is it possible to admit that Mrs. Humphry Ward has yet shown herself to be a novelist of the rank of George Eliot or Charlotte Brontë. She, as well as the three men whom we have mentioned, must perforce be content to know that their rank is the first only because their age is degenerate. Among the older men we must also mention Mr. Shorthouse, although it seems likely that he will be remembered as the man of one book, just as Blanco White is remembered as the man of one sonnet. But “John Inglesant” is one of the noteworthy books of the generation, and will not soon be forgotten. Mr. George Meredith, too, must be reckoned with the older men, although his reputation (in any broad sense) is young. Whether the unwieldy craft that he has set afloat will escape shipwreck or not is a problem we confess our inability to solve. Among the younger men we have, of course, the eccentric and unclassifiable Mr. Kipling, and such restorers of the good old fashion of historical romance as Mr. Stanley Weyman and Dr. Conan Doyle. We also have Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, who has style and invention so happily commingled that he is likely to please at least one more generation than his own.

In our own country, the art of fiction may be said to hold its own, a phrase which means far less than it would in France or England. Hawthorne is the only really great artist we have ever had, and his genius, exquisite as it was, had such close limitations that he by no means answers to the long-felt need for a Great American Novelist. Nor does this much-invoked abstraction show any signs of taking material shape. For neither Mr. Henry James nor Mr. Howells nor the prolific and entertaining Mr. Crawford may the title be claimed. We are sometimes inclined to think that Mr. Bret

Harte comes nearer than any other to achieving the distinction. But the place of honor among our living novelists should probably be given to Dr. Holmes, although “Elsie Venner” and “The Guardian Angel” lie so far back of the present as to seem to belong to another age. What other living American has given us two novels (or even one) of such enduring interest and vitality?

WILLIAM DWIGHT WHITNEY.

In the death of William Dwight Whitney, which occurred at New Haven June 7, is fallen the prince of American scholars. Others of our countrymen have been and are highly honored for their achievements in learning, but none has so united in himself breadth and accuracy, the power to produce and stimulate, simplicity and singleness of purpose. Scholarship was to him more than an accomplishment, it was a lofty mission pursued with all the force of an intense moral earnestness. Like Lowell’s dominating trait of patriotism, which rose to the degree of a passion, was the jealous devotion of Whitney to the service and honor of his profession. It was this which at times caused him (as was also true of our urbane and gentle-spirited poet) to twist his

“gift of words

Into a scourge of rough and knotted cords,
Unmusical, that whistle as they swing,”

and it is in this depth of devotion to his high calling that we must find the motive for the trenchant vigor of his polemic, and not in any *odium scholasticum* or American assertiveness. To a man of his ideals, the currency of scholarship was debased by looseness of method or inaccuracy of statement, embellished though it might be by whatever daintiness of conceit, or however much it might presume upon unquestioning popular acquiescence.

He was born in 1827 in Northampton, Massachusetts, in a region which has perhaps contributed to this country a larger share of intellectual ability than any other of its size. After graduating at Williams College, he was for three years a clerk in a Northampton bank, and while thus engaged he spent his spare hours in the study of languages, especially Sanskrit. It is not unreasonable to attribute to his acquaintance with the world of practical affairs some of the wholesome breadth and calmness of his judgment in other fields. He was in many ways a man of wide sympathies. He shared with his distinguished brother a strong taste for the natural sciences, being for many years a member of the American Association (attending its meeting in Chicago in 1868), and finding a diverting avocation in collecting minerals and mounting birds. He pursued graduate studies for one year at Yale, then studied Sanskrit and comparative philology in Germany under Bopp, Weber, and Rudolph Roth. His

wide reputation dates from the edition of the standard text of the Atharva Veda, prepared by Roth and himself, based upon the manuscripts, and in every way an admirably solid performance. In 1854 he was made Professor of Sanskrit at Yale, with the additional chair of Comparative Philology in 1870. His lectures on "Language and the Science of Language," originally given before the popular audiences of the Smithsonian and Lowell Institutes, were published in 1867, and at once attracted the attention of the learned world, remaining to the present time an authoritative statement of the mission and methods of philological research. Somewhat discursive in treatment, they are supplemented by his later essays, particularly his chapter on the Science of Language in the article "Philology" in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which is of particular interest for its putting of his standpoint regarding the ultimate beginnings of human speech, which, according to Whitney, have their origin in man's practical necessity for a means of communication, and not in any natural existence of names corresponding to certain conceptions. Any attempt to determine how and when this communication first broke forth must remain futile. The prevailing use of the voice for this purpose is a survival according to natural fitness. The first signs were doubtless imitative, whether of sounds heard in external nature or of the natural emotional outcries of primitive man, and such a language-stock as these elements would supply is quite sufficient for the development of actual human speech. While in Germany in 1867 he was asked by the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel to prepare a Sanskrit grammar for their proposed Indo-European series. He accepted the commission, and approached the subject for the first time in a manner corresponding to enlightened philological demands. The characteristic features of this work were its being an attempt to make a scientific grammar based upon the actual facts of the language, rather than on the inherited traditions of native schools, in its giving a full consideration of the Vedic dialect, and in treating the language throughout as accented. It is no exaggeration to say that up to the present time no attempt has been made to improve upon this splendid monument of learning, and that wherever philology is studied the Sanskrit grammar of Whitney is a unique and indispensable adjunct. His complete edition of the Taittiriya Pratiçakhyā (1871) obtained the Bopp Prize from the Berlin Academy as being the most important publication in Sanskrit during the preceding three years. His predominant influence in the American Oriental Society, of which he was president after 1884, and to the publications of which he contributed a large share, remained potent and inspiring long after his impaired health forbade his attendance upon meetings. His last great service of superintending the publication of "The Century Dictionary" was brought to a successful close. That work, whose projection was looked upon somewhat jealously as

a sort of premature intrusion upon the field planned by the English Philological Society, has triumphantly vindicated its *raison d'être*, and is one of the cherished possessions of the English-speaking world. He took an appreciative interest in the World's Congress of Philology held in Chicago last year, approved of its plans, and aided in them by explicit suggestion of themes for discussion.

I have a vivid memory of my first meeting with this venerated scholar when, years ago, I made a pilgrimage to New Haven to consult with him about my own plans. He received me in his beautiful home, filled with all the symbols of a broad and refined culture, with a dignified but simple and considerate manner that was most reassuring. In fact, nothing was more characteristic of this great man (who was sometimes represented abroad as a warning example of overbearing self-conceit) than the cordial and unpretentious encouragement he gave beginners in their early endeavors, and the courteous respect with which he entertained their productions, immature and blundering as these often were. In looking on his genial, ruddy face, crowned with its silvery hair, I felt, as perhaps never elsewhere in the same degree, that homage which mankind pays to the eminent scholar, as one of the highest products of civilization and human culture. I have never wondered that a certain professor in the University of Berlin was wont to allude to him as "*die Zierde der Wissenschaft*."

JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF THE NOVEL.

When a certain division of literature is, for historical reasons, dominant in current literary production, it is like a drag-net which ensnares divers sorts of fish. It attracts not only the natural makers in that form, but others whose gifts fit them better for some other work but who cannot resist the centripetal pull of this most popular activity. Thus, in the Elizabethan days the drama was the type of literature which represented the age, most interested the public, and consequently engaged the main attention of the begetters of literary masterpieces. And hence it is that we meet with men like Peele, Greene, and Lodge, and later, Cartwright and Shirley, whose call to play-making was not imperative, whose work was more or less imitative. Had the mode of the day in letters demanded the essay or the novel, they would as readily have turned in those directions. Peele was naturally a superior controversialist, Lodge could write so exquisite a prose pastoral as "*Rosalind*"—whence Shakespeare drew his lovely "*As You Like It*,"—and Shirley had powers as a lyrist exemplified in so dainty a song as that entitled "*A Lullaby*."

At present the novel is the all-engulfing literary form. Alphonse Daudet has asked of late: "What shall be the novel, the literature, of the future?"

—as if the two terms were co-terminous and interchangeable. Fiction has made sad inroads upon the ancient and honorable champaign of Poetry; the essay is as naught to it in popularity and applause; while even the stern historian tries to give his chronicle of the past, of "old, unhappy far-off things," a narrative interest, and some boldly throw their history into the guise of an historical romance, albeit their purpose is not artistic but didactic—the imparting of knowledge rather than the giving of pleasure. Fiction, in short, is the modern magnet toward which all literary product and power is drawn. That this predominance is in some ways an evil (despite the indisputable virtues of the novel), that it is possibly fraught with danger to general literary production, is a thesis which will at least bear further amplification.

The injury done to poetry has been alluded to. When Walter Scott, after triumphing in narrative and ballad verse, took up the writing of romances and charmed all Europe, he gave English fiction an importance and dignity hardly enjoyed by it before. Without overlooking Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's testimony that Richardson's "Pamela" wrung tears from the chambermaids of all nations, it is pretty safe to say that with the Waverley Novels our fiction, as a distinct form, gained a prestige which, in spite of fluctuations and what at present some incline to call a woeful devolution, it has never lost. And verse has suffered a proportionate decay of authority. It has come to pass that verse-men adopt a semi-apologetic tone in putting forth their wares, and the *soi-disant* scientific spirit of the age tends to look askance at such activity. To be sure, this indifference to poetry may easily be exaggerated. If the critic go back to any earlier period of English poetry, much the same influences may be detected: the poets themselves timid and knee-supple; their carping judges aghast at the dearth of good work, and with their mouths full of praise of some previous day. Walter Scott's accent in speaking of "The Lady of the Lake," before its publication, has, for us, a curiously tentative and deprecatory sound. And to read to-day such a critique as Peacock's "Four Ages of Poetry," wherein not Scott alone, but Lord Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are dismissed with contemptuous paragraphs, is sufficiently amusing, while suggestive of the irresistible tendency to belittle the foreground in favor of the historical perspective—a strange reversal of the ordinary laws of composition. But aside from all this, it is true enough that contemporaneous poetry is, speaking broadly, tolerated rather than appraised; if the text of sales be applied, the comparatively small editions of verse—the regular edition being 500 volumes, and limited editions of less size being a fad of the time—show the same thing, from the publisher's garish point of view. Look, too, at the relative value set on fiction and verse in the magazines, those faithful registers of popular taste. The story is the *sine qua non*, the one literary form which must be supplied; the

quatrain or sonnet is tucked in to fill unseemly gaps between articles. Its function is that of a tail-piece. In the days of Good Queen Bess, poetry in play-form was the acceptable mode of literary expression: there was then a happy conjunction of public demand and artistic supply, though whether they stood in the relation of cause and effect is matter for parley. But so much may be roundly affirmed: what the play was to that time, the novel is to this. Those now writing verse must expect and be content with smaller sales, slower reputation, and, in a sense, an uncongenial environment. As a result, the fictional maelstrom sucks in some who in another day would have been poets, or who, having the name of poets, would have done greater work in verse than will ever come from them under existing conditions. It is a curious query, What might Kipling have achieved in poetry in an age which made the poetic drama the recognized mode of expression? This, with two or three of his fine ballads in mind, to say nothing of the dramatic instinct in his fiction, is not so superficial a suggestion as might at first appear. But born into these latter-day conditions, he is an Uhlan of story-telling, who only now and then makes a side-charge into the placid domains of Poesy.

Fiction, again, draws the natural essayist away from his *metier*. Those heretical enough to prefer the essay-work of Henry James to his novels will think of him in this connection; a humorist like Mark Twain, undoubtedly a teller of tales, but hardly a novelist in the full modern content of the word, is another exemplar. The cult of the analytic in fiction has led many writers, whose forte lay in such effects rather than in synthetic creation, into novel-making; and, conversely, perhaps the analytic tendency has been thus exaggerated until it has culminated in The Story-That-Never-Ends. Interesting questions and cross-questions arise here. But the main contention, that this modern maelstrom, with its secret undertow, has drawn the essayists into its potent circle, to the impoverishment of the essay—delightful form made luminous by the names of Montaigne, Lamb, Heine, and Arnold—and, as well, to the dubious improvement of Fiction itself, is for easy apprehension. Recently, and in large part due to the brilliant critical papers of such English and American writers as Pater, Stevenson, Moore, Lang, and Replier, a reaction in favor of the essay is observable, and it may be this will grow into a veritable renaissance. So far, however, it is little more than a beginning; that the reading of the older and standard essayists has been checked by the novel and its half-breed ally, the newspaper, cannot be gainsaid.

But regarding Fiction alone, what are the effects of this autoeracy which it maintains in the world of literature? To our thinking, we get bad novels, and too many of them, because of it. The form has so supreme a power, and the emoluments are so glittering, that those who have it in them to do good work lash themselves to unnatural exertions in or-

der to answer the demand, and sell their second-best in lieu of their best, which takes more time. Very few of our modern novel-writers exhibit the conscientious care and leisurely method of Mrs. Ward or Mr. Stevenson. The temptation is great, and the danger extreme. And far worse than this, a horde of hangers-on rush into the field and by their antics, utterly lacking coherence, with no *raison d'être* to justify their presence, bring what is a gift, an art, and a consecrated labor into misunderstanding and disrepute. It is fast coming to the point where a man who has not written a novel gains thereby a certain distinction: and this surely is ominous for the highest interests of Fiction. But it is questionable if the novel will remain indefinitely the dominant type, the maelstrom engulfing the various kinds of literary power and activity. All analogy points the other way, begetting a presumption in favor of some new form, or the revival of an old. It is not impossible that with a new impulse in poetry of the narrative or dramatic order, Fiction will find its elder sister occupying her sometime place as a coëqual. Indeed, the forecast for the drama, uniting as it does the most splendid creative literary energy with action of the most direct and universally appealing kind, is especially bright. And the literary movement in this direction of late suggests an ultimate shifting in the relative importance of those forms of literary expression which in our day engage the interest and affection of men.

RICHARD BURTON.

ENGLISH AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO.*

All persons who believe that literature is at once the greatest of the fine arts and the one most available for general study must be interested in the reports that THE DIAL has published concerning the work in English at various American colleges and universities.

The English department is the largest one in the University of Chicago, and very generous provision has been made for it. During the three calendar quarters from October 1, 1893, to June 30, 1894, twelve instructors have given forty-eight courses of instruction in English. Three of these have been in required theme-writing; the remaining forty-five courses have each called for four or five hours of class-room work a week for twelve weeks, except that a few Seminar classes have met only

* This article is the ninth of an extended series on the Teaching of English at American Colleges and Universities, of which the following have already appeared in THE DIAL: English at Yale University, by Professor Albert S. Cook (Feb. 1); English at Columbia College, by Professor Brander Matthews (Feb. 16); English at Harvard University, by Professor Barrett Wendell (March 1); English at Stanford University, by Professor Melville B. Anderson (March 16); English at Cornell University, by Professor Hiram Corson (April 1); English at the University of Virginia, by Professor Charles W. Kent (April 16); English at the University of Illinois, by Professor D. K. Dodge (May 1); English at Lafayette College, by Prof. F. A. March (May 16); and English at the State University of Iowa, by Prof. E. E. Hale, Jr. (June 1).—[EDR. DIAL.]

two hours a week. During this time, 849 students, counting by class registration, have taken regular courses in English; and 204 more have taken required theme-writing. The number of different persons taking these courses has been 425, not including any who take only required theme-writing.

The following persons will give instruction in English at this University during the year extending from July 1, 1894, to June 30, 1895: Professor W. C. Wilkinson, D.D.; University Extension Professor R. G. Moulton, Ph.D.; Professor L. A. Sherman, Ph.D., of the University of Nebraska (at the University of Chicago only for the Summer Quarter of '94); University Extension Associate Professor N. Butler, A.M.; Associate Professor W. D. McClintock, A.M.; Assistant Professor F. A. Blackburn, Ph.D.; Assistant Professor M. F. Crow, Ph.D.; Assistant Professor A. H. Tolman, Ph.D.; Instructor R. W. Herrick, A.B.; Instructor R. M. Lovett, A.B.; Tutor E. H. Lewis, Ph.D.; Assistant Myra Reynolds, A.M.; Docent O. L. Triggs, A.B.; Honorary Fellow F. I. Carpenter, A.B., Honorary Fellow H. C. Brainard, Ph.B. (Total, fifteen.) All of these except Professor Sherman, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Brainard have been teaching here during the past year. Ten of those in the above list will give their entire time to the work of instruction; five give a part of their time.

One course in English literature, and only one, is required of all the students. This must be taken during the first year of undergraduate work. It seems desirable that the pupil be introduced promptly to the treasures of his own literature; it is well that he should learn early that the condensed milk of text-books cannot suffice for his mental nutriment,—that all the fact-books and reasoning books, taken together, cannot accomplish his intellectual salvation, cannot give him a liberal education. This required course is an introduction to the study of literature. It gives a brief outline of the history of English literature, together with studies in the chief literary forms—the drama, narrative poetry, lyric poetry, the novel, the essay. It may seem to some that more than one quarter should be given to this work, but it is the policy of the University to have as few required courses as practicable. Some election is allowed during the second year of college work; after the second year there are at present no required courses whatever.

Of the elective courses in English literature, each calls for four or five hours of class-room work a week for an entire quarter; except that some of the Seminar classes meet only two hours per week. The courses are arranged chronologically, those that are more general coming at the end. Many important authors and subjects are necessarily omitted from the work of any single year. A condensed list of these elective courses for the coming year is as follows: Old English Literature (Blackburn); Middle English Readings (Blackburn); The Works of Chaucer (Tolman); The Rise of the English Drama and Its History to 1560 (Tolman); The History of the Drama in England from 1560 to 1642 (Crow); Elizabethan Prose (Crow); Elizabethan Seminar (Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters, Crow); The Sources of Shakespeare's Plays (Crow); Shakespeare Seminar,—those plays in the First Folio which have been thought to be of composite authorship, etc. (Tolman); The Interpretation of Representative Plays of Shakespeare (McClintock); Studies in the Interpretation of Shakespeare (Sherman); Critical Examination of the Text of Hamlet (Brainard); Elizabethan Poetry (Carpenter); The Poetry of Spenser (Carpenter); Spen-

ser's "Faerie Queene" (Moulton); Milton Seminar (McClintock); The Beginnings of the Classical Movement in English Literature (Reynolds); The Beginnings of the Romantic Movement (McClintock); The Romantic Poets, 1780 to 1830 (McClintock); The Poetry of Wordsworth (Reynolds); Essayists of the Nineteenth Century (Butler); Nineteenth Century Literary Movements (Triggs); Arnold and Tennyson (Triggs); American Literature in Outline (Triggs); English Poetry in the Nineteenth Century (Lovett); Themes and Principles of Treatment in Novel, Poem, and Drama (Sherman); The History of English Literary Criticism (Summer and Spring Quarters, McClintock); The Elements of Literature (Summer and Spring Quarters, McClintock); Theory and Practice of Literary Interpretation (Moulton).

The University Extension work in English literature falls especially to Professors Moulton and Butler. Since October 1, 1893, Associate Professor Butler has served most successfully as Director of the University Extension Department, and has given sixty Extension lectures. Since January 1, 1894, Professor Moulton has conducted two courses of regular class work at the University, and has delivered ninety-six Extension lectures. No other American institution does so much in this line of work as the University of Chicago. Many courses of lecture-studies in English literature are offered for the coming year. It is not the policy of the University to encourage Extension lecturing on the part of the regular class-room force, though such courses are given under special circumstances.

The masterpieces of our literature are studied at the University of Chicago primarily as works of literary art. If one says that "English should be studied as Greek is," then it must be asked, How should Greek be studied? To investigate every possible question that can be raised in connection with a piece of literature is to be thorough indeed; but is it not possible, in being thorough, to be thoroughly wrong? An artistic whole, like a vital one, is something indefinitely greater than the sum of its parts. We should not fail in artistic study to make *the whole* the centre of interest. The study of the most charming of the English classics has too often been made a mere starting-point for laborious investigations into antiquities, history, geography, etymology, phonetics, the history of the English language, and general linguistics. The stones of learning have been doled out to students hungry for the bread of literature. Literary masterpieces should be studied chiefly, it seems to me, for their beauty. It is because of their charm, their beauty, that they have immortality; it is only because of this that we study them at all. If the student is not helped to enter into their beauty and to love them for it, the teaching would seem to be wrong somewhere. No study can be too minute and careful which aids one in gaining a vital appreciation of a great masterpiece. An unfailing source of rest and refreshment, a life-long process of self-education, great ideals of life and character,—to all of these the student should gain access through the study of English literature.

For the most part the literary and linguistic lines of study are kept apart at this University; but not entirely. Linguistic questions are sometimes vital to the interpretation of a passage; for example, the word "weird" in the phrase "the weird sisters" in "Macbeth" calls for explanation, and will repay the most careful study. Even in a literary study of Chaucer it is necessary to pay careful attention to his language. I must not be

understood as objecting to the most thorough study of the English language. It is a fair question whether a certain amount of such study should not be required of all college students. According to a great law of education, "the law of the nearest," the history of the English tongue is the most fitting and helpful introduction to the general study of the life and growth of language. Only in the mother-tongue does the student have access to the actual phenomena of speech. Here one boundary of linguistic investigation—the *terminus ad quem*—is the present form of the language; and this meets his ear at every turn. The present life and growth of one's native tongue can be studied at first hand, and is the great source of light for the study of language-change in the past. Few recent movements in education have been more marked than the increased attention given to the historical study of English.

In addition to the two literary courses already mentioned, Assistant Professor Blackburn offers nine courses in Old English, the History of the English Language, etc., for the year beginning July 1, 1894.

Every student is required to take a course in rhetoric and English composition at the beginning of his undergraduate work. Theme-writing is required throughout the first two years. The instructors in rhetoric expect the students to find the subjects for their themes, or compositions, in the various other departments where their studies lie. The principles and rules of rhetoric, they hold, help a man to treat a subject appropriately; but he must find some subject himself, or one must be found for him. A list of topics, together with helpful references, is furnished to the classes. These topics are recommended by the instructors in the various departments in which the students are working, and usually have some vital connection with the subjects that are discussed in the class-room. Fourteen elective courses in rhetorical study are offered for the coming year by Messrs. Wilkinson, Herrick, Lovett, and Lewis.

Every college graduate should be able to prove that he is liberally educated by the grace and skill with which he expresses his thoughts. Much practice in writing is required of every student who takes his college course in the University of Chicago. I trust that it is only because of the youthfulness of our institution that active literary societies do not yet exist among our students. This should be remedied, since the voluntary rhetorical practice obtained in organizations of this kind is most helpful. The University of Chicago has fifteen departmental clubs; these are united in an organization called The University Union. Original papers are read before the English Club by instructors, students, and invited guests. Three clubs are appointed each quarter to present papers at a public meeting of the University Union. A prize of fifty dollars goes to the student chosen by competition to represent each club.

Two so-called "senior" fellowships, or four "junior" fellowships, are assigned to the department of English. These are granted to college graduates of exceptional ability who plan to do advanced work in English. Owing to the large number of applicants, four "junior" fellowships have been awarded for the coming year. Each of these gives to the holder exemption from the payment of tuition and \$320 in cash. Two other fellowships for this department have been provided for this year by private generosity.

ALBERT H. TOLMAN.

Assistant Professor of English Literature,
University of Chicago.

The New Books.

LORD WOLSELEY'S MARLBOROUGH.*

The prize of £500 offered by the Duchess of Marlborough for the best poem commemorating her husband's deeds was won by the writer of the following stanza :

"Five hundred pounds, too small a boon
To set the poet's Muse in tune
That nothing might escape her.
Were I to attempt the heroic story
Of the illustrious Churchill's glory,
It scarce would buy the paper."

Since this thrifty bard pocketed the Duchess's guineas the hero of Blenheim has had, as a rule, less flattering critics. Detraction, as well as death, "loves a shining mark"; and the shafts of satire and invective, winged and envenomed by party hate and sped by strong and sure hands, have pierced to the quick "great Marlbro's" renown. Whatever may have been the motives that ruled his conduct, England owes much to Marlborough; and it is high time that his career should be fully reviewed and his genius and services shown in the same clear light that has been shed upon his faults.

Partisans of the Duke, if any there be, will find little to cavil at on the score of scant appreciation in the work of his latest biographer, Lord Wolseley. The two beautiful volumes before us, forming the first instalment of his book, reach only to the death of William III., to the threshold, that is, of Marlborough's real life-work. Leaving thus untouched his crowning years, during a part of which he virtually ruled England and fairly outshone in the field the "Sun King" himself, they cover the period of the gravest of the charges against him; and to this fact we may primarily ascribe their pretty constant, and we think unfortunate, strain of advocacy. A pleasant narrator and a clear and cogent military critic, Lord Wolseley, despite his truth of statement and his occasional censures, plainly holds a brief for his hero; and he proceeds throughout to deny or to palliate his alleged shortcomings, from leze-majesty to bad spelling, with a zeal the momentum of which lands him in the amazing conclusion that the Duke of Marlborough was not only a great captain, but in some sort a moral hero as well. "In moral character," he tells us, "Marlborough was as far above the

age in which he lived as he was in ability above the men who governed it." We may say at once that Lord Wolseley is too good a soldier to be a good casuist; and his honesty, moreover, being at odds with his logic, he usually starts out by stating the case against his client so fairly as to hopelessly weaken his subsequent rebuttal. At some points, certainly, the student of Swift and Macaulay will find reason to modify his views; but even on Lord Wolseley's own showing we think the final judgment on Marlborough must still be that, in the words of the moderate Green, "Of honor or the finer sentiments of mankind he knew nothing."

A notable, and not, we think, a very happy attempt at whitewashing is our author's chapter on the Brest affair—"the basest," says Macaulay, "of all the hundred villainies of Marlborough." It may be remembered that in 1694 William III. planned a naval and military expedition against Brest, which had been left temporarily defenseless by the departure of Tourville's squadron. The town was to be surprised, and secrecy as to the destination of the expedition was of the first moment. The matter leaking out, William's plan was treacherously disclosed to Louis in time to enable him to put Brest in a state of defense, and subsequently to entrap the English and defeat them with great slaughter. Four hundred seamen and seven hundred soldiers were mowed down by the fire from Vauban's skilfully-placed batteries, and Talmash, the English commander and Marlborough's military rival, received his death-wound. Talmash died, it is said, protesting that he had been lured into a snare by treachery—which was afterwards proved to be the case. A century later a copy or translation of a letter from Marlborough to James II. giving full information of the projected attack on Brest was found in the Scotch College at Paris; and he has since been pretty generally held responsible for the disaster and the slaughter of his countrymen. At the time of writing he was in disfavor at court; and his object, aside from a wish to ingratiate himself with James, with whom he had been for some time coquetting, is held to have been to ruin Talmash and to force himself on William as the only Englishman fit for a high military post. Lord Wolseley admits that Marlborough wrote the infamous letter to James, but he denies that he was the *first* informant. His defense is that when the Duke wrote he did so knowing that William's plan had already

*THE LIFE OF JOHN CHURCHILL, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH; to the Accession of Queen Anne. By General Viscount Wolseley, K.P. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

been betrayed to St. Germain's; and that therefore the French preparations which led to the English defeat were not due to his specific act of writing. "If," says Lord Wolseley, "it be conclusively proved that the preparations were the result of information obtained by Louis from others previous to the date of Marlborough's letter, then this charge falls to the ground." Granting the facts to be as Lord Wolseley states them, his defense—if indeed he means it as such—seems little better than a quibble. For in knowingly allowing the Brest expedition to sail to certain failure and possible destruction Marlborough certainly became *particeps criminis* in the original betrayal; and his meanly writing to James, with a flourish of doing him a service which he knew was no service, is only a further proof that he was, as his foes assert, a virtuoso in duplicity—a man at all points "for close designs and crooked councils fit." It should be added that our author by no means acquits Marlborough of gross misconduct in the Brest matter. "It cannot be forgotten," he says, "that the great man for whom England built Blenheim palace did intrigue with his country's enemies."

Churchill's course in the Revolution of 1688 is more easily defended. There are junctures at which treason becomes, as Rousseau said of insurrection, "a public duty"; and the landing of William of Orange at Torbay assuredly marked one of them. Protestant Englishmen were by that event called upon to choose between disloyalty to a dangerous tyrant who had repeatedly broken his Coronation oath, and disloyalty to the nation; and the choice lying between a peccadillo and a crime, most men chose the former. A lingering superstition as to "the right divine to govern wrong" alone made the dilemma a real one. Abstractly considered, treason to James II., an arbitrary bigot bent on enslaving his people and restoring a creed to which nineteen twentieths of them were bitterly opposed, was not only justifiable but laudable, and the word must be stripped of its uglier connotations. But Churchill's case was a special one, involving special considerations. What we are to regard in weighing his conduct seems to be: his personal relations to James, the time and mode of his desertion, and, lastly and chiefly, his governing motives. There is no doubt that James had been from the first his fast friend and benefactor, having raised his whilom page step by step from poverty to wealth and from obscurity to distinction. Lord Wolseley's plea that "if we calmly weigh

Marlborough's services and compare them with his rewards, the debtor and creditor account does not seem to be unfairly balanced," is hardly admissible, the double tie of fealty and gratitude being something more than a mere adjustable matter of debit and credit. Besides, the services of which Lord Wolseley speaks were rendered to James the king, who had an official right to ask them of Churchill the subject; when the time came to repay James the man, at some personal cost and risk, Churchill was found more than wanting, for he left his benefactor in the lurch, and this at a moment when he knew his defection must prove decisive. The secession of Marlborough made it necessary for James to leave the field to his rival. In respect of the Revolution, two relatively honorable courses were open to Marlborough. When he found James resolutely bent on restoring Roman Catholicism he should have thrown up his commissions and gone to Holland, as Talmash did, or else he should have followed his master's fortunes to the end. Both these courses meant a leap in the dark; so he elected neither. At no juncture do we find this supremely cool and dispassionate gamester risking a move the event of which could not be fairly reckoned beforehand. While intriguing and strengthening his hand with William he maintained his hold upon James; and not till the chances were plainly and materially against the latter did he unmask. Then he boldly threw his sword in the descending scale and turned it hopelessly against his life-long friend and protector. With characteristic adroitness he contrived to hoodwink the King up to the last moment. Before leaving London to confront William in the field, James made him a Lieutenant-General with an important command. At the final council, after the fight at Wincanton, and Cornbury's ominous flight, when the King left it to the conscience of his officers to fight for him or else to openly and honorably resign their commissions, Churchill, with treachery in his heart, ostentatiously spurned the latter alternative. To further gild his spurious loyalty he even urged the now faltering King to strike a resolute blow for his crown. At this council James made a really touching appeal to the loyalty of his officers. He tells in his memoirs:

"They all seemed to be moved at this discourse, and vowed they would serve me to the last drop of their blood—the Duke of Grafton and my Lord Churchill were the first that made this attestation."

Three days later, "my Lord Churchill," see-

ing his way clear, went over to William; and we confess that the questionable circumstances attending his treason throughout seem to us to outweigh, in an estimate of his character, the extenuating facts that its results were beneficial to his country and that James had forfeited his general claim on English loyalty.

That the hero of Tel-el-Kebir should enlist on a forlorn hope is natural enough; and we need not be surprised to find him trying to show, when he comes to the question of Marlborough's motives, not only that his treason to James was the result of pure patriotism and zeal for religious liberty, but that he acted throughout in opposition to what he believed to be his own interests. Something more than bare logic is needed to show that the leopard can change his spots. The course indicated is so utterly at variance with what is known of Churchill's general character as to be incredible unless attested by the strongest facts. Theoretically speaking, no man capable of sacrificing himself in the cause of patriotism could have acted as he did in the Brest matter. Besides, the fact that as soon as James's restoration seemed fairly probable he began intriguing with him, and unblushingly professed the deepest contrition for his past conduct, is fatal, we think, to our author's case. Tyranny and popery notwithstanding, Churchill showed himself willing, other plans failing, to bring James back to the throne from which he himself, more than any other Englishman, had helped to oust him. The scene between Churchill and the Jacobite agent is instructive: "Will you," pleaded the penitent rebel, "will you be my intercessor with the King? Will you tell him what I suffer? My crimes now appear to me in their true light; and I shrink with horror from the contemplation. The thought of them is with me day and night. I sit down to table; but I cannot eat. I throw myself on my bed; but I cannot sleep," etc., etc. Perhaps Macaulay is not so far from the truth when he adds, "the loss of half a guinea would have done more to spoil his appetite and to disturb his slumbers than all the terrors of an evil conscience." To follow the tortuous maze of Churchill's policy is difficult enough; but it is probable that, at bottom, his intrigue with James was only a part of his main design of placing on the throne his wife's puppet and "the Church's wet-nurse, Goody Anne."*

That Churchill's religion was a factor in his

disloyalty to James is beyond dispute. His Protestantism, while more a matter of early inoculation than reasoned conviction, was sincere; and he honorably resisted all temptations to abjure it. In this solitary virtue is rooted the disproof of our author's statement that Churchill, in aiding William to the throne, believed that he was sacrificing his own interests. It had finally grown clear to him that, under James, his only road to immediate advancement lay through apostasy — "the one crime from which his soul recoiled." It was even evident, as we read in the *Duchess of Marlborough's Vindication*, "that as things were carried on by King James, everybody sooner or later must be ruined who would not become a Roman Catholic." Churchill did not wish to apostatize, still less did he wish to be ruined; and events soon showed him a way out of the dilemma. Rarely skilled in casting the political horoscope, he read in the growing discontents in the kingdom that even apostasy, whatever its immediate rewards, was likely to prove a most doubtful way of advancing his interests in the future. James's fatuity in, treating like serfs a free people who had within the memory of the living sent their King to the scaffold for less, would plainly sooner or later cost him his throne; and a Protestant successor was inevitable. Everything pointed to William of Orange as the most popular claimant. As soon as all this was clear to Churchill he made overtures to William, and the event as usual proved his calculations to be correct. Such extraordinary services as he had it in his power to render, through his talents, his military commands, and, above all, through his influence over William's strongest rival, Anne, could not go unrewarded; nor did they. On William's accession he was promptly made Gentleman of the Bedchamber and Earl of Marlborough, and was once more on the high road to preferment.

Allowing then all reasonable weight in the matter to Churchill's Protestantism, and even crediting him with a possible flash of fitful patriotism, it seems clear that his course in 1688 might well have been dictated by the most cold-blooded self-interest. He had nothing to gain, as events were going, in standing by James; he had everything to gain in going over to William. In fact Marlborough's course in the Revolution, when calmly considered, seems of a piece with his whole life and temper. His sense of James's past benefactions quickly vanished with his hope of benefactions to come; and throughout the war of conflict-

* Walpole's epithet.

ing policies and interests, cool and self-centred as at Blenheim and Malplaquet, he fought, like the Smith of Perth, "for his own hand."

The world, or the saner and humaner part of it, will cheerfully agree with our author in condoning such of Marlborough's errors as may be fairly laid to the score of youth. It is mostly your "Unco Guid," or those frost-bitten souls who find their melancholy account in "damning sins they have no mind to," who are implacable in these cases. Marlborough's early surroundings, too, were of the worst, and would have tried Saint Anthony. To a handsome youth like John Churchill the court of Charles II., where chastity was scorned and common decency was laughed at as prudish, was a hotbed of temptation; and Lord Wolseley admits that his hero was naturally no Joseph. What Charles's court ladies were is indicated by the outspoken Pepys, who says: "Few will venture upon them for wives. My Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say that her daughter (not above a year or two old) will be the first mayd in the court that will be married"; while as to the court gentlemen, we read of "orgies at which the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Treasurer, and other dignitaries, drank themselves into a quarrelsome frenzy, and ended by stripping to their shirts." The court of the Restoration was little better than a magnified bagnio; and the king who presided over it and set the mode in morals and manners was, with all his easy *bonhomie* and his singular turn for science, a Yahoo at bottom. That Churchill did not pass through the fire unscathed is not to be charged against him too severely. But here again his more or less venial errors were tainted and blackened by their sordid accompaniments. Avarice in youth is as ugly as lewdness in age; and at two-and-twenty Churchill seems to have been steeped in this "good old-gentlemanly vice." We can forgive and even smile at his escapade of leaping through the Castlemaine's window to avoid "Old Rowley," who had been apprised of his poaching; but when we learn that he afterwards accepted and carefully invested her ladyship's draft in payment of his agility, our good-humor cools. There is probably more malice than truth in Pope's couplet touching this draft —

"The gallant, too, to whom she paid it down,
Lived to refuse his mistress half a crown" —

but it is pretty clear that Churchill, "thrifty even in his vices," took wages compared to which the spoils of Turpin were nowadays

counted honorable gains. Our author substantially, and perhaps not altogether unjustly, partly excuses this acceptance of money on the ground that "they all did it," and he inclines to laud its investment as a case of thrift and foresight rather remarkable in so young a man. Thrift and foresight it certainly was; for the Castlemaine gift, swelled by similar contributions from like quarters, proved to be the germ of the largest private fortune in Europe. Marlborough's parsimony is neatly satirized in a verse suggested by the bridge at Blenheim—a pretentious structure spanning a rivulet which trickles sparingly below:

"The lofty arch his high ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows."

Lord Wolseley takes issue with those who have charged Marlborough with gross illiteracy. He admits that his spelling was bad, but he urges that "in his time there was no recognized standard of spelling, and that if he failed in this respect, it was in company with Lord Chancellor Somers and a host of other well-known and even learned contemporaries." To carp at genius on the score of sixpenny defects which a year's schooling might have remedied is a small business; and England may well forgive the victor of Blenheim for signing himself "Your lordchipe's humbell servant."

We should regret if, while dwelling at length on those views of Lord Wolseley's which seem to us questionable, we had conveyed the impression that his book is a misleading or in the least degree an uncandid one; and we repeat that its fairness and fulness of statement offset its sometimes doubtful logic. Ample data are furnished from which the reader may draw his own conclusions. The story of Marlborough's boyhood and school-days and of his youth is given with a fulness heretofore unattempted; and the author has added a succinct and lively account of his period and of the people about him. The portraits of Charles and of James, of Sarah Jennings and her devoted "Mrs. Morley," are capitally done, and show beyond question that Lord Wolseley, unlike his hero, can use the pen as well as the sword. Altogether admirable is the account of Sedgemoor—and here our author has a signal advantage over Macaulay in that he is a thorough military expert. His story of the battle is a foretaste of the treat awaiting us in the promised volumes embracing Queen Anne's wars. A man of action and a man of his time, Lord Wolseley treats himself to occasional "asides" (usually at the expense of the chronically-indignant

British taxpayer) on current questions. Commenting on Sedgemoor, he says :

"This, the last battle fought in England, was fought to secure James his crown. If through the folly and parsimony of our people we should ever see another, it will be fought in defence of London. The struggle will be not for a dynasty, but for our own very existence as an independent nation. Are we prepared to meet it? The politician says Yes; the soldier and the sailor say No."

Describing Monmouth, he says :

"He was one of that sort of cut-and-dried, old-fashioned officers, who could not believe it possible that badly-armed, slovenly-looking regiments, untrained in the formal evolutions of a regular army, could be of any real military value. To officers of his class it was, and still is, heresy to hold that a man can be capable of doing a soldier's work unless he is dressed like a cockatoo, and drilled to stand like a ramrod, with his nose in the air."

What would the Prussian drill-sergeant say to that?

There are many illustrations — largely portraits after the Buccleugh miniatures; and the volumes are at all points beautiful and even sumptuous pieces of book-making. E. G. J.

THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE PARIS QUAYS.*

One of the earliest and most devoted of the class known as "book-lovers"—those uncorrupted and unjaded mortals who love and reverence a book *per se* as well as for what it contains—was the good Bishop of Durham, Richard de Bury (1287–1345). "O Blessed God of Gods in Zion!" he writes in his *Philobiblon*, "how great a flood of pleasure delighted our heart as often as we had leisure to visit and sojourn at Paris, the paradise of the world, where the days always seemed to us but few for the greatness of the love that we had. There are delightful libraries, fragrant beyond stores of spices; there are green pleasure-gardens of all kinds of volumes." The quays of Paris were undreamed of in de Bury's philosophy. The books he saw were not objects of barter in numberless stalls planted along the banks of the Seine. They were the volumes in manuscript compiled by monkish scribes, with all the bravery of rubrication, and ornamentation in gold and colors, known to the plodding artists of mediæval days. Movable types and printing presses came one hundred years (1450) after the death of Richard de Bury. Four hundred and fifty years more of progress have wrought

their changes. So, "in these vocal days"—as Mr. Augustine Birrell tells us in his preface to M. Octave Uzanne's "Book-Hunter in Paris"—"when there are books about almost everything under the sun, no one need wonder that so quaint a fraternity as the stall-keepers on the quays of the Seine should have a volume all to themselves." If one is to take M. Uzanne literally, the antiquated figure of the stall-keeper "who has disappeared" was cast in a quite different mould from the more prosaic stall-keeper of to-day. Père Malorey, who died in January, 1890, had kept a stall on the Quai Conti, at the corner of the Pont des Arts, for sixty-two years. Strictly honest, of good sense, something of a scholar, he was "known and esteemed by the world of book-sellers, bibliophiles, and the learned, who found books at his stall and information in his talk," says M. Uzanne. And this fine old gentleman was well satisfied with his business, and had no thought of rising above it. The stall-keeper of to-day is of another genus. Let M. Uzanne introduce him :

"It is Chevalier, the old waiter at the Salle Sylvestre, well known for his indisguisable ignorance and his anything but Athenian idiom. He hardly knows how to read; none the less his is one of the stalls where you will find the most books and the best books; he has already made enough money to have his investments."

It is usually the character of yesterday who interests us most; so we turn back to Père Foy, a quaint character, the friend of "the learned, the witty and lamented Bibliophile Jacob," Paul Lacroix. When the æsthetic soul of the late Emperor was perplexed by the appearance of pauper Paris, he would have swept away, as so many dealers in old rags, the stall-keepers on the quays. But their friend Lacroix induced the Emperor to take a stroll with him one day; and coming along the Quai Malaquais, they saw an old man warming himself at a fire of papers in a portable stove. To complete the story in M. Uzanne's words :

"From time to time he took a volume from a pile of books by his side and tore out a handful of leaves to feed the fire. The Emperor approached, and, with some interest, wished to know what work was thought so valueless as to be used as a combustible. Père Foy—who is not acquainted with his reputation to-day?—quietly handed the volume to the Sovereign, and Napoleon III. read with stupefaction the headline in these triumphal words : '*Conquêtes et Victoires des Français.*'"

This dear old Père Foy had a very checkered career. A fire finally destroyed the greater part of his stock of books, and the insurance company paid him in cash fifteen thousand francs. Thenceforth he did nothing; "he did

*THE BOOK HUNTER IN PARIS. Studies among the Book-Stalls of the Quays. By Octave Uzanne. With Introduction by Augustine Birrell. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

not renew his books; he did not change his clothes; he let his feet protrude beyond his socks; all the shirt he had was just enough to carry a collar."

With such diverting stories, incidents, and experiences, M. Uzanne's book is filled. M. Emile Mas has sprinkled the text and the margins with scenes and figures that are equally diverting. From the windows of his lodgings, M. Uzanne could see from the Pont Royal to the Pont des Arts—"that long array of stalls that border the Seine, and which the curiosity of the loungers is passing under review from morn to eve"; and this picture, always within his view, he has reproduced in its many and varied phases, so that now the reader at a distance can see the moving panorama of the quays as it has passed so often in review before the author. In the appendix is a very touching account of a notable banquet given to the book-stall men, in November, 1892, in accordance with the bequest of the late M. Xavier Marimer. About ninety-five stall-keepers were present at the banquet, and they spent a happy hour in discussing a repast the like of which was quite new to many of them.

W. IRVING WAY.

RECENT FICTION.*

The appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's third novel, "Marcella," again raises the inevitable question, Has George Eliot found a successor? "David Grieve" was almost good enough to compel an affirmative answer, but the new book gives us pause. "Marcella" is extremely *tendenziös*—more so than "Robert Elsmere"—but that is not necessarily a defect. Still, a great novelist should be able upon

*MARCELLA. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A YELLOW ASTER. A Novel. By Iota. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE RUBICON. By E. F. Benson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

PERLYCROSS. A Novel. By R. D. Blackmore. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PATRICIAN CLUB. By Albert D. Vandam. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

WITH EDGED TOOLS. By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FOR HONOR AND LIFE. A Novel. By William Westall. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN DIREST PERIL. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers.

UNDER THE RED ROBE. By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE TRESPASSER. By Gilbert Parker. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

occasion, as the author of "Adam Bede" showed herself, to discard preaching altogether without releasing the attention. This Mrs. Ward can hardly be said to have done as yet, although "David Grieve" promised much in that direction. Comparing Mrs. Ward with George Eliot, or, to be more specific, "Marcella" with "Felix Holt," we are conscious of two marked contrasts. The incomparable richness of George Eliot's mind becomes only the more apparent when we put the two works side by side, although Mrs. Ward's pages always reflect a ripeness of culture and a degree of seriousness quite unwonted among writers of fiction. Furthermore, emotion sometimes gets the upper hand (or very nearly gets it) in Mrs. Ward's books, whereas George Eliot kept it strictly subordinated to intellect. We may say in addition that "Marcella" is more distinctly a book of a single character than any of George Eliot's more considerable performances. The heroine is the only person who interests us very much; her parents are imperfectly realized, her socialist friends are abstractions of varying degrees of shadowiness, the humble folk, whom she so passionately desires to help, impress us chiefly with the squalor of their surroundings and arouse a sympathy that is mainly reflected from Marcella herself. Even her lover, Aldous Raeburn, has a touch of the priggishness that makes it possible to hold the type up to a sort of mild ridicule, as in the cases of Schiller's Marquis of Posa and Tennyson's King Arthur. As a general rule—with the one rather notable exception of Wharton—the characters of the novel seem to be delineated as they appear to Marcella's eyes rather than to the objective judgment of the artist who, "contemplating all," should project them one by one upon the scene, endowing each with its proper vitality. It is a little unfortunate that the artist should have thus abdicated to her creature, because Marcella, charming and high-minded as she appears to us, has no sense of humor, and is essentially a thing of impulse and passion. Now human life is never revealed in its truth to an observer under the sway of emotion, nor in its fullness to one who has tears for its sorrows but no

KATHERINE LAUDERDALE. By F. Marion Crawford. Two volumes. New York: Macmillan & Co.

A FLOWER OF FRANCE. A Story of Old Louisiana. By Marah Ellis Ryan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

BENEFITS FORGOT. By Wolcott Balestier. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

HORACE CHASE. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

OVERHEARD IN ARCADY. By Robert Bridges. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN VARYING MOODS. By Beatrice Harraden. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN EXILE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WHITE CROWN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Herbert D. Ward. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE EXILES, AND OTHER STORIES. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

smiles for its mirth. Life is a terribly serious thing, no doubt, in many of its aspects, but it is fortunate that it is not always interpreted for us by so tensely-strung a medium as that of Marcella's nature. The book is occupied from beginning to end with the social problem in its more recent English envisagement. It calls, consequently, for examination as a study in sociology no less than as a transcript of life. What attitude towards socialism does it assume? Is the author carried away by sentimentalism, or does she keep in constant view the hard uncompromising facts with which any settlement of the social problem must fit? The reader is constantly putting the questions to himself, and different portions of the work seem to offer varying answers. It is only when the end is reached, and the author's method taken fully into account, that these questions may be fairly answered. Then only will adequate credit be given to Mrs. Ward's dramatic treatment of the subject; then only will the reader realize that the conflicting answers that from time to time seem to emerge merely reflect the phases of Marcella's storm and stress period of development, and that the poise of soul eventually attained by her is typical of what must be the final attitude (as far as finality in such matters is possible) of every calm and rational nature brought face to face with the social problem. The critical point, in the development both of Marcella's character and of the problem with which she is struggling, appears to be reached when she declares to one of her socialist fellow-workers:

"No!—so far as Socialism means a political system—the trampling out of private enterprise and competition, and all the rest of it—I find myself slipping away from it more and more. No!—as I go about among these wage-earners, the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession—more and more on character. I go to two tenements in the same building. One is Hell—the other Heaven. Why? Both belong to well-paid artisans with equal opportunities. Both, so far as I can see, might have a decent and pleasant life of it. But one is a man—the other, with all his belongings, will soon be a vagabond."

One need read no more than this to discern that Mrs. Ward's view of the social problem is both wise and conservative. No one, indeed, familiar with her earlier books, could reasonably have doubted that she would thus place the final emphasis upon character, or have feared that she would be misled by the allurements of any scheme, with whatever eloquence urged, that seeks to bring on earth peace, good-will toward men, by application from without. She might almost have taken for a motto these words of Dr. Ibsen: "Men still call for special revolutions—for revolutions in politics, in externals. But all that sort of thing is trumpery." In style, "Marcella" is probably Mrs. Ward's best book. This makes an occasional slip all the more surprising, and we cannot understand how she could have used the word "demean" in the illiterate sense. It is also surprising to find Arnold's familiar

"Yes! in the sea of life enisled" misquoted as

"On the broad seas of life enisled."

For a near relative of the poet to have done this is less excusable than for another.

The contrast is very striking between Mrs. Ward's restrained and thoughtful art and the careless and inartistic work displayed in "A Yellow Aster." These defects are partly accounted for by the very amateurish character of the performance, but there is a residuum of offensiveness not so pardonably to be explained away. The writer is clearly determined to be effective, and is fairly successful in her aim, but at the heavy cost of every grace of diction and nearly all verisimilitude. We are compelled to take more literally than she would probably wish the suggestion of the title, and to assert that her heroine is even more impossible than a yellow aster, or a black tulip, or any other horticultural monstrosity. It is a pity that the book should be so repellant to the artistic sense, for it has qualities of humor and pathos that are not without promise, and for which much might have been done by restrained and careful cultivation. But the writer has chosen to appeal to the roughened palate and the jaded sense, and she has her reward. Had she been wiser, she would have known that a sensational entrance into the field of literature is the thing above all others to be avoided by anyone who hopes to attract serious attention.

The heroine of "The Rubicon" is something of a monstrosity, too, and in much the same way as the heroine of "A Yellow Aster." Both are women who, we are given to understand, have enormous potentialities for love and self-sacrifice, but who, *en attendant* the development of these latent qualities, are capable of acting with phenomenal heartlessness and even brutality towards the men whom they have respectively pledged themselves to love, honor, and obey. The woman of "The Rubicon" is more seriously wicked than "Dodo," and far less attractive in her wickedness. But she has at least the grace to put an end to her destructive career by suicide, and the action becomes her, however little the ethical finality attaching to it. The only merit of this novel is afforded by its occasional bits of bright observation and satirical comment; as a piece of construction, it is slovenly both as to style and to composition in the larger sense. What is meant for a tragic climax (the scene in the opera box) is ludicrous in its ineffectiveness and inadequacy. "You are a wicked woman," says Reggie, and turns on his heel. The remark is truthful enough, but the particular instance offers nothing to occasion it.

A new novel by Mr. Blackmore could not fail to be an event of much importance, were the work less entertaining than "Perlycross." One undoubtedly feels that he has read it all before, and that the Devonshire village which gives the book its name is a spot long since familiar. One feels also that in this particular case the framework of the story is too slender for the wealth of ornamental detail

bestowed upon it—that there is an intolerable deal of sack for the poor half-pennyworth of bread. But the charm of Mr. Blackmore's manner is irresistible; his humor is wholesome, and his poetic feeling is genuine and deep. "Perlycross" is not to be compared with the four or five best works of its author, but is, for all that, thoroughly enjoyable. Its very whimsicalities of style and temper are an essential element in its attractiveness, and quaintly help to set forth the old-fashioned, kindly, high-minded personality that we everywhere feel to lurk behind the scenes.

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" has turned his hand to the composition of a detective story, and we cannot say that he has been successful. When we think of the work of M. Gaboriau, or even of Dr. Conan Doyle, "The Mystery of the Patrician Club" appears by comparison imperfectly conceived and clumsily unfolded. Mr. Vandam indulges in all the stock phrases of melodrama, and does not even spare us the "dull thud." There is nothing about the book that can be taken seriously, not even seriously enough for the purposes of the rather low type of fiction to which it belongs. But we do not always care to take things seriously in hot weather, and for an idle hour by the seaside the tale will serve.

"With Edged Tools" (a title borrowed, it would seem, except for a variation in the spelling of the adjective, from Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's novel) is a book of alternating adventures in Africa and drawing-room conversations in London. It all turns upon the doings of a heartless coquette, who engages herself, in a manner, with two men at the same time. These men, unwitting of the tie that binds them, meet in Central Africa, and join in a money-making enterprise which turns out favorably. When they return to claim their promised brides, there turns out to be only one of her for both, and neither of them seems to care for her any longer. Whereby she gets her just deserts. The African part of the story relates to the search for a mysterious shrub named simiacine, greatly desiderated by medicine men, and worth many times its weight in gold. There is hardly a real character or a natural situation in the book; on the other hand, there is some cleverness of dialogue and abundant action. According as the reader cares for one or the other pair of characteristics, he may elect to read or to reject it.

The novel of adventure seems just now to be having an English renaissance, and the popularity of such works as "The White Company" and "A Gentleman of France" points to a distinct reaction in popular taste from the allurements of realism and analysis. Mr. Westall's "For Honor and Life," which is a rather better book than the author has accustomed us to, is a story of the Swiss Guards, *qui ne sacriamenti fidem fallerent, fortissime pugnantes ceciderunt*, on the tenth of August, 1792, thereby achieving immortality and the rock-carved

Lion of Lucerne. The particular guard who is Mr. Westall's hero escaped the massacre of that day, otherwise there would have been no story for us. Of his subsequent connection with a plot to aid the escape of the King, of the fair maiden whose *beaux yeux* led him into numerous venturesome enterprises, and of many other matters, we read with quite breathless interest, albeit with the cheerful conviction that a happy ending of the story awaits us in the closing chapter.

Mr. David Christie Murray's latest novel has for its theme the rescue of an Italian patriot from the Austrian dungeon in which he had been left to rot for twenty years, and the subsequent activity of the rescued man in London as an organizer of the revolutionary movement of 1848. The rescuer, who tells his own story, is inspired by the fair eyes of the Italian's daughter, and, after many tribulations, makes her his wife. The story is told with the homely and affected bluntness supposed to befit the narrator, is filled with more or less exaggerated incident, and is sensational in tone without being more than moderately interesting.

"Under the Red Robe" is sure of an audience, both because Mr. Weyman wrote it, and because the ever-fascinating figure of Richelieu dominates the action. Mr. Weyman gives us the Richelieu of Dumas and Lord Lytton rather than the cardinal-minister of actual history, but few will quarrel with him for that. Indeed, the Richelieu of romance seems assured of a genuine immortality, whatever may befall the annals of Louis XIII. and his reign. "Under the Red Robe" is an autobiographical episode. The hero is a decayed and dissolute gentleman, sent by the Cardinal upon a perilous expedition to the Spanish frontier, and acquitting himself with much address and more grace than his antecedents would lead the reader to expect. The story is packed with adventure, and possessed of romantic charm in a high degree. Let Mr. Weyman write a few more books of the sort, and he will fairly earn the title of the English Dumas.

If the judgment be based upon the originality of plot, the best of the four novels of adventure in our present selection is "The Prisoner of Zenda." The scene is laid in one of the smaller German monarchies so plentiful before 1871, and the prisoner is the rightful king, held in confinement by his ambitious and unscrupulous brother. The hero is an adventurous Englishman, whose extraordinary resemblance to the prisoner enables him to personate the captive monarch, assume the crown in his place, and wear it successfully for three months. Fantastic as the plot appears in this skeleton outline, it is given much verisimilitude by the ingenuity of the narrator. Uneasy lies the head, we may be sure, of this illegitimate crown-wearer, but the situation is saved by his pluck and his sagacity, and he succeeds in rescuing and restoring to the throne his royal double. The story is singularly well-knit, rapid in action, and uninterruptedly interesting.

There is no serious attempt at characterization, but much play of pleasing sentiment, and much dramatic excitement, in its pages.

A young English nobleman of profligate character and reckless disposition gets into a scrape, leaves his home, and begins a new life in the wilds of British America. There he marries a half-breed of French and Indian blood. The son of this union, when full-grown, learns of his English relations, and, the parents having died, goes to England to claim his name and his family. Pretty nearly all novels nowadays deal with problems, and the problem of "The Trespasser" is to set forth the effect of this triple ancestry upon a man suddenly brought into contact with the refinements of a highly civilized society. There is no trouble about recognition, and the new-comer holds his own in most respects, a strong character and a natural adaptability seeing him safely through many difficult situations. But the wild strain in his blood asserts itself in the end, and works much disaster. Mr. Parker's treatment of this theme is always interesting and often brilliant. The story is well-constructed and shows much dramatic power. If we may borrow one of the author's own phrases, we should say that there is a good deal of "raw color" about it. The subtleties of analytic art are not within Mr. Parker's reach, but he makes up for their lack by rather striking qualities of invention and imaginative passion. The entirely wanton introduction of an element of clairvoyant claptrap is the one marked fault of the book, and its uncanny effect is produced at too great a cost.

Mr. Crawford is evidently ambitious to become the novelist of life in America as well as in Italy or the East, of life in New York no less than of life in Rome. It cannot fairly be claimed that he has succeeded in this task, and the reason is not far to seek. His talent is essentially romantic, and there is nothing romantic at all about New York society. He has made three attempts to handle this material: "The Three Fates," probably the weakest of all his books, "Marion Darche," a sketch too slight to be seriously considered, and "Katharine Lauderdale," the book now under examination. All that we can say of it is that it is better than the two others. But it cannot for a moment be compared with the really remarkable "Saracinesca" novels, with "Pietro Ghisleri" or "Greifenstein," with "A Roman Singer" or "To Leeward." Clever and fluent as Mr. Crawford always is, the romantic remains his element, and the doings of "society" are almost as dull in his pages as they are in reality. His technique is nearly always good, and the reader can get some satisfaction from that. But even technique fails him in what may be taken as the central episode of "Katherine Lauderdale," and the spectacle of the hero solemnly invoking the testimony of the family physician to prove that he (the hero) is not drunk, excites to a mirthfulness that can hardly have been contemplated by Mr. Crawford.

A number of writers have discovered of late that the history of this continent offers much material excellent for the purposes of romantic fiction. The present age, indeed, is not very romantic, except in the pages of Mr. Bret Harte, but one has only to get back a hundred years or so to find abundant inspiration. Mrs. Ryan is one of the latest explorers in these little-trodden regions, and her new novel, "A Flower of France," takes us to eighteenth century New Orleans, finding in its mixed population, its old-world relations, and its turbulent annals, so much interesting matter that her canvas suffers from being overcrowded. We cannot say that the material is very well arranged, or that the story is at all points probable, but the book is at least entertaining and deserves a certain degree of praise.

The late Wolcott Balestier was a man of unusual personal charm, and was felt by more than one judicious critic to exhibit the promise of literary achievement. At the time of his death his literary luggage was, it must be confessed, of the slenderest description, and it is not until recently that his most considerable work has seen the light in book form. "Benefits Forgot," with its taking Shakespearian title, is a work of promise rather than of fulfilment, but the promise is at least nearer fulfilment than was the case with the three or four slighter predecessors of this story. Its author was still in the chrysalis stage, and evidently struggling towards the attainment of a distinctive manner. Whether he would have acquired such a manner is a problem never to be solved. His association with Mr. Kipling seems to have had an unfortunate effect; throughout the book the presence of this alien influence is felt. The attempt to write a Kiplingesque adapted to American conditions results only in an unpleasant jerkiness of style and construction. During the early chapters, the characters seem to have gone daft, so singular and inexplicable are their actions. One would think them to be breathing the over-oxygenated atmosphere produced by the experiment of Doctor Ox rather than the rarefied air of Colorado altitudes. After we get used to their eccentricities they seem to become more nearly normal. As for the point of honor about which the whole story turns, the author himself does not seem to have been quite decided, and the question of right and wrong is obscured by not a little casuistry. We are not told enough about the origin of the tangle concerning the ownership of the ranch and the mine to be quite sure as to what is right and what wrong. Questions of this sort may be settled in two ways: either by strict reference to the legal conditions or by appeal to the general fairness of the situation. Either settlement would be, in a way, satisfactory; but Mr. Balestier got the technical and the moral claims inextricably confused, and does not provide the data for a disentanglement.

Miss Woolson's posthumous novel is, like her earlier books, essentially a study of manners, although there is enough of passion to free the story from

the reproach of monotony, and keep it well above the level of commonplace. The scene is mainly in the Asheville of twenty years ago, but shifted at times to the Florida that the author knew so well. The characters are drawn with admirable distinctness and vitality, those of Horace Chase and his wife bearing, in all their words and actions, the warrant of their own actuality. The self-righteousness of the sister-in-law, Genevieve, seems to us a little exaggerated, but, with this possible exception, the characters have the singular merit of being kept within truthful bounds under circumstances that would have tempted many writers to distortion for the sake of heightened effect. We should hardly say that "Horace Chase" will add noticeably to Miss Woolson's reputation, but it shows that her rather unusual powers were sustained to the last, and it is a worthy accession to the half-dozen books that stand as a memorial of one of the most capable and conscientious of our recent novelists.

"If only there were more of it!" will be the exclamation of most readers of "Overheard in Arcady," by Mr. Robert Bridges—our own cis-Atlantic Robert Bridges. This altogether charming little book consists of a dozen bits of dialogue based upon the humorous fancy of bringing together the principal characters in a man's books, and setting them to talking about their creator. Thus, Bartley Hubbard, Fulkerson, Annie Kilburn, and others, talk about Mr. Howells; Daisy Miller and the Master discuss Mr. Henry James; the Lady and the Tiger converse about Mr. Stockton; while Mr. Crawford falls into the hands of Corona Saracinesca, Russell Vanbrugh, Mr. Isaacs, and Ram Lal, who, strangely enough, all happen to meet on a P. and O. steamer. That Mr. Bridges brings an audacious fancy to the execution of this novel idea is evident from mere mention of the dialogue between the Lady and the Tiger, and still more so from the fact that Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, in another of these ingenious compositions, calmly discuss their peculiar mutual relations. Here is a bit of the dialogue between a few of Mr. Aldrich's characters:

MARJORIE: "There is the original Bad Boy now! Don't you know Tom Bailey, of New York, the distinguished politician and editor? He is at the Surf House. (*Greetings and introductions*). We were speaking of you. Mr. Flemming thinks your biography the best of Mr. Aldrich's novels."

BAILEY (*in despair*): "Can I never live down that awful tale of my youth! Some people really believe that I did all those things. I think I should have been nominated for governor last June if a rival paper had not unearthed what it called my 'Terrible Record as a Boy in Rivermouth.'"

FLEMMING (*laughing*): "I remember, but I heard a dozen men at the club declare that they would like to have a chance to vote for the original of the Bad Boy. They all looked upon you as the friend of their youth. I haven't a doubt that every winter a wave of midnight explosions sweeps over the villages of this country. It means that the next crop of boys has been reading the 'Story of a Bad Boy.' It is passed along from generation to generation of village youngsters with 'Tom Brown' and 'Verdant Green.' That is true immortality for an author. There are no books we love so long, no authors we remember so kindly, as those we read and delighted in when young."

BAILEY (*with mock earnestness*): "Then I'm condemned to

go down to posterity as the terror of good parents and correct school-teachers. I am even mistrusted by the village police everywhere!"

MARJORIE (*cutting in*): "But the village girls won't love you the less for it."

FLEMMING (*judiciously*): "Aldrich did one very fine thing with the 'Bad Boy'; he annihilated the prig in American juvenile literature for a generation."

MARJORIE: "And that's almost as good as being the delightful poet that he is. (*A maid appears in the doorway.*) And now we'll have luncheon." (*Exeunt.*)

When we say that "Overheard in Arcady" is as good as this throughout, we should do enough to send it a host of readers. "A Little Dinner in Arcady" closes the volume, the guests being English and American novelists and such of their characters as Daisy Miller, Diana (of The Crossways), Meh Lady, and the Princess Saracinesca. "Life," who acts as host, explains the seating: "I told each man to bring one of his own family. Then I mixed the names in a hat and drew this combination." The conversation is after such fashion as the following:

DAISY MILLER: "Think of our flattering Charley Rich and his set. They are so conceited now that they think all the girls are in love with them. We have to train all the young nobs down with sarcasm before they are endurable. We are onto their style."

PRINCESS SARACINESCA (*to Page*): "What queer English that young woman speaks! I fear that I must have had an uncultivated teacher in Rome. It's all so strange to me."

PAGE: "You must come and visit us in Ole Vahginia, my deah lady, to heah the real old English language. We are descended from the Cavaliers, madam."

PRINCESS: "Now, I understand the peculiar spelling in 'Marse Chan.' It's old English, isn't it, like Chaucer and Beowulf?"

PAGE (*shifting the subject*): "Oh, I say, Meh Lady, you must invite the Princess down to the old plantation. She is writing a book about America, and I reckon it will be all Boston and New York, as usual, unless we divert her."

MRS. HAWKSBEER: "Invite me too, please. I want to see America. I only know what I've read about it in Mr. James's novels, and what Mr. Kipling has told me."

BUNNER (*behind his hand to Page*): "She must have a beautiful chromo picture of us then in her mental gallery. Imagine taking your impression of America from James and Kipling!"

We must say in closing that the fun in which Mr. Bridges indulges is always good-natured, and that it serves as a mask for not a little genial and serious criticism—the criticism that delights in paying tribute to whatever it finds that is lovely and of good report in the work under consideration.

Some of the many volumes of short stories that have recently been published seem to call for a few words of description or comment. The characteristics of Mr. Thomas Hardy's work are so well known as hardly to need re-statement. "Life's Little Ironies" is the title given to a score of tales and character sketches. They deal with people who would be absolutely uninteresting in the hands of any less a master, and even his genius has much to contend with in their presentation. "A Tragedy of Two Ambitions" and "On the Western Circuit" are perhaps the strongest of these aptly-entitled tales. Miss Harraden's "In Varying Moods" will probably attract more attention than it deserves. The stories

are very slight, and the mark of the amateur sentimentalist is upon them. "The Umbrella-Mender," the best and most original of them, is a little suggestive of Hawthorne. Of the six stories in Mrs. Foote's volume, four are upon the Western themes that she handles with such picturesque effect and easy mastery. These are distinctly the best, and among them "In Exile" and "The Watchman" seem to us the most attractive. They exhibit many of the qualities displayed by Mr. Bret Harte, although without his humor. In its place there is a certain gravity and a certain reserved poetical feeling that may be held sufficient to make up the balance. There are eight stories in Mr. Ward's volume, widely varied in their themes. The author has considerable powers of invention, but they often lead him to forced and even preposterous situations. More than once, also, does he give the cord of sensibility a decided wrench. But the stories are readable, and more; at their best they are strongly interesting. The volume of seven stories just published by Mr. Davis shall serve us for a *bonne bouche*. We are inclined to think "The Exiles" the best story that Mr. Davis has written, although "His Bad Angel" is a good second. It would certainly be rash to say that all the good stories have been told as long as the fertile genius that has given us these and so many others is at work. Few writers know so well what to say, just how to arrange it, or just when to stop. There is not a wearisome page in the volume, and the author shows himself singularly independent of the hackneyed devices of the professional story-teller.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Public Libraries in America.

Mr. William I. Fletcher's little book on "Public Libraries in America" (Roberts), written for Professor Todd's "Columbian Knowledge" series, is so good a book for its purpose that we fear our few remarks will do it but imperfect justice. It discusses, in brief chapters that almost invariably contain just the things that ought to be said and no others, such subjects as library legislation, buildings, catalogues, and management, the relation of the library to the community, the selection of books, and the training of the librarian. One may find words of soberness and wisdom upon nearly every page. We select a few examples. "First, appoint your librarian," is a maxim worthy the attention of newly formed boards of trustees. "Experience has shown that care is necessary to avoid the opposite dangers, on the one hand of a library administration left to the mercy of shifting politics, and on the other of one run as a close corporation tending naturally to become a one-man power." "The way, then, to start a library is to start it, not to make great plans and invoke State aid at the outset; but in a simple way to make a beginning from which the library may

grow." "A well-ordered library must admit readers to its shelves, where, under proper restrictions, they may look over the books on a given subject and not be confined to the narrow range imposed by the limitations of reading-room use." The whole gospel of library architecture is condensed into this sentence: "The order should be to require the architect to put a presentable exterior on an interior having only use in view, and not, as is so often done, to require the librarian to make the best he can of an interior imposed by the exigencies of the architect's taste or the demand of a building committee for a monumental structure." Here are some golden words upon the selection of books: "Sometimes the work of selection is allowed to pass into the hands of some one who is supposed to be competent because he is a book-fancier, possibly something of a bibliomaniac, but who fills the library with books which constitute a literary museum, rather than a literary laboratory or workshop." On the subject of cataloguing, Mr. Fletcher entertains the rational notion that a catalogue should be made intelligible to those who want to use it. This doctrine needs urging in view of the recent vogue of systems that only the initiated can understand. "The classification schemes," Mr. Fletcher says, "proceed on the idea of taking the whole field of knowledge as the unit, and dividing and subdividing it by some logical process, with a large infusion of arithmetic in the case of the decimal systems and some others. They are thus quite completely theoretical, and in practice are too rigid and mechanical to fit the natural differentiation of books one from another; for the books in a library do not lend themselves to such a process of logical subdivision." As an illustration of his views, the author gives us a simple outline classification of the books likely to be found in the general public or college library, and his publishers have reprinted this chapter in a volume by itself, with the title, "Library Classification." We should like to discuss the thoughtful chapter on "Library Laws," but must refer readers to the book for that. As a compendium of fact, Mr. Fletcher's little treatise is of much value. We note particularly its history of the library movement in America, its account of special libraries and collections, and its tables of library statistics. The illustrations, also, are remarkably well chosen, being mostly plans of buildings and portraits of librarians. Among the latter we note the fine likeness of W. F. Poole, and the biographical sketch ending with mention of his recent death—"the heaviest loss American librarianship has known." Perhaps the best thing we can say of Mr. Fletcher's book is that Dr. Poole would have given his cordial approval to almost every line of it.

Prof. Huxley's Studies in Philosophy.

The sixth volume of Professor Huxley's "Collected Essays" (Appleton) is a reprint of the "Hume" written for the "English Men of Letters" series, supplemented by two chapters on Berkeley. We learn

from the introduction that the author once expected to write a companion volume on Berkeley, "but the burdens and distractions of a busy life led to the postponement of this, as of many other projects, till too late." The chapters here included are really studies for that work. The following remarks, which cannot be accepted without some reserve, indicate Professor Huxley's attitude towards the fundamental problems of philosophy, and at the same time suggest the limitations, which are not only his own, but those of Mr. Herbert Spencer as well. The remarks take the form of a word of advice to the younger generation. "If it is your desire to discourse fluently and learnedly about philosophical questions, begin with the Ionians and work steadily through to the latest new speculative treatise. If you have a good memory and a fair knowledge of Greek, Latin, French, and German, three or four years spent in this way should enable you to attain your object. If, on the contrary, you are animated by the much rarer desire for real knowledge; if you want to get a clear conception of the deepest problems set before the intellect of man, there is no need, so far as I can see, for you to go beyond the limits of the English tongue. Indeed, if you are pressed for time, three English authors will suffice; namely, Berkeley, Hume, and Hobbes." From these three writers one may get, we are told, "as much sound philosophical training as is good for anyone but an expert." This statement is so near the truth that we almost regret to insist upon the claims of Kant and Schopenhauer. Yet there can be no doubt that they also are "good for anyone," not even an expert, and that, furthermore, they supply certain elements absolutely essential to the comprehension of the philosophical problem, elements hardly to be got from a study of the author's great trio of English thinkers.

Baynes's
Shakespearian
Studies.

The Shakespearian studies of the late Thomas Spencer Baynes, together with a paper on "English Dictionaries," have been collected in a volume now published (Longmans), and prefaced by a biographical sketch of the author. This sketch is the work of Professor Lewis Campbell, and gives an excellent idea of the activity displayed by Baynes as a professor of philosophy and literature, as a journalist, and as editor of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The Shakespearian studies now reprinted include the following: "What Shakespeare Learnt at School," "Shakespearian Glossaries," "New Shakespearian Interpretations," and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" article on Shakespeare. Of the latter, the editor says with justice: "The strength of this essay lies not so much in the special as in the general preparation of the writer. It was deeply rooted in his own life, and drew upon his whole past experience, in the world, not less than in the study. His attempt to replace Shakespeare in his actual environment is wonderfully successful, and amid such a farrago of all shades of

probability, to have taken a definite line and held to it with so much substantial likelihood, is surely a remarkable achievement." Of this essay Bishop Wordsworth said: "I can only describe it as representing an enormous amount of multifarious reading and of energetic thought, *boiled down* to a consistency so refined that it gives no sign of the process it has undergone. It strikes me as the most wonderfully massive and complete piece of work in the way of literary criticism I have ever seen; and I doubt whether there is anything to equal it in that line." This is of course exaggerated, but the substantial value of the biography, as well as of the other papers in this volume, is not to be disputed. The study of "What Shakespeare Learnt at School" is particularly valuable. By a careful examination of the grammar schools of the sixteenth century, and of the books used in them, it is found possible to construct with something like completeness the poet's early education, while the conclusions thus reached from *a priori* reasoning are abundantly corroborated by careful examination of the plays themselves. It is particularly instructive to compare the prominent place given to Ovid in the schools of the time, on the one hand, with Shakespeare's marked fondness for and familiarity with that poet, on the other. So much prodigious nonsense has been written about Shakespeare's learning that it is comforting to find the subject sanely discussed from a rational point of view.

Old Celtic
Romances.

In the second edition of Dr. P. W. Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances" (Macmillan), we find twelve charming old tales — part verse, part prose — translated from the original Gaelic manuscripts as preserved in Trinity College and in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. His principle of translation has been to preserve the spirit and manner rather than the exact words; the originals being simple in style, the English is of the kind he supposes the old *shanachies* (professional story-tellers) themselves would have used, had they spoken English instead of Gaelic. Like the Welsh legends of Arthur and his Round Table, or the Arabian romances of Haroun-al-Raschid and his Court, these stories centre generally around the exploits of some favorite hero. One of them, "The Voyage of Maeldun," a tale of the eighth century, has an added interest from the fact that it was Dr. Joyce's translation that furnished Tennyson the inspiration for his poem "The Voyage of Maeldune."

The Study
of Politics.

In "An Old Master and Other Political Essays" (Scribner), Professor Woodrow Wilson gives some valuable contributions to political science. In the first and second papers of the volume — "An Old Master" (who is Adam Smith), and "The Study of Politics" — he discusses methods of investigation and presentation in this science, and makes an eloquent plea for men who, like Adam Smith, "will

dare to know a multitude of things. Without them and their bold synthetic methods, all knowledge and all thought would fall apart into a weak analysis. Their minds do not lack in thoroughness: their thoroughness simply lacks in minuteness." The third essay is a sound presentation of "Political Sovereignty" as resident in "the law-making organ of the State, in contravention of the crude theorizing that would lodge it in the people. The substance of the fourth and fifth papers, on "Character of Democracy in the United States" and "Government Under the Constitution," is a demand for responsible leadership in our government, which shall bring organization and unity into our now hopelessly sporadic methods of legislation, and shall fasten upon Congress "an even more positive form of accountability than now rests upon the President and the courts." The methods of "An Old Master" pervade this valuable little book.

*A pioneer
worker for
women.*

Mary Mortimer was one of that band of earnest women, of whom Catherine Beecher was the chief, who half a century ago did so much for the cause of the education of women in what was then "the new West." It seems almost like ancient history to read of the difficulties and the strangeness of their work, as told by Mrs. Minerva Brace Norton in "Mary Mortimer: A Memoir" (Revell). Milwaukee was one of the promising young cities in which their labors were most successful, and Miss Mortimer spent nearly twenty-five years of her life as Principal of Milwaukee Female College. The record of her able and inspiring career, her wide and gracious influence over the many young lives with whom she came in contact, has been written by a careful and affectionate hand. Such lives must ever be worthy of tribute, since, to quote Miss Mortimer's own words, "Few things are so soul-cheering in the weary pilgrimage of life as the knowledge, brought home to one's heart, of the life and triumphs of genius and goodness."

*Waymarks
in Church
History.*

In a volume entitled "Waymarks in Church History" (Longmans), William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, has collected a dozen of his lectures and articles written for Church magazines during the decade 1883-93. The subjects, including Gnosticism, Ante-Nicene Sectarianism, the Arian Controversy, S. Basil, the controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries, Cyril of Alexandria, Pelagianism, the Papacy, the Clergy and Secular Employments, Bede and Laud, may seem, at first glance, already well worn, but each is treated with direct reference to some recent question which has arisen, thus giving to the papers a present-day interest. The collation and republication of the essays have not only provided the opportunity for careful recension, but also for the addition of an important appendix to each.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Volume 47 of "The Century," now published in cloth covers, is noticeable for its articles about Napoleon, musical composers, and Abraham Lincoln, for its publication of three papers by James Russell Lowell, for "Mark Twain's" "Pudd'head Wilson" and Mrs. Foote's "Cœur d'Alene," and for the 340 illustrations, among which Mr. Timothy Cole's Dutch masters are easily first. These engravings from Rembrandt, Jan Steen, and Frans Hals are worthy successors of the Italian masters included in Mr. Cole's earlier series.

Mr. George Waring, Jr., translates from the Dutch of Heer J. G. W. Fijnje van Salverda an interesting little book on "Aërial Navigation" (Appleton), and supplements it by a *resumé* of the recent experiments of Professor Langley and others. The book is timely, for its subject is "in the air," and most mechanics who have followed the course of recent experimental work look for a speedy practical application of the principles that have been established by Messrs. Langley, Maxim, and Holland. It is hardly necessary to say that the balloon idea is now practically abandoned, and that mechanics look to some form of *aéroplane* as the solution of the problem presented.

Professors W. A. Stevens and Ernest D. Burton have collaborated in the preparation of "A Harmony of the Gospels for Historical Study" (Silver, Burdett & Co.). The version of 1881 is taken as a basis, and from it the editors have made an analytical synopsis of the four gospels, employing the device of parallel columns as far as it is practicable to do so. The work is a "Harmony" in the sense of an exhibit, not of an explanation or reconciliation. There are nine principal divisions of the narrative with many sections and sub-sections. The apparatus of the book is quite elaborate and complete, but too complicated to be mastered without considerable study. When mastered, it ought to prove very helpful.

The two-volume work upon "Big Game Shooting" (Little, Brown & Co.), which Mr. Clive Phillippus-Wolley has edited for the "Badminton" library, is a veritable encyclopædia for that sportsman whose ambition soars above the domestic hare or the grouse of his native heath. It includes nearly two score of articles by the best specialists upon the several subjects included—there being articles by such mighty hunters as Sir Samuel Baker, Mr. F. C. Selous, Mr. Warburton Pike, and Mr. W. A. Baillie-Grohman. The volumes are abundantly and artistically illustrated.

Among late modern language texts we note Herr Freytag's "Der Rittmeister von Alt-Rosen," one of the "Ahnens" series, edited, with an interesting introduction, by Professor James T. Hatfield; Schiller's "Maria Stuart," edited by Prof. Lewis A. Rhoades; and an adaptation, by M. P. Desages, of Mérimée's "La Chronique de Charles IX." All three of these books are additions to the lengthy list of Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co.

That pleasant poet, William Browne of Tavistock, who wrote "Britannia's Pastorals" and many other things, now makes a two-volume appearance in the "Temple" library (Scribner), for which his works have been edited by Mr. Gordon Goodwin. Mr. A. H. Bullen's introduction adds a distinct charm to this already charming edition. We note that the present editor very definitely assigns to Browne the familiar lines "On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke," and the evidence certainly favors his authorship as against that of Jonson, or indeed of any other.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, June 11, 1894.

With the opening of the summer season, novels are more than ever the books of the hour. The success of some of them is really phenomenal. Mr. Crawford's "Katharine Lauderdale" is now in its sixth edition, and Mrs. Ward's "Marcella" has, I believe, reached a fifth large edition in this country alone. Publishers are considering manuscripts sent them with more and more care, fearful of overlooking what may prove to be the success of the season. This is particularly true of novels offered them for copyright publication by English publishers. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. believe that "A Daughter of Music," by G. Colmore, an English lady, which they have just brought out, will attract the same general attention here that it is gaining in England, where it has been compared to "Wuthering Heights." This firm has been very active in securing the works of leading novelists. Messrs. Appleton will publish Mr. S. R. Crockett's next volume, "The Lilac Sunbonnet," and they have arranged to issue Dr. Conan Doyle's coming novels. They will also publish Mr. Hall Caine's "The Manxman" in the fall. In their "Town and Country Series" will soon appear "Outlaw and Lawmaker," by Mrs. Campbell Praed, "A Mild Barbarian," by Edgar Fawcett, and "Dr. Janet of Harley Street," by Arabella Kenealy. They will also publish Miss Kate Sanborn's "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," which recounts her amusing failure in adopting a farm previously abandoned by someone else, and which of course is a sequel to her former book on the same subject. This will appear in Messrs. Appleton's new "Handy Volume Series," in which they will reissue "Mrs. Limber's Raffle," a novel by Mr. William Allen Butler, published anonymously some ten years ago and now first acknowledged by the author of "Nothing to Wear."

Messrs. Harper & Brothers appear to be reaching out Bostonwards, for they announce a volume by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, "The Scarlet Poppy, and Other Stories." One or two of these stories have appeared in this firm's periodicals. The book includes, besides the title story, "The Tragic Story of Binns," "The Composite Wife," "Mrs. Claxton's Skeleton," and other of Mrs. Spofford's always fresh and entertaining studies. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, the author of that weirdly grotesque volume, "Toppleton's Client," will bring out through Messrs. Harper "The Water Ghost, and Others," a book of ghost-stories full of the sparkling dialogue, original situations, and the pervasive humor in which this author excels.

New volumes of fiction announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are "A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Tales" by Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale University, and "Quaker Idyls" by Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner. Professor Beers's standard manuals of English and American literature, his life of Willis, and his volume of poems, "The Thankless Muse," have made him known aside from his college work. The present volume is the first collection of his stories which has been made. The title story is perhaps the best sketch of suburban life in an American city yet written. Professor Beers's stories are marked by powerful but artistically suppressed feeling. Almost all of them relate to American life. Mrs. S. M. H. Gardner is a resident of Andover, Mass., but the scenes of her "Quaker Idyls" are laid in Philadelphia, and some of them deal with anti-abortionist times.

It is more than ten years since Mr. Edgar Fawcett began the publication of a series of novels and short stories, the scenes of which were laid in New York — modern New York, that is. It had occurred to him to look about his native city and to make use of metropolitan scenes and types familiar to him from boyhood. Some of the sketches in his volume of "Social Silhouettes," while lacking nothing in romantic quality, presented to view most lifelike personifications of characters common in our social life. Almost at the same time with Mr. Fawcett's occupation of the New York field, a number of other novelists selected the same ground as the locality of their stories, — notably Mr. Henry C. Bunner, Mr. William Dean Howells, and Mr. William Henry Bishop, to say nothing of a host of lesser writers. Just at present there seems to be a revival of the New York novel. It is hard to say whether the city is becoming more interesting, but at least Mrs. Burton Harrison with her "Bachelor Maid," Mr. Marion Crawford with his "Katharine Lauderdale" and the sequel he is now writing, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner with his new "Harper" serial, "The Golden House," have found it worth their while to write about things "here at home."

A curious paragraph has been going the rounds, to the effect that the Rev. Walter Mitchell, whose "Two Strings to his Bow" has just been published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is the author of an earlier novel entitled "Tacking Ship off Shore." Readers of the "Atlantic Monthly" will remember that "Tacking Ship off Shore" was a poem, and it is, I think, one of the finest sailing-poems in the language. Mr. Mitchell's former novel, "Bryan Maurice," was first published in 1866 and reissued in 1888. During the Puritan Genesta races he published another fine sailing poem, "The Cup Defender," which was widely copied.

The death of Mr. Thomas Niles, of Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, was a great surprise to most of his friends, but it appears that he had suffered from periodical attacks of illness for some time, although saying little about it. He was much liked by all publishers and authors who knew him, and gained an enviable reputation for fair dealing. He was not, as has been generally stated, the sole owner of the publishing-house with which he was connected, Mr. Roberts being the chief owner and having always taken an active part in the business, though preferring to remain in the background. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Niles shared equally in the literary and business management.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers recently brought out a copyrighted edition of George Egerton's "Keynotes," which they accepted on its merits, and which they are thus able to sell exclusively in this country. They are just about to publish "The Dancing Faun," by Florence Farr, for which they anticipate an equal success. Both these volumes have decorative title-pages designed by Aubrey Beardsley, which indeed are quite the fashion.

The Edinburgh edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, in twenty volumes, will be published in this country by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, who have secured a portion of the limited and only edition of one thousand copies. The consent of four English publishing houses was necessary in order to perfect the plan of this edition. It will be published in library style, with little decorative matter, save a few frontispieces, under the supervision of Mr. Sidney Colvin. There will be three volumes of "Miscellanies," including early writings and unsigned articles from periodicals. In quite

another department of literature, I do not see why some one does not collect Mr. Howells's variously published works in a similar standard edition. Mr. Noah Brooks's "Tales of the Maine Coast" is just out, and will be welcomed as his first volume of fiction for grown-up readers. He is now once more a resident of Castine, Maine, his birthplace, and he has endeavored with success to portray the characteristics of the people and the natural scenery of the Maine coast. Many of his characters are drawn from real life, and the town of Castine itself is thinly disguised as "Fairport." The titles of some of the stories are "Pansy Pegg," "The Apparition of Jo Murch," "The Phantom Sailor," "The Waif of Nautilus Island," and "A Century Ago."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND MISCELLANY.

Mr. Ruskin's "Verona and Other Lectures" will be issued in this country by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

"Fliegende Blätter," the national comic paper of Germany, is now issuing its hundredth semi-annual volume.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. have in preparation an edition of Coleridge, to be edited by Mr. Stopford Brooke.

William Roscher, the great German economist, died at Leipzig on the fourth of this month, at the age of seventy-six.

A London correspondent reports that Mr. W. W. Astor has contracted to pay £2850 for the serial rights of Mr. Stevenson's next novel.

The "Bibliothèque Nationale" of France has decided to print the catalogue of its collection, which, amounting to more than two and a half million volumes, is the largest in the world.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford, who, as readers of "The Witch of Prague" know, has dabbled a little in modern mysticism, contributes to "Book Reviews" (Macmillan) for June an article called "A Modern View of Mysticism." His discussion of the subject is somewhat too credulous to be taken very seriously.

It was fitting that M. Bourget should succeed his master Taine in the French Academy, and hardly less so that M. Albert Sorel should have been awarded the chair left vacant by the death of Maxime Ducamp. M. Sorel's most important work is "L'Europe et la Révolution Française," in four volumes.

The death of the Hon. Roden Noel is cabled from London. He was born in 1834, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His books include "Behind the Veil, and Other Poems" (1863), "Beatrice, and Other Poems" (1868), "A Little Child's Monument" (1881), and "Essays upon Poetry and Poets" (1886).

The following "true story" is from "The Westminster Gazette": "Mr. Elliot Stock recently published a new edition of Thomas à Kempis. A favorable review was cut out by a news-cutting agency, and addressed to 'Thomas A. Kempis, Esq.,' care of his publisher, intimating that on payment of a guinea he could be supplied with all references to his writings."

Signor Gallina, the Italian playwright and poet, has been granted a yearly pension of \$500 by the syndic and municipality of Venice, to enable him to continue writing without continually facing the necessity of seeking other employment to keep the wolf from the door. For twenty years he has been writing plays which are

likely to rank with Goldoni's in mirroring actual Italian life, and his admirers will rejoice to know that his long struggle against poverty is practically ended.

A "Universal Index to the World's Technical and Scientific Literature" is announced for publication in Vienna. The work as contemplated is intended to furnish a comprehensive index to the literature of scientific subjects. It will include periodicals as well as books, and is meant to represent all the known literature that has appeared in any part of the world on technical or scientific topics.

Dr. Murray, who is passing the letter D of the "New English Dictionary" through the press, states that American readers can render a great assistance by noting early instances of *all* the terms of American politics, since this research is very difficult if undertaken in England. Examples of the use of such terms, duly authenticated by chapter and verse (author, edition, volume, page), with date, should be forwarded to "Dr. Murray, Oxford, England," no other address being necessary.

The 400th anniversary of Hans Sachs's birthday, November 5, 1894, will be appropriately celebrated by the University of the City of New York, a number of well-known university professors of German participating. Professor A. S. Isaacs, of this university, has received permission from the author and publisher to translate into English Professor Max Koeh's admirable "History of German Literature," issued a few months ago in Germany. The work has been very favorably noticed in the press.

Mr. W. D. Howells, in a recent interview, spoke as follows of the Spanish novelists: "The modern Spanish school interests me keenly at present. There are many novelists of the first rank among them that ought to be more widely read than they are. I may mention Perez Galdos—his 'Doña Prefecta' is excellent—Juan Valera, author of 'Pepita Jimenez'; Palacio Valdés, and Emilia Pardo Bazan. In fact, these clever writers of Spain easily outclass their French contemporaries, with the exception of Zola, ranking next, in my judgment, to those of Russia."

A group of German and Swiss professors have issued a circular asking for subscriptions towards a Bürger monument. June 8, 1894, will be the hundredth anniversary of the death of Gottfried August Bürger, "the great master of the popular German ballad literature." It is suggested that the monument should be erected over his grave in Göttingen. It was in Göttingen that the young student of theology was made a ballad-writer by the study of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," and here he wrote his "Lenore." The grave is now marked only by a weatherbeaten column. Subscriptions will be received by the Dieterich'sche Buchhandlung at Göttingen, the house which originally published Bürger's poems.

The London "Bookman" publishes monthly lists of the new books most in demand at the principal book-selling centres of the United Kingdom. These lists usually consist of six books each, named in the order of their popularity. In the lists for May we notice that Mr. Stead's book, "If Christ Came to Chicago," has the first place in the esteem of Middlesbrough readers, while Edinburgh holds it fourth, and Liverpool sixth. As for London, it is ranked fourth by the West End, and second by the East. Fashionable London, it seems, prefers "The Yellow Book," Mr. Swinburne's "Astrophel,"

and Mr. Brooke's "Tennyson." Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Aberdeen will have none of it.

The Loubat prizes of \$1000 and \$400 — established at Columbia College by Joseph F. Loubat for the best works published in the English language upon the history, geography, archæology, ethnology, philology, or numismatics of North America—have been awarded for 1893 as follows: First prize to Mr. Henry Adams for his "History of the United States of America During the Administrations of Madison and Jefferson," in nine volumes; second prize to Mr. A. F. Bandelier for his "Report of Investigations Among Indians of the South-western States," in two volumes. Mr. Adams has presented to the College, for the purchase of books for the library, the sum awarded to him.

A friendly correspondent calls our attention to the inadvertance whereby, in the last issue of *THE DIAL*, the late Madame Renan was spoken of as the daughter, instead of the niece, of the artist Scheffer, and to the more serious error of publishing the obituary of Herr von Sacher-Masoch before the Galician novelist had departed this life. Of this error, we can only say that we shared it with a large section of the American press. The statement was so generally published that we had no reason to doubt its accuracy. Like the report that Mr. Ruskin had been appointed Poet Laureate, it got into circulation no one knows how, and ran its course. We understand that Herr von Sacher-Masoch is still seriously ill.

The London "Bookman" has this tribute to the versatility of the late W. Robertson Smith: "His published works, high and varied as their importance is, give but a faint idea of the extraordinary man who wrote them. It was often said of him that he knew more than any other man alive. Music alone seemed to have no interest for him, except a scientific one. But of all the other arts, of all sciences, of all histories, literatures, and philosophies, his knowledge was amazing; no one knew the limits of it; and his readiness in the command of it seemed almost superhuman. For hours, for a long day even, he could talk without weariness or dullness on subject after subject to his company's heart's content, and never be commonplace, never fail to stimulate and instruct. His wealth of ideas was almost as marvellous as his wealth of knowledge; his mind was far too restless to stay content even with the enormous collection of facts and of other men's opinions that he had at such command."

MR. WARNER ON CHARACTER DELINEATION IN FICTION.

Mr. C. D. Warner, in "Harper's Monthly" for June, thus writes of character delineation in modern fiction:

"It is true to say that modern fiction deals more with experience than with character. The novelist is more concerned with certain ideas or views of life, with his own experiences—got too often at second hand from other novels—than with the creation of characters in which life can be seen without his explanations. When we refer to certain great works of fiction we always think of their defined and vivid characters, which take their places in history as visible to our minds as any people who ever lived, whereas in most recent novels we find mostly an attempt to set forth ideas or a state of society, and in thinking of them we recall the study of motives, the sketch of traits, incidents of daily life, stopping short of adventure, and the more or less wide and knowing comments of the author. These are, to be sure, the raw materials of fiction, but until they are

embodied in personality, in characters, they fail to create perfect illusion. The novelist who has not creative genius, or is too lazy to represent life in characters, sometimes resorts to ear-marks, or names them by label or some trick or phrase or gait. But so little are the characters realized by the author or felt by the reader that the speech of one might be taken for that of another, and is not at all distinguished in page after page of level dialogue. To avoid this sameness of utterance, resort is had to dialect—for so bad spelling and defective grammar are often named. Play-writers have an advantage, for their characters are visibly represented, and can be distinguished by their voices and peculiarities of manner and dress, but they also often resort to the inartistic expedient of catchwords and repeated phrases. It is true that a given society of people use substantially the same language; that is, well-bred people speak in one way and illiterate people in another way. The great difficulty of the novelist is to distinguish by their speech persons using substantially the same language. But no two persons do converse in the same way; the distinctions between them may be fine, but they are always recognized, for they come out of the character, which is never repeated. This fine discrimination, in dialogue as well as in action, can never be attained by a writer until he dramatically realizes his character, and is then truthful to his conception. We talk a great deal about novels being true to life, but can we think of any novel that is true to the universal apprehension, and that has passed from generation to generation, that does not owe its life to its vivid characters?"

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1894 (Second Last).

Algonkians, Migrations of the. C. S. Wake. *Am. Antiquarian*.
 Ballot for Women, The. Matthew Hale. *Forum*.
 Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas. *Music*.
 Booksellers of the Paris Quays. W. I. Way. *Dial* (June 16).
 Christian Missions in India. F. P. Powers. *Forum*.
 Church Property, Taxation of. J. M. Farley. *Forum*.
 Clough and Emerson. F. H. Williams. *Poet-Lore*.
 Coxeyism and the Interest Question. *Social Economist*.
 Culture Heroes and Deified Kings. *Am. Antiquarian*.
 Democracy and the Poet. N. P. Gilman. *New World*.
 English at the University of Chicago. *Dial* (June 16).
 Episcopalian Policy, The. W. Kirkus. *New World*.
 Farmers, Fallacies, and Furrows. J. S. Morton. *Forum*.
 Farm Prices, Fallacies About. *Social Economist*.
 Fiction, Recent. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (June 16).
 Harvard Law School, 1869-94. *Harvard Graduates' Mag.*
 Hawaii and Samoa, Importance of. *Social Economist*.
 Indian Music. Alice C. Fletcher. *Music*.
 Latin in the High School. F. W. Kelsey. *Educational Rev.*
 Latin Play at Harvard, The. *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*.
 Literature and the Scientific Spirit. *Poet-Lore*.
 Living Writers of Fiction. *Dial* (June 16).
 Marlborough, Lord Wolseley's Life of. *Dial* (June 16).
 Novel, Predominance of the. Richard Burton. *Dial* (June 16).
 Pessimism, The Significance of. *New World*.
 "Phormio" at Harvard. F. G. Ireland. *Educational Rev.*
 President Eliot's Administration. *Harvard Graduates' Mag.*
 Public School Reform in New York. *Educational Review*.
 Religious Equality in England. *New World*.
 Saga Literature. J. H. Wisby. *Poet-Lore*.
 Scholarships, Fellowships, etc. G. S. Hall. *Forum*.
 Silver Coinage. F. H. Head and J. C. Hendrix. *Forum*.
 Singers, American. *Illus. Music*.
 Whitney, William Dwight. J. T. Hatfield. *Dial* (June 16).
 Woman-Suffrage Movement, Results of. *Forum*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 48 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- From the Easy Chair. By George William Curtis. Third series; with portrait, 24mo, pp. 232. Harper & Bros. \$1.
 Select Specimens of the Great French Writers in the 17th, 18th, and 19th Centuries. Edited by G. Eugène Fasnacht. 12mo, uncut, pp. 592. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
 Studies in Mediæval Life and Literature. By Edward Tomkins McLaughlin. 12mo, pp. 188. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.
 The Inflections and Syntax of the Morte D'Arthur of Malory: A Study in Fifteenth-Century English. By Charles Sears Baldwin. 12mo, pp. 156. Ginn & Co. \$1.50.
 My Paris Note-Book. By the author of "An Englishman in Paris." 12mo, pp. 307. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.
 A Gauntlet: Being the Norwegian Drama, En Hanske. By Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson; trans. by Osman Edwards. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 151. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.50.
 Richard Steele. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by G. A. Aiken. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 452. Scribner's "Best Plays of the Old Dramatists." \$1.25.
 Wallenstein: Ein dramatisches Gedicht von Schiller. With introduction and notes by W. H. Carruth, Ph.D. Illus., 16mo, pp. 220. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.

FICTION.

- Perlycross. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone." 12mo, pp. 493. Harper & Bros. \$1.75.
 A Traveler from Altruria: A Romance. By William Dean Howells, author of "The Coast of Bohemia." 12mo, pp. 318. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
 A Daughter of To-day. By Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan), author of "A Social Departure." 12mo, pp. 392. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
 The Wings of Icarus: Being the Life of one Emilia Fletcher. By Laurence Alma Tadema. 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 252. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
 Pastime Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page, author of "In Ole Virginia." Illus., 12mo, pp. 220. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.
 A Suburban Pastoral, and Other Stories. By Henry A. Beers. Illus., 18mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 265. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.
 Claudia Hyde. By Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides." 12mo, pp. 442. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
 Mary Fenwick's Daughter. By Beatrice Whitby, author of "One Reason Why." 12mo, pp. 374. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
 The Shen's Pigtail, and Other Cues of Anglo-China Life. By Mr. M—. 18mo, uncut, pp. 246. Putnam's "Incognito Library." 50 cts.
 Belle-Plante and Cornelius. By Claude Tillier, author of "My Uncle Benjamin"; trans. by Benj. R. Tucker. Illus., 12mo, pp. 288. The Merriam Co. \$1.25.
 The Documents in Evidence. By Henry M. Blossom, Jr. 4to, pp. 26. St. Louis: Buxton & Spinner. \$1.50.
 Under the Second Renaissance. By Florence Trail, author of "Studies in Criticism." 16mo, pp. 190. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton. \$1.
 A Likely Story: A Farce. By W. D. Howells. Illus., 24mo, pp. 52. Harper's "Black and White Series." 50 cts.
 Outrageous Fortune. By Edgar Fawcett, author of "The New Nero." 16mo, uncut, pp. 431. New York: The Concord Press. Paper, 50 cts.
 The Fair Maid of Perth; or, St. Valentine's Day. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Dryburgh edition; illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 467. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

NEW VOLUMES IN THE PAPER LIBRARIES.

- Harper's Quarterly Series: The New Timothy, by William M. Baker; 12mo, pp. 344, 50 cts.
 Rand, McNally's Globe Library: Against Odds, a Romance of the Midway Plaisance, by Lawrence L. Lynch; 12mo, pp. 272, 50 cts.

- Lippincott's Select Novels: The Light of Other Days, by Mrs. Forster; 12mo, pp. 305, 50 cts.
 Lovell, Coryell's American Novel Series: A Brighton Night, and a Brooklyn Bachelor, by Margaret Lee; 12mo, pp. 207. — Divorce, or, Faithful and Unfaithful, by Margaret Lee; 12mo, pp. 411. Each, 50 cts.
 Whittaker's Library: Satan as a Moral Philosopher, by Caleb S. Henry, D.D.; 12mo, pp. 296, 50 cts. — Pastime Papers, by Frederick Saunders; 12mo, pp. 233, 50 cts. — Elton Hazlewood, by Frederick George Scott; 12mo, pp. 146, 25 cts.
 Bonner's Choice Series: Her Little Highness, by Nataly von Eschstruth; illus., 12mo, pp. 303. — In the China Sea, by Seward W. Hopkins; illus., 12mo, pp. 299. Each, 50 cts.
 Lovell, Coryell's Illustrated Series: In and Out of Three Normandy Inns, by Anna Bowman Dodd; illus., 12mo, pp. 394, 50 cts.
 Tait's Kenilworth Series: The Green Bay Tree, by W. H. Wilkins, and Herbert Vivian; 12mo, pp. 389, 50 cts.
 Home Book Co.'s Modern Novelists' Series: Though the Gods and Years Relent, by Mrs. Edmund Nash Morgan; illus., 12mo, pp. 216, 50 cts.
 Arena Co.'s Copley Square Series: A Better Financial System, by George C. Ward; 12mo, pp. 209, 25 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- On the Wallaby; or, Through the East and Across Australia. By Guy Boothby. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 344. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$4.
 The Gypsy Road: A Journey from Krakow to Coblenz. By Grenville A. J. Cole, F.G.S. Illus., uncut, pp. 166. Macmillan & Co. \$1.75.
 The Garden That I Love. By Alfred Austin. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 168. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.
 My Summer in a Mormon Village. By Florence A. Merriam. With frontispiece, 16mo, pp. 171. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
 The Friendship of Nature: A New England Chronicle of Birds and Flowers. By Mabel Osgood Wright. With frontispiece, 24mo, gilt top, pp. 238. Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

RELIGION.

- Philosophy and Development of Religion: Being the Gifford Lectures Delivered before the University of Edinburgh, 1894. By Otto Pfleiderer, D.D. In two vols., 12mo, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
 The Life and Teachings of Jesus: A Critical Analysis of the Sources of the Gospels, together with a Study of the Sayings of Jesus. By Arthur Kenyon Rogers. 12mo, pp. 354. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75.

SOCIAL AND POLITICAL STUDIES.

- Condition of the Aged Poor in England and Wales. By Charles Booth. 8vo, uncut, pp. 527. Macmillan & Co. \$3.50.
 Socialism: An Examination of Its Nature, Its Strength and Its Weakness, with Suggestions for Social Reform. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 449. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.
 Ethics of Citizenship. By John Maccunn, M.A. 12mo, uncut, pp. 223. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.
 Eight Hours for Work. By John Rae, M.A., author of "Contemporary Socialism." 12mo, uncut, pp. 340. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.
 Joint-Metallism. By Anson Phelps Stokes. 12mo, pp. 124. Putnam's "Questions of the Day." 75 cts.
 The Sunday Problem: Its Present Day Aspects; Papers Delivered at the International Congress on Sunday Rest, Chicago, Sept., 1893. 12mo, pp. 338. Boston: James H. Earle.

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